HORIZON

AUTUMN 1969

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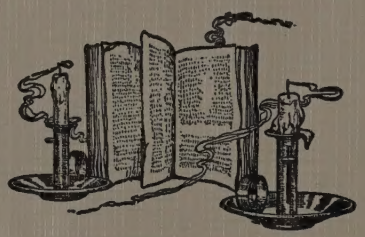
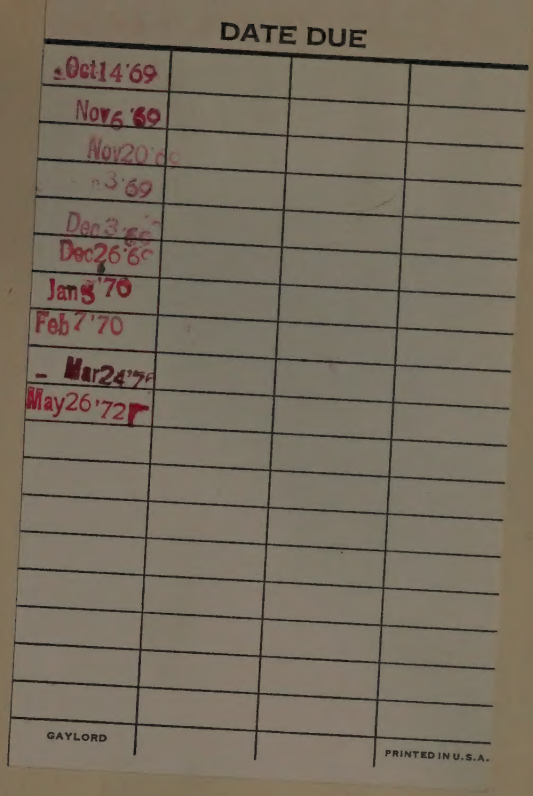


A million candles have burned themselves out. Still I read on.
—Montresor.



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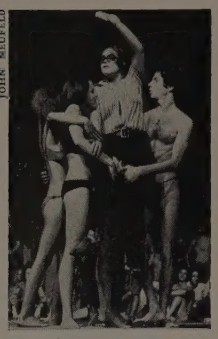
Art and Participation


JOHN NEUFELD

Members of the cast and audience (center) at the Living Theatre.

When Jimmy Durante was singing at the Copa, he would sometimes arrange for one of the waiters to drop a tray-load of dishes as he hit the final chord. Then he would jump off the stool crying "Everybody wants to get inta da act!" Durante pretended to be indignant, but he was voicing a real truth. Artists of various types have always known it, and many of them are putting it into practice today, as may be seen in our article "Fun Art," beginning on page 4. The results are sometimes wild. One exhibition of sculpture held recently in New York had so many alluring and potentially dangerous objects in it that the gallery took out insurance, just in case the things injured the visitors.

In the performing arts such participation is an old story. Take, for instance, music. There are different ways to enjoy music. At one extreme is a Wagner opera performed at Bayreuth. The orchestra is invisible; the audience sits in darkness and silence—it is intended merely to be a passive recipient of Wagner's powerful music and drama. At the other extreme is the pop concert where hundreds of young people break into uninhibited responses to the music, clapping their hands, dancing, and singing the refrains. Some composers of today have tape-recorded their own music while it was being played at a concert, complete with audience noises and applause or boos, and have then played it back to the same audience, sometimes combining it with the original music in a bewildering counterpoint.

Actors and playwrights have often tried to involve their listeners. The easiest way is to break the dramatic illusion and have the players speak directly to the audience. In Aristophanes' comedy *Peace* the hero flies up to heaven on a giant dung-beetle and tells the Athenians, "Now, you people, I'm taking all this trouble for you: so don't fart or crap for three days, in case you drive my mount off course!" And in most of his comedies the chorus breaks the action in the middle, to look straight at the audience and give it some topical advice, sometimes naming people who are sitting right there. Before each act in Shakespeare's *Henry V* a single actor asks the audience to use its imagination and to transform the "wooden O" of the Globe Theatre into some distant setting such as "the vasty fields of France." It was a particularly happy touch in Laurence Olivier's presentation of *Henry V* that these speeches were given to Leslie Banks, who was made up to resemble the young Shakespeare himself.

There are some players who always aim their work directly at the audience. Such is the ec-

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

AUTUMN, 1969 · VOLUME XI, NUMBER 4

dysiast. Margie Hart, one of the great strip-teasers, used to provoke the spectators until they would rear back and smash the seats. Houdini often challenged his audiences to hold their breath during the three and a half minutes he was supposedly immersed in a huge milk-can full of water, its lid held securely by six padlocks. By the time he emerged, his chest heaving, he had made most of his audience literally breathless as they empathized with him.

Houdini also planted confederates out front. So do some modern showmen. One of the funniest aspects of *Hellzapoppin* was that people kept popping up all over the house, to scream "OSCAR!" or otherwise add to the already confused situation onstage. Need I mention the you-plus-us revels of the Living Theatre?

In fact, there are two types of experience: passive and active. The same youths who dance for hours at a discotheque, where everything jumps and swirls and blasts, will lie for hours lost in drugged dreams. Each of these extremes is a flight from the mechanical life that is the twentieth century: time clocks, computers, subways, commuter driving, standing in line; affluence without comfort, cheap pleasure without happiness. From this almost any escape seems good. The young, who are daring, try both ways at once. Appreciation, passive appreciation, of art is one way; the other way is active participation. Less real Art, but more Fun. G.H.

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COVER: Like all Chinese characters, this one representing "T'ang," the great dynasty that reigned from A.D. 618 to 906, is both a monosyllable and a pictograph. The family name T'ang is a picture of a temple. The bottom rectangle is the door of the temple, the upper portion is the temple itself, and the top stroke and swinging side stroke depict the temple's roof. Since the days of the T'ang dynasty a skilled hand at calligraphy has been a prerequisite for passing the civil-service examinations in China, and calligraphy has been an art practiced by all educated Chinese. The character on our cover was executed for HORIZON by Wango H. C. Weng, a New York collector of Chinese paintings and calligraphy. The full, tempestuous story of the T'ang is told in an article by Emily Hahn that begins on page 88.

USCO, CARNEGIEVILLE,

FUN ART

"Everybody," as Jimmy Durante used to say, "wants to get inta da act!"

Inside the Fanflashstick (left), a ten-foot-high, gazebo-like structure of transparent vinyl that resembles nothing so much as the world's largest Baggie, a gaggle of bearded young men and multifarious young women are laughing and shrieking with delight as they frenetically dance to the hard-rock music of the Jefferson Airplane. Colored balloons swirled by electric fans fill the Fanflashstick, and flashing stroboscopic lights make the dancers appear to be figures in a Daliesque dream. The scene, one might reasonably assume, is either a discotheque or an East Village orgy; but these days it could be almost any major American art museum, for the Fanflashstick is one of the more elaborate examples of a new art that is called, among other things, Kinetic Art, Environmental Art, Tech Art, Participatory Art, or, simply, Fun Art.

"The value of art lies in making people happy," wrote George Santayana, the Spanish-born American philosopher and poet, but until recently most contemporary painters and sculptors seemed to be totally ignoring Santayana's dictum. Indeed, rather than making people happy, the mass of contemporary artists have succeeded only in leaving most of us perplexed, depressed, and suffering from Excedrin headaches.

Inside the Fanflashstick, a circular structure made by USCO, *some twenty-five young activists cavort to rock-'n'-roll music. Strobe lights and bouncing balloons add to the overall pixilating effect. The fun bag can be rented for a party for $1,000.*

By THOMAS MEEHAN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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NEW PALTZ

Fun Art, however, not only is intended to make people happy, but involves life itself. A work of Fun Art, like the Fanflashstick, is incomplete until people are actually doing something with it—getting inside of it, shouting at it, throwing things at it, *participating*. Rotozaza, for instance, a work by the Swiss sculptor Jean Tinguely, is a huge, Rube Goldberg-like contraption that functions only when rubber balls are lofted into what appears to be an enormous stovepipe sticking out from one end. In itself, Rotozaza is ludicrously ugly, but it takes on a curious beauty when people are happily playing with it—tossing colored balls into it, watching the balls roll through the exposed works of the machine, seeing them flung gaily out into the air at the other end. The typical work of Fun Art has little aesthetic value as an object at which merely to gaze, like a Renoir or a Rodin. Instead, a show of Fun Art is like an adventure playground for adults; and in fact much of Fun Art has its origins in toys, in such fun-house gimmicks as distorting mirrors or moving floors, and in the old-fashioned magic lantern shows.

Nowadays, perhaps in reaction to endless hours of staring passively at television, more and more Americans are participating in goings on they would once never have dreamed of getting mixed up in—anti-Vietnam protest marches, civil-rights demonstrations, love-in's, be-in's, fat-in's, and even full-scale riots. And Fun Art satisfies this yearning to participate—to be *doing* rather than simply watching—in terms of the plastic arts, transforming staid, uptight museums and hushed galleries into places of vibrancy, excitement, and delight. Fun Art adds the element of joy to participation. A Fun Art show provides a place for people to play, to laugh, to roam freely through a perception-expanding twenty-first-century F.A.O. Schwartz for grownups.

To some degree, Fun Art isn't an entirely new phenomenon. A merry-go-round, for instance, is in a sense a work of Fun Art, and Dada artists in Europe were experimenting with works similar to Fun Art as early as 1917. Still, Fun Art seems most immediately to have evolved out of shows of mixed media, which were first staged about six years ago—performances combining light, music, film, and slides, in which the involvement of the participant was specifically dancing, as at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco and the Electric Circus in New York. At the same time, certain of the ideas for works of Fun Art have been at least partially derived from the new Theatre of Participation, i.e., such Brecht-influenced groups as Julian Beck's Living Theatre, which, in works like "Frankenstein," involves the audience as part of the performance, or Carolee Schneemann's Kinetic Theatre, in one of whose works the audience is called upon to glop buckets of glue over the performers.

In New York Fun Art came to the attention of the general public last winter when the Howard Wise Gallery staged a highly successful show called "Fun on 57th Street," an exhibition that included such exhilarating works as Neke Carson's Double Bubble Bath, or Moon Man Fountain, a construction of plexiglass into which a naked man and woman are expected to climb and sit facing each other while water bubbles all about them in a fifty-gallon tank. Ah, joy. A month later the Museum of Modern Art included several works of Fun Art, among them Tinguely's Rotozaza and the cybernetic sculpture of Wen-Ying Tsai, in a show long-windedly entitled "The Machine As Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age," or, for short, "The Machine Show." Rotozaza and the other works of Fun Art proved to be the most popular pieces in "The Machine Show" and were mainly responsible for drawing record-breaking crowds to the museum.

A year earlier the Performing Arts Society of Kansas City had put up some $400,000 to commission eight major works of Fun Art, each of them an environment large enough to fill an entire room. The eight works, together called "The Magic Theatre," went on exhibit at the Nelson-Atkins Gallery of Art in Kansas City in the summer of 1968 and were such an astonishing critical and popular success that the show has since been seen in several other art museums around the country. Typical of the eight works is the Sonic Games Chamber, a room lined with aluminum panels that participants prance in front of as the panels give off all sorts of crazy sounds—everything from music, chimes, and strange thuds to live radio programs. The work, by Howard Jones, a professor of art at Washington University in St. Louis, uses photoelectric cells embedded in the panels to translate the random movements of the visitor into electronic sounds. Thus, the more he moves about in the chamber—dances,

HOWARD WISE GALLERY, N.Y.

In the black-walled Sonic Games Chamber, above, a participant casts his shadow on one of four sound panels whose photoelectric cells translate the changing play of light into weird electronic sounds, including alarming thuds. A concave hemispherical mirror, opposite, provides exploding, topsy-turvy reflections. Because the image seems suspended in air, a person moving toward it feels he is about to pass through his own reflection. The artist, John Harris, explodes himself at right.

waves his arms, leaps up and down—the greater number of sounds the visitor hears.

Another of the works in "The Magic Theatre" is the Walk-In Infinity Chamber, by Stanley Landsman, a former abstract-expressionist painter from New York who has recently turned to plexiglass and glass-mirror constructions. The work is a cubical room of mirrors in which the floor, the ceiling, and the walls are studded with six thousand tiny lights, thus creating a mini-universe as the lights are endlessly reflected in the mirrors. The contribution of the participant in the Walk-In Infinity Chamber is, simply enough, to walk in and experience a sense of weightlessness, a feeling of floating alone somewhere far out in the twilight zone. Some have found it beautiful, but vertigo, claustrophobia, and an overwhelming urge to head swiftly for the nearest cocktail lounge are other reported effects of the Walk-In Infinity Chamber, which is somewhat less fun than most works of Fun Art.

It is significant to note, by the way, that the catalogue for "The Magic Theatre" gives credit to the various craftsmen and manufacturing companies who donated materials and assisted the artists in constructing their works, and thus points up the important fact that the creator of Fun Art rarely does the job entirely on his own. Stanley Landsman, for example, gives credit to, among others, an electrician, two glaziers, a team of carpenters, and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. In a sense the creator of a work of Fun Art is more like a movie director than a traditional painter or sculptor.

A Toy-Pet Plexi-Ball, opposite, is shown in a time exposure zigzagging toward a girl who has "summoned" it by clapping. The electronic pet will react to either light or sound sources. At nap time it wears a fur cap to keep out any stray stimuli. A cybernetic sculpture devised by Wen-Ying Tsai, above, consists of vibrating rods that are illuminated by flickering strobe lights. The artist's handclap varies the rate of flickering, transforming the apparent shape of the rods.

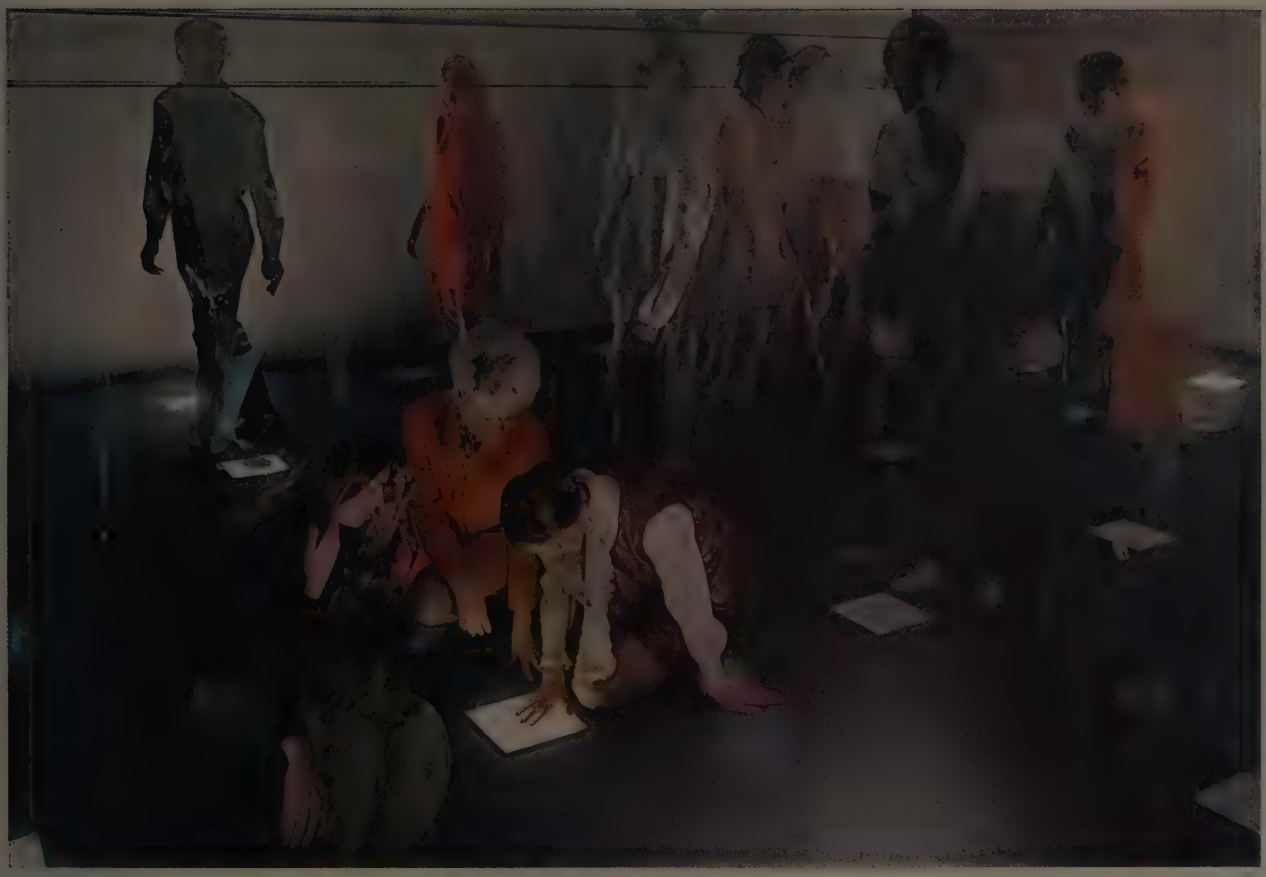
Since the artists work in such varied media—light, sound, electricity, electronics, cybernetics, machinery, slides, film, mirrors, and wild combinations of all these—one cannot state that Fun Art is a wholly coherent artistic movement, in the way that, say, cubism was. The works of Tinguely and Howard Jones, for instance, couldn't be less alike. At this point, too, most creators of Fun Art are young and relatively unknown. Perhaps representative of them is Robin Parkinson, a twenty-six-year-old New Yorker who created the Toy-Pet Plexi-Ball, which was one of the favorites at "The Machine Show." The work is absurd, a plexiglass sphere eleven inches in diameter that rolls eagerly across the floor when anyone shouts or claps his hands or waves a flashlight at it. It is intended, explains Parkinson, to be a whimsical representation of a futuristic pet, a robot puppy scampering across the floor to his twenty-fifth-century master. The ball appears to be simplicity itself, but it is enormously complicated, involving things like a Schmitt trigger and photoresistance comparison circuits, whatever they are. Moreover, the ball took Parkinson a year of work and two thousand dollars' worth of materials to create, and thus, like almost all Fun Art, it is expensive for the collector to buy. Anyone who would care to have a Toy-Pet Plexi-Ball rolling about his house, for instance, will have to lay out fifteen hundred dollars. As yet no sales have been rung up on Toy-Pet Plexi-Balls, of which there are currently four in existence. Most works of Fun Art are even more complicated and expensive to create than the Toy-Pet Plexi-Ball. Landsman's Walk-In Infinity Chamber, for example, cost some fifty thousand dollars to build and took seventy volunteers in Kansas City an estimated three thousand man-hours to assemble.

Noting the expense involved in creating works like the Walk-In Infinity Chamber, one major art critic recently called Fun Art "an idiotic waste of money," and others have termed it trivial, childish, and a passing fad. An opposing school of critics claims that Fun Art, far from being unimportant or a fad, represents the art of the future.

In the meantime Fun Art is with us to be enjoyed and seems at present to have only one serious drawback—from time to time, unlike a Picasso, it tends either to break down or to go madly haywire. In fact, if Fun Art proliferates to the degree that some critics anticipate, a new profession, Fun Art repairman, will have to be created. And one envisions the art collector or museum curator of the future screaming into the phone for a repairman as his Fanflashstick is collapsing, his Double Bubble Bath is overflowing, and his Toy-Pet Plexi-Ball is running amuck on the front lawn. Fun.

Thomas Meehan is well known for his humorous pieces in The New Yorker *and other magazines. He reports that he has two works of fun art—a lawn mower and an automobile.*

PICTURE STORY CONTINUED OVERLEAF



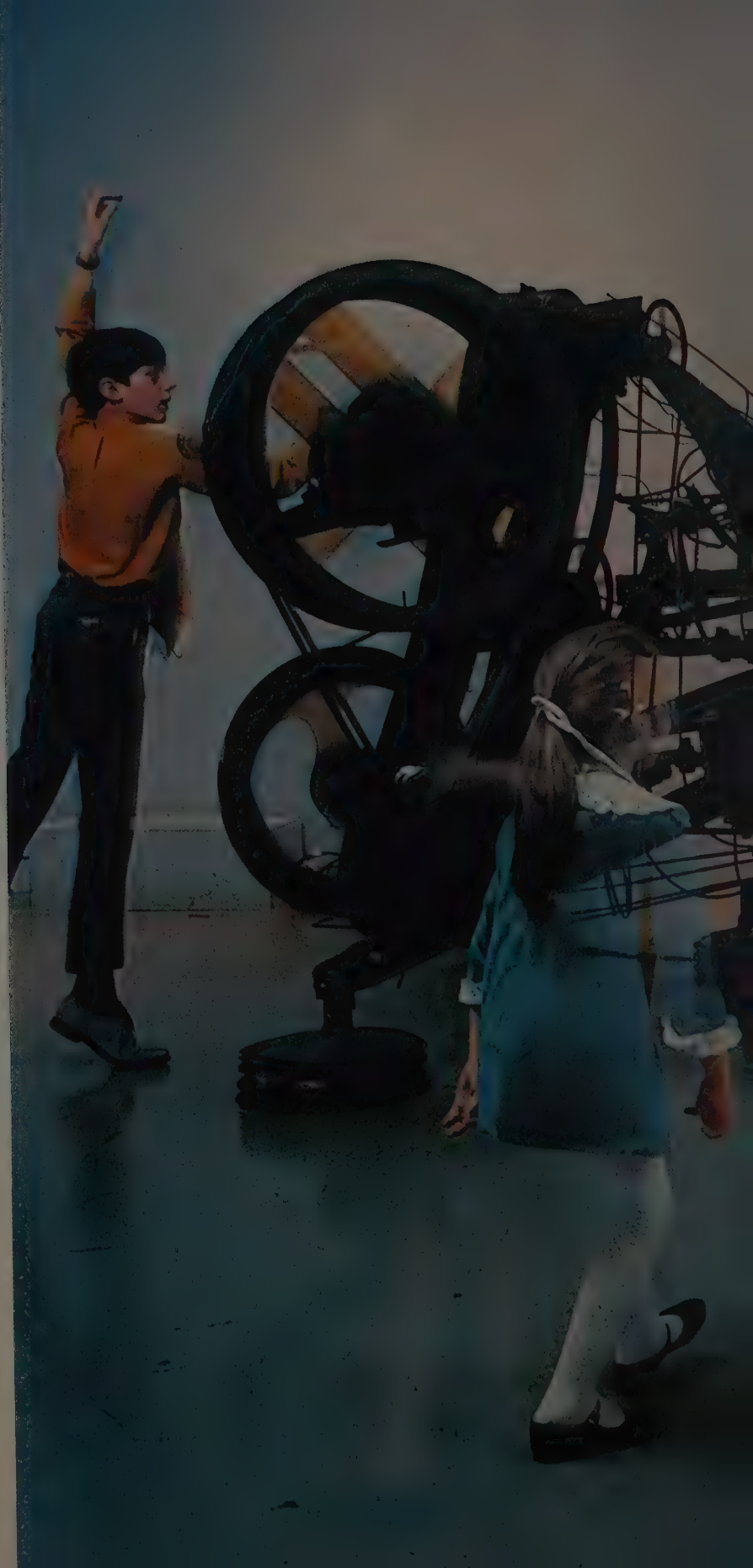
The Moon Man Fountain, opposite, is a shallow plexiglass tank of water raised some four feet above the floor with two plexiglass bubbles passing through it. The bathers, including Neke Carson at right, the fountain's inventor, are inside their bubbles, where, in a soundless environment, each can watch the water swirl, see the plastic toys float, and still stay dry. In Boyd Mefferd's Strobe Lighted Floor, above, stroboscopic lights flash randomly from floor panels for one-thousandth of a second's duration. This leaves a visitor seeing ghosts—the afterimages of other people in the room retained by his retina. The eerie multiplication of people can be seen here in a time-exposure photograph. In the Walk-In Infinity Chamber, right, the walkers-in appear deliciously dazed by the illusion of interstellar distance created in a twelve-foot-square room where six thousand miniature white lights are reflected and re-reflected endlessly by the walls, the floor, and the ceiling of the completely mirror-lined space.

LOOK: "THE MAGIC THEATER," PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

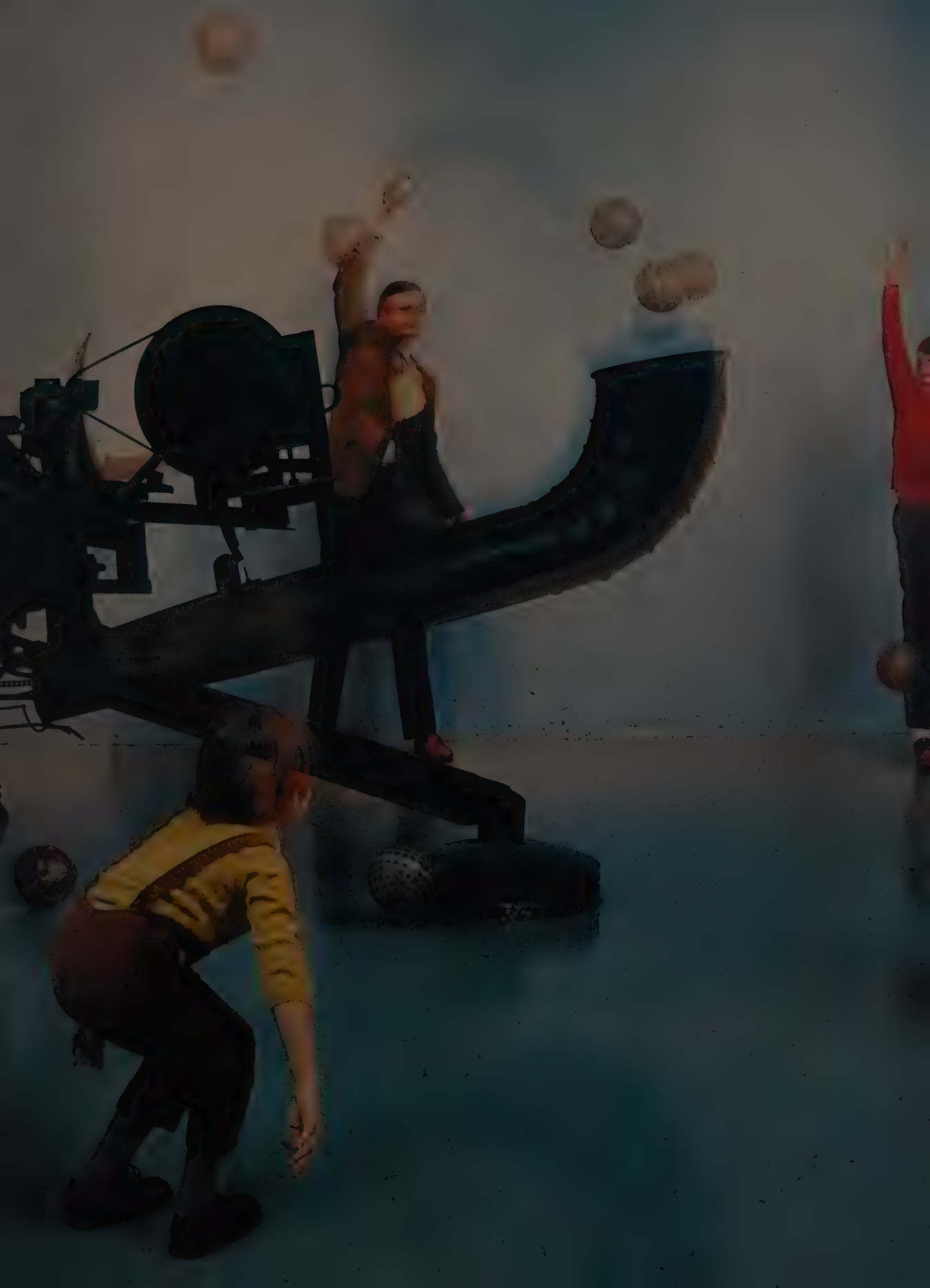
HOWARD WISE GALLERY, N.Y.

A hand's heat, left, sets in motion the colloidal liquid inside a Kalliroscope, by Paul Matisse, grandson of Henri Matisse. Previously the colloid reacted to the woman's left hand, creating a palm print still visible in the doubly exposed photograph. Below, changing colored lights transform the body of a girl into a shadow play as she gambols about in a large black box. The lights are projected from behind onto the screen at front. This "participatory environment" is the work of artist Carol Brown, seen at right. The You-Me-We, opposite, blends the face of its creator, Tony Martin, with that of his wife. After superimposing their images on the special glass panel between them (reflected here in a mirror set at an angle to the panel), two people can change the lighting and their facial expressions to produce a variety of we's.

RICHARD FEIGEN GALLERY, N.Y.



To service the Rotozaza No. 1, right, a comic spoof on the Machine Age by Jean Tinguely, participants toss rubber balls into its stovepipe mouth, watch a ludicrous ensemble of wheels clank and grind uselessly, and behold—miracle of miracles—the balls emerging totally unchanged by the machine. Since it consumes its own output, the machine is the very model of an efficient, and self-sufficient, consumer economy, which needs men only to keep it going and to enjoy it.



The Victorians

GIFT, SIR COLIN ANDERSON, LONDON; COURTESY *Life* MAGAZINE

To modern eyes this sentimental depiction of sin and guilt in a stuffy Victorian parlor may seem ludicrous. But art lovers of 1854 found passionate truth in The Awakening Conscience *by Holman Hunt.*

The paradox of the Victorian world goes very deep. At first glance it seems humorless, opaque, rigid, and puritanical. Many facets of Victorian society chill the mind—its manic preoccupation with respectability and social convention; its dedication to dogmatic religion and remorseless morality; its ferocious attitude toward immorality in the young and the weak; its nauseous sentimentality about the innocence of women; its lunatic preoccupation with modesty; its obsessive Sabbatarianism; and its rage against drink. Wherever one looks—in metropolitan or provincial society, among the rich, the prospering, or the poor—one finds an agonizing preoccupation with sin, combined with a Jehovah-like inflation of the figure of the father.

Then, as the historians got to work on this world of our great-grandparents and ransacked cupboards and attics for diaries, letters, and memoirs, the image of that world began to change: it developed some of the qualities of a nightmare. Cruel fathers, savage governesses, maniac mothers, abused wives, and imprisoned daughters peopled the Victorian scene; fearful repression of sex was followed, as might be expected, by life-destroying neuroses. At the same time the Victorian's moral arrogance, his worship of money, and his tasteless ostentation

Unbuttoned

They bound up their sensuality in the stiff garments of propriety and prudery. But some of them forgot to destroy their secret journals. From these documents scholars are now discovering that the Victorians can shock even the 1960's

By J. H. PLUMB

became matters for a cynicism worthy of Voltaire. Lytton Strachey in the 1920's did his best in *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*, using whatever gossip suggested, or malice supplied, to denigrate the stern ideals of the Victorians—General Gordon was discerned to be as addicted to brandy as to the Bible, Florence Nightingale emerged as a tough, interfering busybody, Cardinal Manning as a self-important, flamboyant exhibitionist, and the Queen herself as absurdly infatuated with her gillie, John Brown.

And recently an even darker side has appeared in a fantastic pornographic autobiography of an anonymous English gentleman, *My Secret Life*, which reveals a range and depth of sexuality with which few had credited the age. It is a revelation confirmed by the uncovering of the journals of John Addington Symonds, which give new insight into the extent of practicing homosexuality among the intellectual elite of Queen Victoria's England.

The assumptions that the Victorians were hypocrites and that their morality was in itself a perversion have become widespread. And those who rebelled—Thomas Huxley, John Ruskin, Samuel Butler, William Morris, and Oscar Wilde—now appear to be the true symbols of the age in which they lived. The problem, however, is more complex.

Take the most Victorian of all the great figures of that age—William Ewart Gladstone. Night after night the prime minister would leave 10 Downing Street, stout stick in hand, and walk up to the parading whores in the Haymarket and Regent Street. Once accosted, he would do his best to persuade the prostitute to give up her trade: if there were signs of repentance, he would invite her home for tea with Mrs. Gladstone in the hope of persuading her to enter one of the houses for fallen women that he and his wife supported. No amount of ribaldry, no threat of blackmail, no scurrilous rumors about his real purpose, could deter him from his work. Odd work for a prime minister! And odder still—the explanation may await the further publication of his diaries—was his constant attendance at the salon of Skittles, the most notorious courtesan of the 1860's, or his very close association with the American Lily Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," who became the Prince of Wales's mistress.

Yet Gladstone was a ferocious Christian, committed to the view that every hour of every day should be in His service; and the hours he spent with whores were hours spent in service. Nevertheless, a powerful sexual nature was at work: through these quaint methods of sublimation, in no way hypocritical, Gladstone was able to tame his lust and live his life of dedicated respectability. This type of semi-double-life, a respectable Dr. Jekyll and a sexy Mr. Hyde, enabled many a Victorian to cope with his puritanical world.

And there was Lewis Carroll, the Oxford mathematician, who wrote *Alice in Wonderland*. Although this became the great children's book of middle-class England, its symbolism is in many ways cruel and violently sexual. But the book was considered pure and delightful, a work fit for the innocents, and it brought Lewis Carroll great fame. A clergyman—his real name was C. L. Dodgson—he was revered in Oxford and a pillar of its stuffy, respectable society. And yet he was constantly falling in love with small girls, aged seven to eleven, and chasing them ardently. Such was his charm, fervor, or transparent innocence that he persuaded many a nursemaid to permit him to photograph her little charges stark naked. Piety and photography lived demurely together, and Dodgson/Carroll apparently never strayed beyond the focus of his camera lens.

Again, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, one of the louder voices of the Victorian

DR. VAUGHAN

The Christian Martyr

The Very Reverend Charles J. Vaughan, D.D., "laboured for three years as a parish priest until, in December, 1844, he was appointed Head Master of Harrow School. That post he held for fifteen years, resigning it in December, 1859, having had the satisfaction of raising the school from a comparatively low ebb to great prosperity." So ran the official notice. Long before Vaughan's advent, the English public schools had been pilloried as "the very seats and nurseries of vice," and Vaughan was expected to tidy up the Harrovian nursery. One of his students was the future poet John Addington Symonds, an intense lad who hated the brutalities of school life but was a good scholar. Struggling as he was against his own homosexuality, Symonds was appalled to learn that one of his friends was having a love affair with the headmaster. Symonds eventually told his father. The elder Symonds, a man of influence, forced Vaughan to resign, but hushed up the scandal. The ex-headmaster accepted a lowly vicarage and was praised as a Christian martyr. Life at Harrow apparently went on as usual. In 1866 young Symonds observed of it, "The seeds of vice, sown long ago in this fruitful soil, continue to propagate themselves like mushrooms on a dunghill."

conscience, who thundered at "the slope of sensual slime" and hinted so delicately at the adultery of King Arthur's court in *The Idylls of the King* that most of his readers were oblivious to it, told blue stories in Lincolnshire dialect as soon as the ladies had retired to bed. But, of course, acting the peasant glossed bawdiness: folk tales were respectable for men. Earlier he had written *In Memoriam,* a passionate declaration of love to his dead friend Arthur Hallam that some Victorians, even, found too open and too warm-blooded, accustomed though they were to "manly" friendships in which they blandly ignored the homosexual undertones. Nevertheless, Tennyson got away with it.

One of the most popular of all Victorian boys' school stories, *Eric, or Little by Little,* has boys of fourteen kissing each other, weeping in one another's arms, and making declarations of eternal love. Nonetheless, hundreds of Victorian fathers gave Frederic William Farrar's book to their young sons for birthday presents! The friendships described were pure and Christian, therefore the gestures of affection, noble; and its clergyman author would go on to become Dean of Canterbury. Many Victorians possessed a remarkable capacity for sublimation, coupled with an incapacity to see through the sentimental mist their own unconscious drives. Some, however, came near to self-recognition; others were forced into it; still others broke down under the strain; a few, particularly in the later decades of the century, denounced the whole system of Victorian respectability as cant.

Of those who possessed strongly sexual natures, scholars and scientists were particularly fortunate. These uneasy spirits could dabble in the new sciences of ethnology and anthropology or take up bibliography. Cult objects could be collected (indeed, the phallic variety soared in value in Victorian days and became scarce enough to be extensively forged). Lectures where one could gravely listen to a detailed discussion, naturally with lantern slides, of fertility rites or the sexual habits of primitive peoples, were very popular. True, some characters, such as Sir Richard Burton, who spoke with such intimate knowledge of female circumcision in Somaliland and the boy prostitutes of Scinde, created a sense of alarm. Yet Victorians bought his translation of *The Arabian Nights,* shocking though it might be, on the grounds of erudition. Along with similar works of curious scholarship, it went into their libraries, but under lock and key.

Indeed few ages have collected curiosa with such fervor. Bibliography, like anthropology, provided a heaven-sent veil for sin. H. S. Ashbee, whose "Notes on Curious and Uncommon Books" is the basis of the bibliography of pornography, left his own collection, the largest ever assembled, to the British Museum. Although the greatest, he was only one of many amateur scholars who eased the burden of respectability by a pursuit of dubious scholarship. These, however, were the lucky men.

The burden of respectability, the Himalayan ideals of morality that many Victorians imposed on others, sometimes proved too much for they themselves. Dr. Vaughan, headmaster of Harrow in the 1850's, had been a pupil of Thomas Arnold at Rugby and had imbibed his ardent, evangelical Christianity and his desire to convert the brutal schoolboy to a life of Christian dedication and leadership. As soon as he got to Harrow Vaughan intensified attendance at chapel, increased the time the boys spent in prayer, and preached quite terrifying sermons on sin. Alas, the headmaster knew too well what he was preaching about. He taught the classics, construed with his pupil by his side on the sofa, but too often his hand strayed to the root of

LORD TENNYSON

A Cry in the Night

During the last half of his life, Alfred Tennyson was a national institution. England could not give him enough—a pension, the laureateship, a title. The great men of the day were his friends; the public adored him and eagerly read every line he wrote. His early life had not been quite so comfortably upholstered in any sense. "An infant crying in the night" was how he described himself in *In Memoriam*, his long, tormented elegy for his friend Arthur Henry Hallam. Tennyson and Hallam had met as young men at Cambridge in 1829 and had developed an intense friendship. Then, tragically, one evening in 1833 while on a trip to Vienna with his father, Hallam lay down in his hotel room and died, apparently of a stroke. The news seems almost to have killed Tennyson. He withdrew from the world, his health failed. He assuaged his grief as best he could by writing poetry about Hallam: "He past; a soul of nobler tone:/My spirit loved and loves him yet,/Like some poor girl whose heart is set/On one whose rank exceeds her own." No one seems to have thought the stanza odd, nor to have fretted over the mental health of the young poet. Eventually his grief healed; he married happily in 1850 and went on to live a long and eminent life.

evil; one of the boys babbled to a friend, whose father sent for Dr. Vaughan—the choice: exposure or resignation. Dr. Vaughan resigned, preaching without the slightest irony or cynicism his last sermon on the theme "Yet Once More." It became a Victorian favorite. Promotion denied him on the threat of exposure, he was exiled to a bleak mining town in Yorkshire—a model, he allowed it to be believed, of Christian self-sacrifice and the abnegation of ambition. A score of Victorians knew the truth, yet the truth remained hidden for three generations.

Lapses of virtue if they threatened the fabric of society, as a scandal about the most Christian of headmasters would have done, were rushed like skeletons into the cupboard and locked up. Hypocrisy? No, prudence, for the Victorians saw little virtue in publicizing such lapses: ostracism was their weapon. Sir Charles Dilke and Charles Parnell, the Irish leader, both politicians and potential statesmen of the highest order, suffered as Vaughan suffered, although their offenses were perhaps less heinous. Their lives were blighted and their careers ended because they were corespondents in divorce cases.

The penalties for transgression of the sexual code were desperately harsh, particularly for women. Lady Ward, married by her parents to a nobleman, found she possessed a strange husband. He ordered her to lie naked on a black sofa in her jewels. Then he sat and stared at her. And that was all she knew of married life. She complained bitterly to her father, who ordered her to obey her husband: after all, it might be odd, but it was not immoral, to look at your wife, whose duty in life was obedience. In the end the situation became unbearable and, foolishly, Lady Ward took a lover. Discovering her to be pregnant, her husband turned her out of the house in the middle of the night without any means of support. She turned to her parents, who shut the door in her face. Death was her only escape. No one blamed either her husband or her parents.

As soon as George Eliot began to live with George Henry Lewes, whose wife refused to give him a divorce, her brother cut off all communication with her. No one brought a greater sense of duty, of personal and deeply felt morality, to the commission of adultery than George Eliot, but few would receive her, and her life was made wretched by strain that showed itself in violent headaches, sickness, and paralyzing neuroses. Again, Dickens had to go to frantic lengths to keep his relationship with his mistress secret, and his family maintained that secrecy for nearly a hundred years.

What was this iron respectability that kept these men and women in thrall, how was it imposed, and why did they feel so strongly its necessity? At the heart of Victorian morality lay the concept that man was held accountable for every moment he spent on earth—this was the reason for the endless and meticulous diary that Gladstone kept, recording every game of backgammon, every sermon read, every rare lapse into masturbation. For more than seventy years Gladstone drew up his daily personal account of good and evil. Obviously the day best spent was one spent in the service of God, and the service of God must be the rejection of sin. But sin for Victorians could mean the playing of cards, the reading of fiction, cooking on the Sabbath, the drinking of alcohol, the smoking of tobacco, or the immodest display of an ankle. Not far from sin was indelicacy, the use of any language, gesture, or manner that could be so construed, such as a young lady taking a walk unchaperoned. The rejection of sin and the practice of respectability dovetailed neatly; certainly the former could not exist without the latter. But to achieve both was a constant struggle, a never-ending

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This composite photograph, made in 1857, is called "The Two Ways of Life," which could also be an epithet for the age. It is an alle

battle with Satan, who filled the world with temptation. Hence it was important to protect the weak and the innocent; namely, women and children—the weaker vessels, as the Victorians liked to call them. Children, unless properly educated, might quickly be lost, and women, in their innocence of the world's ways, had to be protected against themselves.

The family, therefore, was the citadel of morality, and its defender, whose law must be explicitly obeyed, was the father. If he wished, the Victorian male could flog his wife, beat his sons, and terrify his daughters. He could keep them at home for weeks on end, spend his wife's property, cut his children off without a penny. One has only to think of Samuel Butler's parents, or Edmund Gosse's father, or Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, for whom the so-called best interests of the child excused despotism. The majority of Victorian middle-class parents felt the need to temper affection, for they were conscious of the sinfulness of human nature.

Although no society has prized more highly what it liked to think of as the innocence of children, the Victorian parent and schoolmaster knew that the child was always the Devil's target, especially the young male child. In the eighteenth century John Wesley had preached the need to break the child's will, and the Victorian evangelicals set about it with a vengeance. A low diet was thought by many to be essential in restraining the growth of carnal appetites in the young male. Augustus Hare's mother started the discipline at an early age:

> I was not six years old before my mother . . . began to follow out a code of penance for me . . . Hitherto I had never been allowed anything but roast mutton and rice pudding for dinner. Now all was changed. The most delicious puddings were talked of—*dilated* on—until I became, not greedy, but exceedingly curious about them . . . They were put on the table before me, and then, just as I was going to eat some of them, they were snatched away, and I was told to get up and carry them off to some poor person in the village.

And in case Mrs. Hare is thought of as an idiosyncratic sadist, there is ample evidence elsewhere. The boys at Rad-

y of Dissipation (left), Industry (right), and Penitence (center). Queen Victoria admired it and bought a copy for Prince Albert's study

ley College were so hungry that they searched for acorns like squirrels and nibbled at crocus and hyacinth bulbs like mice. One of their greatest delicacies was cowslip roots, for which they scoured the water meadows by the Thames. The food provided by Dickens's Mr. Squeers at Dotheboys' Hall was no exaggeration. Even in the richest homes the children were kept on a diet of milk puddings, boiled potatoes, suet, and a little meat, while their parents' table was loaded with oysters and lobster, fish, roasts, game, pastry, cakes, jellies, ices, vegetables, and salads of every description. Surely here was hypocrisy of the first order: the guzzling downstairs and the semi-starvation in the nursery and schoolroom. But, as with so many aspects of Victorian living, there was no hypocrisy. The child had to be protected from temptation, from rioting in his carnal appetites; only after he had learned iron discipline could he remain temperate in the midst of overwhelming profusion.

Hence the overruling need for the headmasters of all public schools to be clergymen and for compulsory chapel and constant sermons, prayers, and exhortations. Clerical headmasters knew the dangers of youth and its temptations. They insisted on godly habits, godly friendship, a horror of sin, a detestation of drink, and infinite circumspection with regard to light literature. The boy had to be converted to the active evangelical principle of a purposeful Christian life; and there was no better moment than puberty. After all, the Victorian child had almost certainly been thrashed for touching himself or displaying sexual curiosity in his brothers and sisters; from the tenderest age the seat of sin had been underlined by punishment, so that when a boy was suddenly infused with the lustful energy of adolescence, feelings of guilt flooded in with equal intensity. And when his headmaster insisted on clean habits and mastery over sin, it was clear enough which sin he was talking about.

Few could reach such dizzy heights of dedicated morality, but many struggled throughout their lives to achieve the religious ideals inculcated in youth. Furthermore, the teachings of the medical profession reinforced the clergy's

THE HARRELL COLL.; RIGHT: GERNSHEIM COLL., UNIV. OF TEXAS

LEWIS CARROLL

Lover of Little Girls

Lewis Carroll's greatest love was Alice Liddell, the beautiful child for whom he wrote *Alice in Wonderland*. She was the daughter of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, where Carroll taught mathematics most of his life. He was a prim bachelor, an ordained deacon, and a Tory. Yet today, if alive, he might very well be hearing from the police, or at least undergoing group therapy, for his love of little girls went beyond the bounds of propriety. He preferred them to be younger than fourteen; he encouraged them to model in the nude for his camera. He would strike up friendships with them on beaches and in railway carriages, and he always carried a bagful of puzzles and games to tempt them. Never, apparently, did he do anything overtly immoral. Psychoanalysts have, of course, had a field day with him. Were his propensities sexual, like Humbert Humbert's, or were they really his way of side-stepping sexuality altogether? Had he hated his mother, or was it his father? Most admirers of his writing will be thankful at any rate that his contemporaries were too unenlightened to have him locked up.

ALICE

sermons. In his widely read book *The Function and Disorders of the Reproductive Organs, in Childhood, Youth, Adult Age, and Advanced Life, Considered in their Physiological, Social and Moral Relations* Sir William Acton insisted that masturbation led to blindness, mental decay, feeble offspring, and early death.

In some ways a girl's life was more rigorous, certainly more sheltered, than a boy's, and her innocence was protected so meticulously that many middle-class brides had no idea of the sexual consequences of marriage. A boy could not be kept ignorant, but girls could be and were; and on their honeymoons they were often shocked into frigidity.

The morality the Victorians had learned in childhood, with its strict taboos and maniac fears, they were expected to follow through their adult lives, no matter what the cost. Only men and women fortified daily by an ardent Christian faith could hope to do so—hence the terrible crisis that all Victorians feared when they had doubts about religion. Once the sanction of religion no longer operated, their feet would be on "the slope of sensual slime." This accounts for the horror in many circles of the new science of Darwin, Huxley, and the rest, which could, and did, lead to *doubt*. The Victorian, therefore, was a man afraid: fearful above all of temptation, no matter how innocent-seeming. Why such terrors? There had been evangelical Christians in the eighteenth century and in Regency England; there had been Sabbatarians, even a few dedicated to total abstinence, but they had been minority groups. Why did this rigorous morality become so dominant?

The causes of change in cultural morals are little understood, but in the case of Victorian England there are two very important ones that we can discern. One was fear. Between 1789 and 1837 Europe had been convulsed by revolution and by the threat of revolution; the first eleven years of Queen Victoria's reign were worse rather than better. Chartists preached physical force; the desperate economic situation provoked riots; the structure of society looked both worm-eaten and brittle.

Here, surely, was the hand of God, the retribution that William Wilberforce had predicted for his countrymen if the upper and middle classes did not reform their morals. His book, *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of the Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes in this Country Contrasted with Real Christianity* (naturally to their detriment), rattled through edition after edition and strengthened immensely the new moral attitude that was emerging. Lord Liverpool, as prime minister after the Napoleonic wars, provided government funds for new Anglican churches and was quite frank about the reason: he regarded religion as the only possible safeguard against the radicalism of the poor. Indeed, the middle classes became infused with proselytizing zeal, and they provided the leadership for Sunday schools, for associations to reclaim fallen women, for strict Sabbatarianism, for temperance societies, and for those active works of charity among the poor that both Henry Mayhew and Charles Booth—who investigated the London working classes with dispassionate insight—thought to be so useless. Nevertheless, soup kitchens, shelters, and artificially created work eased the middle-class conscience, which was deeply troubled by the extent and depth of poverty as well as all its sinful concomitants—gambling, drunkenness, debauchery, and prostitution. And the middle class knew that the godly working man worked better and longer than the dissolute. Without cynicism they believed that respectability led to profit. And it often did. At the least it was necessary insurance.

CULVER PICTURES

SIR RICHARD BURTON

Mrs. Grundy and the Arabian Nights

Sir Richard Burton was one of the great mavericks of the Victorian age. He spent his life searching out whatever was remote, wild, or dangerous. As a young officer in India he stirred up a scandal by investigating a male bordello; in Africa he looked for the sources of the Nile; in Arabia he disguised himself as a Moslem and entered Mecca and Medina. One of the proudest achievements of his life was the translation and annotation of *The Arabian Nights,* the first volume of which appeared in 1885 after fifteen years of laborious preparation. In the words of biographer Seton Deardon, "Accustomed to regard the Arabian Nights as a nursery book suitable chiefly for children, society suddenly found itself face to face . . . with all the passion, lust, and glitter of the true East . . ." Mrs. Burton had feared that her husband would be prosecuted for obscenity; instead the book was a great literary success. Burton next embarked on a translation of another erotic Arab text called *The Scented Garden.* "Mrs. Grundy will howl till she almost bursts and will read every word of it with intense enjoyment," he prophesied gleefully. But he died before he could finish the translation, and Mrs. Burton cheated Mrs. Grundy of her pleasure by burning the manuscript.

The second cause of the new morality was both social and economic. The working class, even artisans and the lower middle class, lived on desperately narrow margins: only a strict frugality that eschewed expense of any kind—drink, tobacco, gambling, girls, finery in dress, or ostentation in living—could guarantee survival and possible progress up the rickety ladder of economic advancement. Anything that might excite the imagination or titillate a natural appetite had to be frowned upon. So aspiring artisans, like their earnest betters, took to the grimmer styles of religion, built themselves vast, cold, brick temples in which they worshiped their remorselessly puritanical God. The spearhead of lower-middle-class godliness joined the order of Rechabites, pledged to drink only water, banished all profane literature from their bookcases—Tennyson's poems along with Dickens's novels—forbade their wives to cook on Sundays, and regarded the theatre as a snare of the Devil and any manifestation of sex as a sure passport to the fires of Hell.

There is no doubt that between 1830 and 1850 this passionate and rigid puritanism spread as rapidly as cholera through the new manufacturing towns of the Midlands and the North. In one small corner of Lancashire—Preston—there were seventy-seven regular public speakers dedicated to total temperance. They held assemblies for reformed drunkards, sometimes for five nights at a stretch, with confessions and mass conversions as at a revivalist meeting. The town was divided into areas, and each house canvassed and lists of intemperates compiled. According to one authority, by the end of Queen Victoria's reign there were in England thirteen general societies, eight women's organizations, five juvenile associations, seventeen religious associations, four philanthropic institutions, and nine orders and friendly societies dedicated to the war against drink.

But during Queen Victoria's reign there were no licensing hours: men and women drank as long as the landlord would supply them, and there was no ban on children quaffing their ale or, if they were sufficiently affluent and the landlord was complaisant, getting blind drunk. One cannot understand the rage for temperance without a recognition that these reformers were daily confronted with drunken women and children, with homes destroyed by drink, and with working men made jobless through alcohol. At the same time, the reformers' triumphs were met by furious abuse from the brewers and distillers, who used all the influence they could to prevent Parliament from limiting the sale of drink. Emotions were heightened to an extraordinary degree, and the social battle over temperance took on political and religious overtones reflecting deep divisions in society itself, represented in many a Victorian mind as God versus Mammon.

As with drink, so with sex. Innocence, purity, chastity, the sanctity of marriage, were, as we have seen, widely held Victorian ideals; the reality was grosser, much grosser. But one can only understand the intensity of these ideals if one realizes the fabulous availability of sex in Victorian England. For those men of the middle class who could not square their sexual needs with the conventional pattern of their lives—and they were the majority—opportunities based on hard cash were legion.

The position of the servant girl—often only fourteen or fifteen years old—could be tragic. Usually she was a country girl, more frequently than not without friends or relations in London, utterly dependent on the household that employed her. She was fair game for either the master of the household or his sons. The author of *My Secret Life* and his friends seduced scores of these girls. If they

LAURA BELL

The Harlot's Progress

In the 1850's Laura Bell was London's pre-eminent courtesan, according to Cyril Pearl's *The Girl with the Swansdown Seat** (Bobbs-Merrill, 1955), an indispensable work for students of the Victorian demimonde. Laura started out as a shopgirl in Belfast; before she was twenty, she was riding along Rotten Row in an open phaeton with a footman and a pair of white horses, presumably the gifts of Prince Jung Bahadur, the Nepalese ambassador to London and Laura's greatest conquest. Her influence supposedly kept Nepal out of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857. In any case, says Mr. Pearl, "Laura Bell was one of the sights of the town. One night in 1852 when she went to the Opera, the whole house is said to have stood to watch her depart. In the same year she married an officer and a gentleman, Captain Augustus Frederick Thistlethwayte . . . The captain must have been a fairly difficult person to live with; he had a habit of firing a pistol through the ceiling of his room when he wanted to summon a servant." The marriage did not last, and Laura finally turned to religion and became a famous evangelical preacher—"A Sinner saved by grace through faith in the Lamb of God," as she called herself. Her good works ceased only with her death in 1894.

rejected their masters' advances, they were liable to be brutalized or dismissed; if they became pregnant, as they usually did, accusation of their masters would frequently lead to instant dismissal without wages or a reference. If they kept quiet, they might collect a month's wages and a future reference, even sometimes secret support from the guilty male. Yet it would be wrong to suppose that all of these girls were innocent victims. Village life was not prudish. As female servants were rarely let out of the houses in which they worked, many enjoyed first the flirtation and then the frolic with a rich master or his sons. The temptation was not all one way, and it is clear from *My Secret Life* that the working-class girl in Victorian England, unlike many of her mistresses, was not ignorant of the pleasures of the bed.

Nevertheless the situation was usually one of crude power that ended disastrously for the girl. The main recruitment for the teeming world of Victorian prostitution came from the servant class. Another major source was the factory girl or the girl employed in seasonal trades. Victorian London possessed every variety of whore, perhaps eighty thousand of them in 1857, from the *maîtresse en titre* set up in a beautiful Maida Vale villa, with carriage and servants, to the prostitutes who lurked in the alleys of the Strand, where a sailor might find an aging woman for a few pence, taking her then and there against the wall. The same shabby area possessed broken-down knocking shops where rooms could be hired by the hour for the use of prostitutes as young as thirteen or fourteen.

Boys were no more difficult to find; young soldiers, as J. A. Symonds's memoirs show, were always available in Hyde Park, and male brothels were common enough in Knightsbridge and elsewhere. When the author of *My Secret Life* wanted a young, virgin, heterosexual male, he had no difficulty in getting a sixteen-year-old carpenter for half a sovereign; the boy was on the verge of starvation. Whatever a man might want, no matter how idiosyncratic, he could find it in Victorian London. The reason was poverty. Mayhew talks of the parentless children, some no more than ten or twelve, living in cheap dormitories on money got by thieving or prostitution, and rioting night after night in sexual orgies. There were tens of thousands of Victorian men, women, and children who knew nothing of Christianity and its morality, who only knew the need for bread and survival. And again it would be wrong to think of them as drowned in misery and guilt or harrowed in their souls by the work they did. Many of the little whores the author of *My Secret Life* debauched loved the work as much as the rewards. That this was so provided the greatest horror to the evangelical Victorian.

And it was the same with other great cities—Manchester, Bristol, Liverpool, Brighton, Leeds—they, too, presented dangers, though on a lesser scale than London. Unless armed against the world, the Victorian youth was presented with endless opportunities for sexual indulgence. Temptation began in the home, he could not escape it at school, and it met him in the world. All the great Victorian moralists and evangelists regarded the school years as vital, the time when a boy might be saved or lost. But Victorian boarding schools were cesspits of juvenile delinquency. Bullying abounded, and bullying on an appallingly violent and sexual level. Homosexuality was widespread and open. An occasional boy might be flogged or expelled or both, but the fundamental conditions were never tackled. Every small boy at Harrow was given a girl's name and was referred to as one of the senior boy's "bitches"—a situation that would never be permitted in

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VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, CROWN COPYRIGHT

CORA PEARL

Le Plat du Jour

One of Victorian England's most successful exports to France was Cora Pearl, nee Eliza Crouch, whose accomplishments were great enough to earn her a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In *The Girl with the Swansdown Seat* Cyril Pearl pictures her at the peak of her career: "With a keen sense of advertising and something worthwhile to sell, Cora climbed rapidly from bed to bed—an unnamed sailor, a businessman, a duke, and ultimately a glittering galaxy of princes . . . Money from vaults that seemed inexhaustible showered on her bed; she was burdened with jewels . . . she danced a cancan on a carpet of orchids and bathed before her guests in a silver bathtub filled wih champagne. She was a spectacle and a legend. M. Worth, whose house now dressed her, describes how, when she wore lemon-colored hair, it was exactly matched by the yellow-satin trimming of her blue carriage . . . For her red hair she had a canary barouche with red upholstery. She would spend £500 on a dinner for twenty men, and sometimes, the chroniclers say, offer herself as the *plat du jour*, naked, on a silver platter in a large pie." Heartbreakingly, the lady's fortunes declined with those of the Second Empire; she died penniless in a Parisian garret at age fifty.

the "decadent" and permissive twentieth century.

In the towns, in the schools, in the great cities, in the empire itself, existed a conflict of attitudes, a typical Victorian schizophrenia. The Christian ideal of Empire was venerated. Christian English gentlemen, models of fair play and decency, would, by both a sense of justice and compassion, bring light to the heathen darkness and raise the level of the pagan world in which they would live their dedicated lives. The white man's burden was not a sly, hypocritical phrase; it was deeply and sincerely meant. Moral priggishness, an arrogance about their position in the world, was obvious enough in many of the great imperial proconsuls and in their dedicated district officers; but the ideal was accepted, and thousands of colonial civil servants attempted to live up to it. Others were corrupted by power and status. In India, in Malaya, in the Southern Seas, even in "Darkest Africa," men took what was so easily available, the native girl who could not resist the temptations either of money or position. By the end of Victoria's reign India had the problem of the Eurasians, the men and women of mixed birth who were despised by both races. As with the prostitutes of London, money and power wrought their evil. Hence the need for constant evangelical missionary enterprise.

Indeed, as one explores the dark side of nineteenth-century life, its poverty and its orgiastic opportunities, one can understand the ferocious need that Victorian men and women felt for a social morality that was as absolute as it was comprehensive. They might be the leaders of society, but they were still a minority. And in a nation in which affluence at the borders of the middle class was so fragile sin might be equivalent to economic disaster. Only by a life of pious frugality could many hope to rise above the filth, the squalor, the depravity, of Victorian England. And many of the rich and the well-to-do were troubled by conscience in the face of so much social injustice; their attempts to win working-class men and women to temperance and godliness were also an effort to make them economically viable.

There is no doubt, too, that respectability in itself became a pursuit. The Victorians became adepts at disguising the weaknesses and shortcomings of their heads of society—or else they shut their eyes to the obvious. Dr. Vaughan's scandal, although known to a few, was hidden from the world at large for nearly a hundred years. Skeletons were quickly locked in family cupboards. Although many Victorians rigorously repressed their sexuality, they remained haunted by it. And the very conflict in their natures, as in a George Eliot or a Dickens, or even a Tennyson, drove them toward that creativity that is one of the marks of the Victorian age.

It was a society of vivid and startling contrasts: of the saccharine innocence of the girls in Millais's academic pictures and the garish whores of the old music halls; of Dean Farrar's sentimental, lofty-minded story of adolescent purity, *Eric, or Little by Little*, and the true Harrow, with its "bitches." Although it was the world of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, pious, delicate, religious, and good, it was also the world in which the author of *My Secret Life* bought or seduced two thousand girls, boys, and women. Its sexuality was often more rampant, more wanton, and much more gross than our own, but it refused to accept it and resolutely tried to pursue purity and respectability. It disguised its failures and took refuge in silence. Anything was better than the evil that surrounded it and lured it to damnation. One can only understand the Victorians and the urgency of their morality if one grasps that they were a minority in a boisterous sea of dire poverty and rampant lust.

The Prime Minister's Secret Life

THE JACKSON COLL.

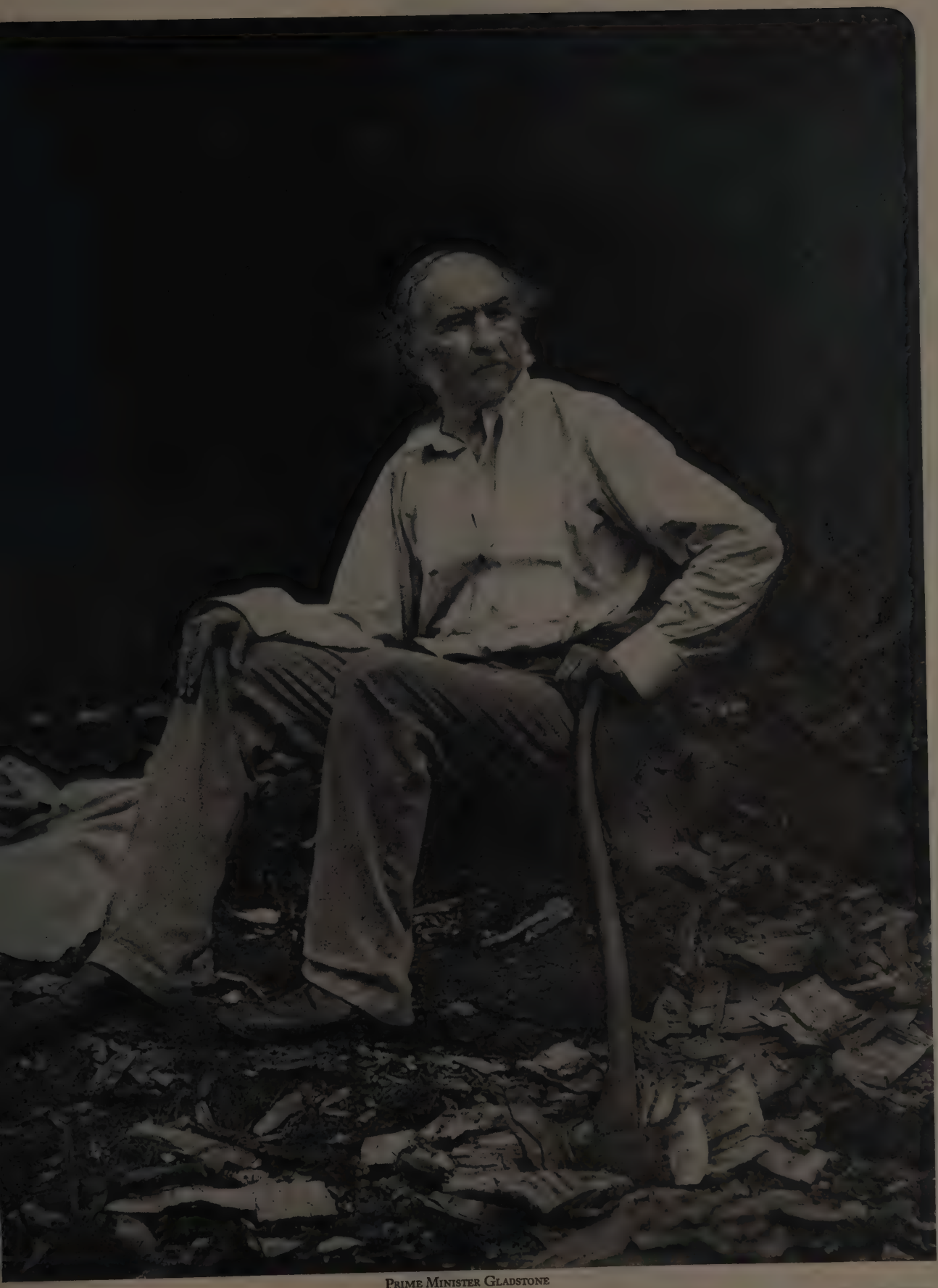
SKITTLES RIDING ON ROTTEN ROW

RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

A RESCUE HOUSE FOR PROSTITUTES

William Ewart Gladstone, four times prime minister and one of England's greatest statesmen, was a man who loved hard work. Chopping down trees was recreation to him; the photograph opposite shows him taking a brief rest at his Welsh estate, Hawarden. He was a devout Christian, and but for his father's objections, would have entered the clergy. This frustrated desire, and perhaps a few others, led him to undertake a kind of missionary work ill-suited to a man in public life—the rescue and reform of prostitutes. With Mrs. Gladstone's knowledge and consent, he would walk the streets at night hoping to be accosted; if necessary, he would accost the women himself. He did not preach to them, but courteously invited them home to meet his wife. If they showed signs of repentance, he would send them to a rescue house to learn an honest trade. He gave large sums to maintain such houses as the one pictured at lower left. If any rescued sinners subsequently fell from grace, Gladstone "would go after them again and again, and he did not hesitate to pursue them into brothels, preferably in the daytime, but with a supreme, and almost perverse, disregard of worldly considerations," according to his biographer Philip Magnus. His political opponents naturally could not resist impugning his motives; Queen Victoria had her suspicions, too, and Gladstone felt that his activities were the cause of the Queen's obvious dislike of him. There were occasional scandals. In 1863 Gladstone recorded that he had saved a woman "at the very top of the tree." Unfortunately she owed a livery stable £40 rent for her coach and pair, and the owner publicly threatened to sue Gladstone for the amount, since it was he who had deprived the lady of her *modus vivendi*.

But there was one woman "at the very top of the tree" whom Gladstone did not try to reform—Skittles, Miss Catherine Walters, who rose from lowly beginnings to become the queen of London's demimonde in the 1860's. Her Sunday parties drew much of the fashionable London world, including, to the hostess's amused delight, Mr. Gladstone. She had supposedly earned her nickname from a job she once held setting up skittles (ninepins) in a tavern. She was walking the streets of London at the age of seventeen; but her fortunes improved, and soon she was riding a handsome pony along Rotten Row with the rest of London's "pretty horsebreakers." Before long a marquis had set her up in Mayfair, and she was parading through Hyde Park in an expensive carriage. The crowds that collected to admire her often stopped traffic, and a wag wrote a letter to the *Times* complaining that her charming presence was subjecting the public to intolerable delays. She must have had both wit and intelligence, for her salon attracted such figures as the Rothschilds, the Prince of Wales, and many other peers and notables. In 1861 Sir Edwin Landseer, Queen Victoria's own favorite painter, actually did Skittles's portrait and brazenly exhibited it at the Royal Academy. He claimed that a "Miss Gilbert" had posed for it, but of course no one believed him, and the picture was the season's success.



KEITH TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

PRIME MINISTER GLADSTONE

COURTESY OF THE LEGER GALLERY, LONDON

"Peace Concluded" by Millais, showing an officer and his family at the end of the Crimean War

Grounds for Divorce

The portrait of John Ruskin at lower right was begun by his friend John Everett Millais during a summer holiday in the Scottish Highlands in 1853. At twenty-four Millais was just beginning to be famous. Ruskin, already a formidably influential art critic, had just finished the third volume of *Stones of Venice* and had been married for five years to his lovely young Effie (her face is the focal point of the painting opposite, which Millais executed in 1856). When the Scottish holiday was over, in October, Millais still had not completed the portrait; instead, he and Effie had fallen in love. A divorce would have ruined all three, but Effie had begun wondering if there might not be another kind of escape from her strange marriage.

She had been nineteen when she and John were wed. His doting parents, who knew their son to be a genius, had not really wanted him to marry, and they were hoping to make Effie a pliant daughter-in-law. Instead, she exhibited a "love of society" hardly shared by her husband; soon her in-laws were accusing her of extravagance and doing whatever else they could to make her miserable. Indeed, she *was* miserable, but for a reason that her father-in-law had not guessed. In March, 1854, Effie at last wrote to her own father telling the truth: "I do not think I am John Ruskin's Wife at all—and I entreat you to assist me to get released . . . To go back to the day of my marriage . . . I had never been told the duties of married persons to each other and knew little or nothing about their relations . . . For days John talked about this relation to me but avowed no intention of making me his Wife. He alleged various reasons . . . and finally this last year told me his true reason . . . that he had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was and that the reason he did not make me his Wife was because he was digusted with my person the first evening . . ."

Thus had an eminent Victorian fallen victim to the maniacal prudery of his times. (Doubtless the only undraped females he had ever seen were marble statues in museums.) On April 25 Effie went home to her family after filing a nullity suit against John. He decided not to contest the action, and the marriage was dissolved in July on the probably unjust grounds of "incurable impotence." The proceedings were conducted in strictest privacy and, of course, were the talk of London. Millais was still working doggedly away on the portrait, and Ruskin, who placed Art above all, continued to sit for him. In December the ordeal was over. The two men never again spoke to each other.

Effie and Millais wisely had not met since the trip to Scotland. They were reunited in March, 1855, and were married the following June. Effie in due time became the mother of eight children, and Millais became a very famous painter.

Ruskin's career was unspoiled, but the scandal caused him anguish the rest of his life. He eventually fell in love with a ten-year-old girl to whom, when she became seventeen, he proposed. The nullity suit was but one of the reasons that the match was refused.

GERNSHEIM COLL., UNIV. OF TEXAS

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

COURTESY OF MRS. PATRICK GIBSON

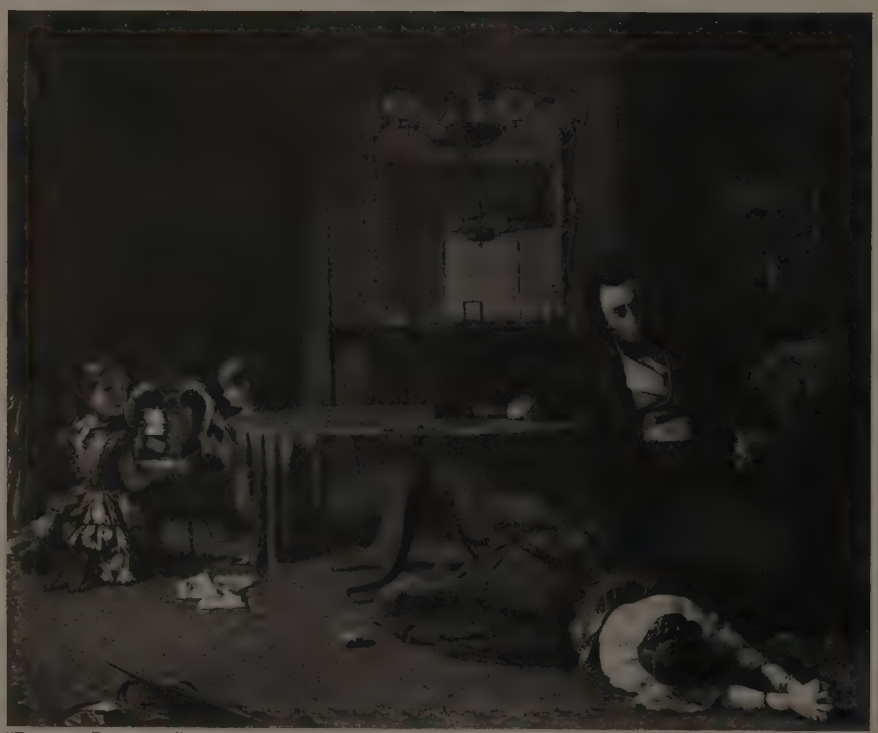
MILLAIS'S "PORTRAIT OF JOHN RUSKIN"

Vice and Virtue on Canvas

TATE GALLERY, LONDON

"Take Your Son, Sir"

The Victorian age was a prolific but not a great one in English painting. It was the heyday of the Academy. Painting took on a literary interest—every picture had to tell a story, and if the story had a moral, so much the better. The most successful practitioners of the day usually mixed a generous amount of treacle in with their oils. (Characteristic titles of the period were *Broken Vows*, *On Her Death Bed*, *The Proposal*, and *Disappointed Love*.) *Take Your Son, Sir* (at left) by Ford Madox Brown surely caused many an edifying shudder. The seducer can be seen in the mirror behind the unwed mama, almost like a reflection of the viewer himself. *Answering an Advertisement* (opposite) by F. P. Stepanoff is somewhat gayer, though the bosomy servant girl applying for a position is also clearly in for trouble, if not from her employer, certainly from his glowering wife. Augustus Egg's three-part tragedy (below), was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858 without a title but with the following quotation: "Aug. 4. Have just heard that *B.* has been dead more than a fortnight; so his poor children have now lost both their parents. I hear *She* was seen on Friday last, near the Strand, evidently without a place to lay her head—What a fall hers has been!" In "I" we see the wife prostrate: her husband is clutching a letter that proves she has been unfaithful. One little daughter looks up in amazement; the other continues to play with—what?—a house of cards! On the walls are paintings of a shipwreck and Adam and Eve being expelled from Paradise—lest anyone miss the point. In "II", five years later, the father has done away with himself, or at any rate died offstage. The elder sister, now almost grown, tries to comfort the younger and gazes at the waning moon, which also appears in the next scene. Can it be the same night? Yes, and there is Mother under the arches next to the Thames, holding a bastard child. Potentially adulterous art-lovers were undoubtedly chilled to the bone—in this case, too well chilled: the painting never sold and remained with Mr. Egg until he died.

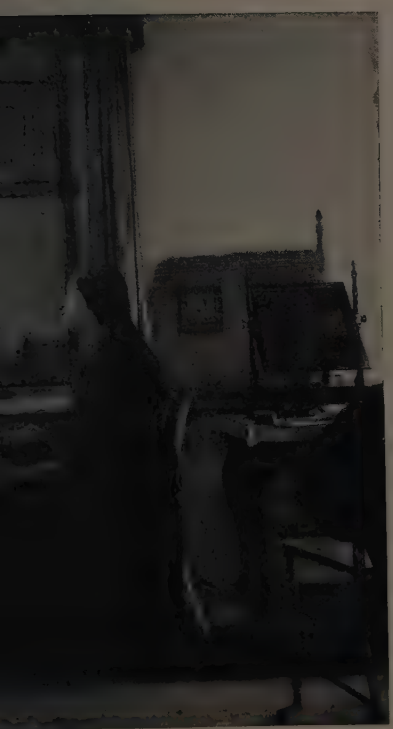


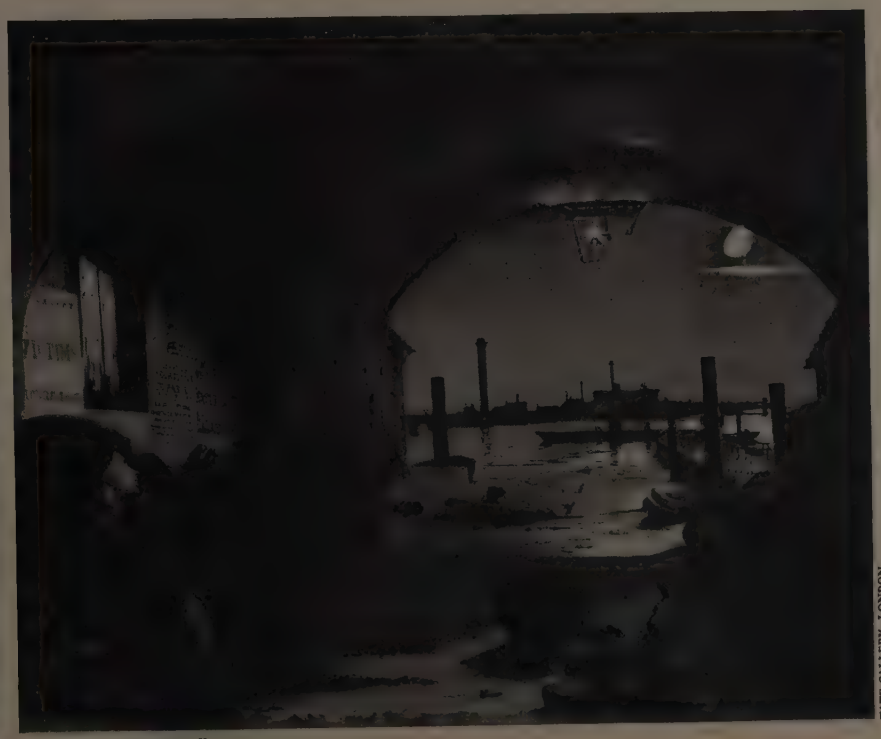
"Past and Present: I"

"Past and Present: II"

NATIONAL MUSEUMS, GLASGOW

"Answering an Advertisement"





TATE GALLERY, LONDON

"Past and Present: III"

FINETTE, A LADY OF THE NIGHT

How the Other Half Lived

Consider the ideal Victorian woman: a pious, submissive, modest, adoring wife, the mother of a large family, and a creature of no sexuality whatsoever. "The majority of women (happily for them) are not very much troubled with sexual feeling of any kind," wrote a distinguished physician of the time, Dr. William Acton. "The best mothers, wives, and managers of households, know little or nothing of sexual indulgences. Love of home, children, and domestic duties, are the only passions they feel." As their reward, these pure and devoted ladies would presumably be tenderly cared for by their husbands and zealously protected from every rough wind or word.

Alas, the reality was something else. Victorian society dealt roughly with its women, the pure and the impure alike. As James Laver has remarked, "Perhaps there never was another period in history when it would be true to say that the wife was considered theoretically an angel and was practically a slave." Women had no property rights, and anything they earned went to their husbands. They could not obtain university degrees. In case of separation or divorce, custody of the children went to the husband, and the wife was denied even visitation rights, though she might have been the innocent party in the divorce. A bill to ease this situation was thrown out of the House of Lords in 1838 on the grounds that "women suffered so much under the law that it was foolish to amend one small item of hardship."

There were, of course, vast numbers of both single and married women who had to earn a living for themselves and their families; the washerwoman and the flower seller on this page were as typical of their time as the damsel in crinoline and bonnet. And Finette—in real life Miss Josephine Durwend—the cancan dancer and sometime mistress of James McNeill Whistler, was typical in her way, too. An exact census of harlots was never taken, but thousands of women turned to prostitution to make a living, which at least paid better wages than selling flowers or taking in laundry. Dr. Acton, who in 1857 and 1870 published detailed studies of prostitution in London, observed that a variety of forces drove women into streetwalking—"natural sinfulness," "the preferment of indolent ease to labor," "vicious inclinations," and so forth; but "by far the larger proportion are driven to evil courses by cruel, biting poverty. It is a shameful fact . . . that the lowness of the wages paid to workwomen in various trades is a fruitful source of prostitution; unable to obtain by their labor the means of procuring the bare necessities of life, they gain, by surrendering their bodies to evil uses, food to sustain and clothes to cover them. Many thousand young women in this metropolis are unable by drudgery that lasts from early morning till late into the night to earn more than 3s. to 5s. weekly. Many have to eke out their living . . . on a miserable pittance . . .What wonder if, urged on by want and toil, encouraged by evil advisers, and exposed to selfish tempters, a large proportion of these poor girls fall from the path of virtue? Is it not a greater wonder that any of them are found abiding in it?"

THE JACKSON COLL.

A LAUNDRESS AND HER CHILDREN IN THEIR HOME

COURTESY OF WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON

A FLOWER GIRL IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS

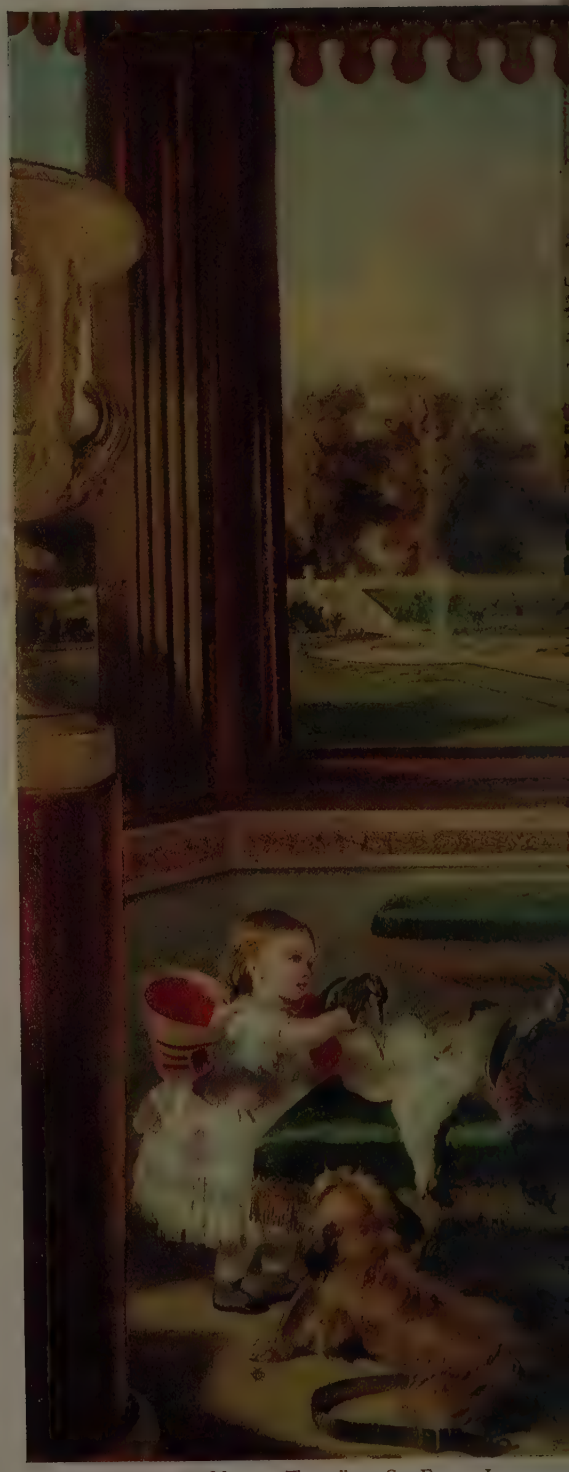
Victoria Carries On

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

QUEEN VICTORIA WITH PRINCESS LOUISE AND JOHN BROWN

FROM *Victoria R.* BY GERNSHEIM

VICTORIA AND PRINCESS ALICE WITH A BUST OF PRINCE ALBERT



"WINDSOR CASTLE IN MODERN TIMES" BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

The year is 1842. Prince Albert, whom Landseer has rendered implausibly handsome, has come in from the hunt bringing his kill and a pack of worshipful dogs. Queen Victoria, a twenty-three-year-old beauty, gazes lovingly upon her "dearest dear." Their cherubic first-born, the Princess Royal, frolics among the dead birds; her brother, the infant Prince of Wales, is presumably asleep in the nursery. It is a scene to clutch the feminine heart with admiration, and indeed, Victoria's private life was a model for her subjects, including the fact that she bore nine children—more or less unwillingly. Childbearing, she once said, "is such a complete violence to all one's feelings of propriety (which God knows receive a shock enough in marriage alone)." Still, she loved her husband and children, and she never recovered from the grief of Albert's death in 1861. She mourned him zealously and industriously. The photograph above shows the Widow staring at a bust of the Departed, with Princess Alice filling in as the Stricken Child.

About 1865, however, the royal gloom began to lift as someone

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

else got into the picture—a good-looking, hard-drinking Scotsman named John Brown, who had served for some time as gillie at Balmoral; "groom, footman, page, and maid, I might almost say," wrote the queen. No one seriously believes any more that Victoria was ever his mistress, much less his wife, but her indulgent attachment to him—he addressed her as "wumman," laced her tea with whisky, and gave her advice on affairs of state—caused a scandal.

Brown died in 1883 when the queen was sixty-four. In her heartbreak she commissioned a statue of him, directed poor Tennyson (then poet laureate) to compose an epitaph, and was narrowly dissuaded from writing his biography and publishing his diary, which—to the heightening of our curiosity—is now lost. Elizabeth Longford's recent biography of Victoria sensibly disposes of the idea that Brown was anything more than a servant and friend; yet there he is, casting what to us is a welcome shadow across the otherwise blinding virtue of the queen's long, dutiful life.

MICHEL FOUCAULT

CHRISTIAN TAILLANDIER—*L'Express*

Man is dead—or will be soon.
So says the new
intellectual lion of France

By ROY McMULLEN

The recent death of God will evidently soon be followed by the death of man. In the meantime too many of us are trying to prop our self-esteem with indecent attitudes toward insanity, shaky hypotheses about personal identity, rubbish about the history of ideas, and a refusal to see what really makes our culture tick.

For having elaborated such discouraging opinions as these, Michel Foucault has been praised in his native France as the most trenchant thinker of our era. He has also been denounced as a guru for technocrats, a bourgeois block on the road to the future, and a tongue fascinated by a sore philosophical cavity. He has been given star status in interviews, name-dropped in gossip columns, discussed at dinners, seminarized in colleges, and carefully insulted by Jean-Paul Sartre.

Even the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss has never achieved quite such a modish Parisian success, and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin achieved it only posthumously with considerable help from foreign admirers. One must look back to the years just after World War II, when Sartre suddenly became a Left-Bank celebrity, to find a precedent for the Foucault phenomenon, and even that is inexact. Whereas few people at the start of the existentialist vogue had actually read Sartre's difficult basic books, thousands seem to have read Foucault's.

His *Folie et déraison: Histoire de la folie à l'âge classique*, which appeared in the United States as *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason,* has been prospering as a French paperback. His *Les mots et les choses*, a many-leveled study of "words and things" in Western culture from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, was a flash underground best seller; the first edition was exhausted in a month, before the major reviews were in print. (An English translation was on the way when this article was written.) An informal poll of French university students has found them vague about their supposed idol Herbert Marcuse but sharply aware of Foucault and apparently undismayed by the coming death of man.

Non-Frenchmen may be inclined to regard this affair as one more manifestation of French philosophical faddism, and they could be partly right. But the French can riposte that people who are mad over McLuhan are in no position to scold those who are *fou* over Foucault. Also, an obvious conclusion to be drawn from French history since the eighteenth century is to watch out when the *philosophes* begin to produce best sellers—watch out on both sides of the Atlantic.

On his record Foucault is not a person who can be easily dismissed as merely a chic thinker. He is a graduate of the exclusive École Normale Supérieure, a school that furnishes France not only with philosophers but also with sociologists, financiers, industrialists, and prime ministers. His higher degrees (for which there are no exact American equivalents) include the Licence de Philosophie, the Licence de Psychologie, and the Diplôme de Psycho-Pathologie. He has been a cultural attaché in Warsaw, the director of the Institut Français in Hamburg, and a professor at Uppsala, Clermont-Ferrand, and most recently Tunis.

Now forty-two, he is lean, bald, spectacled, and rather aggressively glittering, like a surgeon ready to operate. And he leaves us little doubt about the identity of the patient on the table or of his condition: it is man in his humanist image, and the malady is terminal.

There is even something of the surgeon's voice in his pronouncements. He describes humanism as "the heaviest heritage that has come down to us from the nineteenth century" and adds, "it's high time we got rid of it." Answering possible charges of abstractionism in his outlook, he insists that it is humanism, with "all those cries from the heart, all those claims for the human person," that is truly abstract—"cut off, that is, from the

scientific and technical world that is our real world."

His basic antihumanism colors with a kind of gleeful complacency his arguments for the coming death of man. Naturally he does not mean that real people may soon be wiped out. His reference is to the liberal humanist's *conception* of man—man regarded as the uniquely proper center for the organization of knowledge and as a coherent, free, active essence in the universe. Foucault maintains that "man" in this philosophical sense is "a sort of image correlative with God" and "an invention" of a surprisingly recent date, rendered possible by the cultural pattern that emerged in Europe around the beginning of the nineteenth century.

He thinks the pattern is now clearly unraveling and therefore that "man" will shortly disappear, "like a face of sand on the edge of the sea." Serious research has already failed decisively to locate "this celebrated man, this human nature, this human essence." Psychologists, he points out, have postulated an unconscious that functions in a deterministic fashion utterly unrelated to nineteenth-century theories about human liberty. In short, he says, godlike "man" has "vaporized to the exact degree that one tracked him into his depths."

Linguistics, which seems to be replacing theoretical physics as the most fashionable of our quasi-philosophical sciences, is evoked to strengthen the case. Optimists who supposed they would find the quintessence of humanity in language find nothing but "structures." Indeed, according to Foucault, recent trends in the analysis of language are incompatible not only with the humanist idea of "man" but also with the idea of the distinct self. He finds the implication that you, for instance, do not speak English as much as English—which is a set of formal relationships long antedating your personal identity—speaks you.

What, in addition to fallout from vaporized "man" and doubt about the reality of personal identity, do we discover when we move out of cultural patterns established in the nineteenth century and peer into the abyss that immediately becomes visible? For one thing, especially if we have read *Madness and Civilization* (first published in France in 1961), we discover, or rediscover, madness. Not the ignoble sickness seen by clinical eyes, but madness as an ancient kind of intuitive breakthrough knowledge, with the animal shamelessness, violent truthfulness, poetic license, and holy aura it had for our ancestors and retains in scores of Western literary and pictorial masterpieces.

Foucault is an ardent admirer of this old-time madness. Indeed, it is probable, although not demonstrable, that much of his philosophical stance derives from his study of the insane. Isn't divinely rational "man" already dead in the inmate of an asylum?

He opens *Madness and Civilization* with Pascal's observation that "not to be mad would amount to another form of madness" and with a dry warning by Dostoevsky: "It is not by confining one's neighbor that one is convinced of one's own sanity." He then proceeds to describe and condemn the principal stages in our civilization's rejection of such wisdom. As he writes:

> In the Middle Ages and until the Renaissance, man's dispute with madness was a dramatic debate in which he confronted the secret powers of the world; the experience of madness was clouded by images of the Fall and the Will of God, of the Beast and the Metamorphosis, and of all the marvelous secrets of Knowledge. In our era, the experience of madness remains silent in the composure of a knowledge which, knowing too much about madness, forgets it.

He is scornfully indignant about the confinement of the insane since the middle of the seventeenth century, successively by the forces of political absolutism, classical reason, pious capitalism, middle-class morality, and positivist science. He dismisses as a legend the "liberation" brought about by English and French philanthropists and reformers at the end of the eighteenth century; what actually happened was that their new asylums substituted "moral imprisonment" for the old jailing and forced the inmates to feel guilty. The brain doctor became, and has remained, a punishing father. We treat our insane, he points out, as the Middle Ages did their lepers.

There are moments when we are made to feel that the best hope for a renewal of civilization's productive dialogue with the insane lies not in science but in art—in the paintings of Bosch, Goya, and Van Gogh, in the philosophical fictions of Sade. There are other moments when this hope is blurred, as when he states that delirium is "robbed of its meager truth" when it is called a work of art. Finally we are left with the impression that something irrevocable happened to our culture during the Age of Reason. By confining the insane and giving them the status of the "alienated" —by cutting itself off from those rich aspects of human nature that are revealed when reason is absent—Western society has somehow managed to alienate itself.

Thus *Madness and Civilization* illustrates one of the two constraints Foucault admits having introduced into the history of ideas—the constraint of "discontinuity." His book is more than an account of the origins of the asylum and of certain psychiatric methods. It is an attempt to study, and to re-create imaginatively, what he calls the "caesura" and the "act of scission," which established for us "the distance between reason and nonreason."

The other constraint for the history of ideas, that of "system," is also present in the book, although in a much less explicit way. It emerges more clearly in *Les mots et les choses*, which is subtitled *Une archéologie des sciences humaines*. Each distinct cul-

tural period, Foucault says, conceals beneath its surface a characteristic "system," or "structure," which he chooses to designate by the Greek term for knowledge, *epistēmē*. An *epistēmē* appears to have such a subtle mode of existence that it cannot be defined directly. Like poetry, it has to be sniffed out by examples and trapped by obliqueness. Foucault refers to it several times as merely a tendency toward certain ways of knowing, "an epistemological disposition." He also refers to it as an "archaeological network," as the "space" in which knowledge occurs, as a "historical a priori," and as whatever it is that "defines the conditions for the possibility of all knowledge."

Obviously an *epistēmē* is not, as the Greek term might suggest, a definite body of information. Nor is it anything as simple as a cultural pattern created by an economic and social order. We may not be far wrong in thinking of it as a kind of period *style* for the organization of knowledge—a style that lies deep in the collective unconscious mind and therefore functions automatically. We can thus see why the historian of ideas has to become an "archaeologist," a digger, in order to be able to bring a given *epistēmē* to light.

The *epistēmē* of the European sixteenth century, if we accept the results of Foucault's digging, was based on the idea of "resemblance." The universe—as every reader of Shakespeare knows—was then thought of as teeming with half-secret suitabilities, imitations, reflections, doubles, and analogies. Plants resembled stars, the body imitated suitably the movements of the soul, destiny was analogous to the movements of the planets, the mind of man reflected, however imperfectly, the wisdom of God, painting imitated space, the theatre held a glass up to nature, and so on through the whole chain of being.

The idea of the microcosm and macrocosm guaranteed that each thing was mirrored on a different scale and fixed the boundaries of the system. A current of sympathy flowed through everything with such force that it might have destroyed all differences if it had not been luckily countered by currents of antipathy. "Resemblance" directed the interpretation of texts. Since God had placed a sign on each "resemblance," one could scarcely think of words and things as being separate, and there was no reason for making a distinction between magic and science or between occultism and erudition. Language was embedded in nature; the world was a book waiting to be read, a code ready to be deciphered.

In the seventeenth century, when the Age of Reason got under way, another *epistēmē* abruptly emerged (so to speak, for an *epistēmē* is by definition hidden to its users). "Resemblance" was discredited, and "representation" took control. Signs, Foucault says, ceased to be real figures in nature; they stopped being integrated, by the secret bonds of affinity, with what they signified. Instead they became "instruments of analysis, marks of identity and difference, principles for ordering." In short, words and things were separated, and the vast book of the world was no longer scrutinized directly.

Language was clarified at more than one remove from the opaque complexity of reality, general grammars were written, and the lucid classical discourse of the eighteenth century was created. Natural history, with a preference for botany because of the relative ease with which plants could be "represented" by their parts for the purposes of classification, was developed in the space left vacant by the disappearance of half-mythological "resemblance" compilations of alleged scientific facts. Economics was given a new order, with a characteristic emphasis on money, the "representation" of wealth. Mathematics flourished—inevitably, if one takes into account the way the *epistēmē* favored symbols isolated from things.

At the end of the eighteenth century this *epistēmē* in its turn disappeared. Foucault does not offer a convenient tag for the *epistēmē* that took its place, but leaves no doubt about his conviction that what came in was profoundly new. The notion of mere "representation" was abandoned, he says, and an awareness of history penetrated "to the heart of things." The scientific study of languages became historical, or diachronic, as a modern linguist would say. Biology was stressed, and with it the theory of evolution. Analyses of the means of production replaced the preoccupation of the classical age with exchange and money. The organic was in vogue; things became intelligible in terms of their growth rather than in terms of their "representation" in a table of classification.

In this context godlike "man," the source of "all the fantasies of the new humanisms," appeared "for the first time." Foucault feels reassured, however, by his argument that this allegedly deplorable apparition was merely a manifestation of an *epistēmē* at work:

> It is a comfort . . . and a profound relief to think that man is only a recent invention, a figure less than two centuries old, a simple fold in our knowledge, and that he will disappear as soon as our knowledge finds a new form.

Is our knowledge now in the process of finding "a new form," a new and thoroughly 'nonhumanist *epistēmē?* Foucault has made it plain that he thinks so. But with this question we are back where this article began and back with the problem of assessing the importance of this best-selling philosopher.

Let us commence with the defects. Like many philosophizing historians (Spengler, Toynbee, and numerous Marxists come to mind), Foucault tends to ignore inconvenient evidence. One need not be a specialist to feel, for

example, that *Madness and Civilization* might have presented a much better factual case for philanthropy and psychiatry, or that *Les mots et les choses*, without the double constraint "of system and of discontinuity," might have said more about the unbroken cumulative development of European linguistics, economics, and natural science. And what is the full evidence concerning humanist "man"? Perhaps he really is just an invention of the nineteenth century. But one would feel a lot better about the argument if Foucault had examined seriously what seem to be references to the same "man" in the works of such pre-nineteenth-century writers as Pope, Pascal, Shakespeare, and Montaigne, not to mention the Greeks.

This matter of the handling of the evidence is linked, particularly in *Les mots et les choses*, to questions of theory and method. Cultural history can scarcely be written as a straight chronicle, of course; it calls for the grouping of events in order to bring out their common meaning. But Foucault does not just divide and organize his narrative—he destroys its narrative essence. He depicts each *epistēmē* as "a great motionless structure" that hovers in the cultural unconscious for a century or two and then gives way to another for no apparent reason and with practically no transition. In Sartre's words, he "replaces the cinema with the magic lantern."

French Marxists, including Sartre, have suggested that *Les mots et les choses* is a capitalist attack on man-made history and hence ultimately on the idea of revolution. We can surmise that they were nettled by the book's noticeable emphasis on the economics of Adam Smith and David Ricardo and by the implication that Marx himself was the product of an *epistēmē*. But there is substance in their indictment, a substance that can be found in all of Foucault's writings and interviews. The chief elements in his theorizing—the stress on hidden, discontinuous "structures" in cultural history, the scornful disbelief in humanist "man," and the corresponding delight in the alleged truth discoverable in madness—cohere in such a way as to look like a doctrine of resignation to things as they are. If our minds are the unconscious prisoners of subterranean systems, and if there is no continuity between periods, why worry about progress?

And yet, when the barrage lifts, much of Foucault is still there, reckless, irritating, and frequently unfathomable, but somehow hauntingly persuasive.

Readers, for example, who want evidence that the "resemblance" *epistēmē* was discredited around 1600 are asked to consider Don Quixote, who sets out to read the world as if it were a book, who seeks truth only in "the shimmer of resemblances," and who makes the melancholy discovery that "resemblances and signs have undone their old agreement, similitudes deceive." Those who want evidence of modern linguistic trends are asked to consult surrealist literature or Kafka; they may thus discover that in language man does not necessarily arrive at the center of his humanity, but rather "at the edge of what limits him, in the region where death prowls, where thought flickers out."

In this densely aesthetic atmosphere facts and logic tend to lose their importance. Presented as hard history, Foucault's *epistēmēs* are likely to provoke resistance in a scholarly mind. Presented, however, as philosophical metaphors cunningly supported by artistic evidence, they can fascinate and half-convince almost any properly disabused modern sensibility.

They can do so, of course, because they resonate with much that we respond to as being peculiarly modern, from the newest nonhuman language of computerized science and the latest novel or play whose protagonist is insane, to the latest painting or sculpture in which both "man" and the self are absent, the latest sociological proof of our other-directed behavior, or the latest speed drug for temporarily experiencing the alleged truth in madness.

They probably resonate also, at least in many French minds outside a minority of the young, with a certain skepticism about progress, a weariness with history, and a desire to be rid of the post-World War II existentialist and leftist assignments to re-create ourselves and our society from scratch. It is fair, I think, to say that some of this skepticism, this weariness, and this desire is reflected in the vogue of structuralism in Paris (and increasingly among the vanguard of American intellectuals). And although Foucault has felt obliged to deny being a structuralist, he has plainly been influenced by the new movement: by its emphasis on formal patterns instead of cause-and-effect relationships, by its tendency to devalue human intervention whenever possible, and by its attempts to introduce into other disciplines—such as anthropology, with Lévi-Strauss—the methods of synchronic, or nonhistorical, linguistics.

All this resonance scarcely adds up to a single disposition toward knowledge; we probably have more than one modern *epistēmē*, if we have any at all. But it does rule out a dismissal of Foucault as a mere beneficiary of faddism. The French Left is correct; Foucault is not a political revolutionary. His books had nothing to do with the flowering of the barricades in Paris last year. Their remarkable sales figures may nevertheless be a symptom of something worth meditating about, something in the dim vitals of our cultural organism, and of our individual psyches, that is perhaps more important than a political malaise.

Roy McMullen writes regularly for Horizon *on the arts—his article on Delacroix in Africa appears elsewhere in this issue. But as an American living in Paris since 1945, he has not been able to avoid the Frenchman's avocation of intellectual controversy.*

LA
MANCHA
"So, like a good knight, he decided
to add the name of his country to his own and
call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha"

Don Quixote we know, but where exactly is La Mancha? If you ask a Spaniard from another part of the country, he may not know either, since the Mancha is neither a province nor any other territorial unit and has no very well defined boundaries. *Al Mansha*—Arabic for "the dry land," or "the wilderness"—was the Moorish name for the vast, parched plain that stretches from the mountains of Toledo to the Sierra Morena. Modern maps, if they show it at all, indicate it as a rather vague region south of Madrid and east of Ciudad Real.

Geographically and psychologically La Mancha lies very close to the center of the country, about where the heart line meets the life line in the Spanish palm. Yet there are no cities here to speak of, just farming villages and a scattering of six or seven market towns, some of them with pretensions to being a *ciudad*. Although the highway south from Madrid traverses a good part of it, tourists rarely bother to stop here as they race through on the way to Jaén and Andalucía, the land of the *cante jondo* and the beach umbrella. Except for occasional literati, no one ever goes there just to see it; La Mancha is the Nebraska of Spain.

The true Manchegan, needless to say, would not trade his monotonous landscape for all the hanging gardens of Granada. "I love to look at it; it is like the sea, a view for an admiral," said a farmer I met in the neighborhood of Manzanares who told me he had spent five years in the Canaries. He made a sweeping gesture toward the horizon —across an ocean of yellow grain shimmering in the three o'clock heat that was like high noon in the Sahara.

The light and atmosphere of this immense plain are difficult to get down on paper, photographic or otherwise. I know a scenic designer who was sent here to soak up La Mancha in preparation for a Hollywood *Don Quixote* film; after wandering about for a few days he went home deeply puzzled and said it was impossible to do anything with the place. Perhaps the tourist department should organize a contest for landscape painters: first prize, a week in La Mancha with all expenses paid; second prize, *two* weeks in La Mancha. But, as readers of Cervantes are aware, the land is not invariably flat. Here and there the *meseta* is broken by a row of chance hills, occasionally topped by the famous windmills that look like nipples on breasts when seen from a distance.

" '*Take care, your worship,*' *said Sancho;* '*those things over there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails, which are whirled round in the wind and make the millstone turn.*'

'*It is quite clear,*' *replied Don Quixote,* '*that you are not experienced in this matter of adventures. They are giants, and if you are afraid, go away and say your prayers, whilst I advance and engage them in fierce and unequal battle.*' "

These windmills of La Mancha are not, as one might expect, an ancient and immutable part of the landscape. The first of them had been introduced from the Low Countries in the 1570's, about twenty years before Cervantes began writing his book, and they represented a great leap forward for Spanish technology. As Lewis Mumford points out in *Technics and Civilization*, windmills were marvels of mechanical efficiency and provided the main source of power for what he calls the eotechnic phase of machine civilization, the "dawn age of modern technics."

When Don Quixote charged the windmills—there were thirty or forty of them at that place—he must have been deliberately doing battle with the menace of the machine. There is every evidence in the book that his mistaking of mills for monsters was quite intentional, for Sancho testifies that "nobody could mistake them, unless he had windmills on the brain." Quixote, then, is not just literature's great child, obeying our primordial instinct to stick a probing finger into the electric fan; he is the first of the true humanist heroes (like Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*) to challenge the implacability of the machine: "But the wind turned it with such violence that it shivered his weapon in pieces, dragging the horse and his rider with it, and sent the knight rolling badly injured across the plain."

Of the hundreds of windmills built in La Mancha during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries only a handful are still in existence, most of them near the town of Campo de Criptana, where Quixote's encounter is supposed to have taken place. Since they stopped turning, creakingly, around the beginning of this century, they have served a purely decorative purpose. You can buy picture postcards and wrought-iron Quixotes in one of them. But at the hour of dawn—the time specified by Cervantes for the fierce, unequal battle—it is quite possible to see them as hulking giants leaning on their walking sticks. The sun rises at four thirty in the morning, and suddenly the mills come to life as the peasants of Campo de Criptana ride past them on their way to work, the donkeys' hoofs raising puffs of dust on the trails leading to the wine fields.

"*Then, when he* [*Sancho*] *had finished drinking, he let his head fall to one side, and remarked with a deep sigh:* '*O the little whore, the rogue! What grand stuff it is! . . . But, tell me, sir, on your Bible oath, is this wine from Ciudad Real?*'

'*A rare judge!*' *answered the Squire of the Wood.* '*From no other place, that's a fact, and it's a good few years old too.*' "

Three or four really first-rate wines are produced in the fertile triangle between Valdepeñas, Ciudad Real, and Campo de Criptana, and some of

PRECEDING PAGE: *The famed windmills of La Mancha, modern novelties when the immortal Quixote mistook them for giants, still loom darkly above the plain.*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOBY MOLENAAR

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

the best of it costs fifty cents a bottle. A liter of *blanco,* lightly chilled by being hung down a well, is a proven antidote to the midafternoon heat that melts the marrow in your bones. Apparently this is what Sancho had in mind when he told the woman who offered him water near the cave of Montesinos: "'If I had a water thirst . . . there are wells on the road where I could have quenched it.'"

The red wine, sea-dark and Homeric, provides a sort of *basso continuo* to the several gourmet delights of La Mancha—*gazpacho manchego,* a pie stuffed with partridge and wild hare, or the minced chicken and forcemeat balls that Sancho was so fond of, followed by the cartwheel sheep's cheese famous throughout Spain as *queso manchego.* The problem, nowadays, for any traveler following the trail of Don Quixote, is to find an inn that will serve these things. The fine old wayside *posadas* that once catered to muleteers, and to travelers like George Borrow, have come down in the world and become truck stops (though we struck a marvelously preserved one that was inhabited by a troupe of itinerant sheep-castrators from Galicia who played their Pan-pipes all evening). The only certain oases, in fact, are two hostelries run by the tourist department: the *albergue* at Manzanares and the *parador* recently installed in the ancient castle of Alarcón, founded by Alaric the Goth to guard the eastern reaches of the Mancha. With its siege-proof tower rooms, Moorish battlements, and Gothic dining hall, the castle of Alarcón must rank—and not only in comparison with other local possibilities—as one of the world's great places to stay. Significantly enough, when Quixote roamed this land, "every inn where he stayed seemed to him a castle." But now, by a peculiarly Spanish quirk of fate, the equation has been reversed, and all over Spain castles are being converted into inns.

"'. . . *her name is Dulcinea; her country El Toboso, a village in La Mancha; her degree at least that of Princess, for she is my Queen and* mistress . . .'"

COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, PRIVATE COLL.

Don Quixote sets out across the bleak La Mancha landscape bestride Rocinante while Sancho Panza and his donkey bring up the rear in an 1850's painting by Honoré Daumier.

El Toboso, a long horseback ride from Quixote's native village, Argamasilla de Alba, is a sleepy village that has been bypassed by railway and highway, by time and the Guadiana River, by everything, indeed, except literary fame. It is a double-edged and peculiar sort of fame, and it has turned the very name El Toboso into an inside joke—like Oshkosh or Perth Amboy or the village that voted that the earth was flat—at the mere mention of which Quixote readers begin rolling in the aisles. The inhabitants of El Toboso, however, fail to see anything to laugh at, and take great civic pride in showing you their "Casa de Dulcinea," despite the fact that the real, or rather fictional, Dulcinea passes through the book as the great unattainable ideal, the eternal feminine mirage. But which of us ever attains his Dulcinea?

In El Toboso the wall-to-wall streets are still unpaved, water is drawn from

Practical Sancho sleeps soundly while Quixote, adhering faithfully to his books about knighthood, sits rigidly awake thinking of Dulcinea in Daumier's version of the scene.

wells, women wear maxi-skirts and make lace, and the girls, like their grandmothers, can be seen plucking partridges at the end of a deftly inserted stick. Of Dulcinea, Don Quixote tells us that "her hair is gold," and indeed there is a striking number of fair-haired, blue-eyed girls in El Toboso, where the dominant Mediterranean type has never got around to displacing the recessive Celtic strain. They keep their daughters well guarded behind the closed portals of their patios, but through knotholes in the huge doors I noticed several of whom it could be said that their degree was at least that of princess.

"*They heard too the sweet confused sounds of various instruments, such as flutes, little drums, psalteries, recorders, tambourines and timbrels . . . The musicians were the merry-makers at the wedding, who were wandering about that pleasant spot in bands, some singing, others dancing, and yet others playing the diversity of instruments named. Indeed, it looked as though joy and gladness themselves were leaping and dancing all over that meadow.*"

When a village holds a *romería*—a pilgrimage-*cum*-picnic to some sanctuary in the middle of the campo—you can still see the young people dancing and leaping over each other, holding hands. But the music they play consists of Rolling Stones on portable phonographs. The result, of course, is that no one wants to remember the old songs, though the older people would still sing them if anyone cared to listen —proud Castilian ballads of the sort that keep cropping up in *Don Quixote* and endless harvesting songs whose vocal line follows the rhythm of the work like smoke lifted up and carried by the breeze.

Ten or fifteen years ago in this same landscape you could hear singing wherever there were people working in the fields. Today you have to be very lucky or very persistent. At the extreme southern end of the Quixote trail, in the foothills of the Sierra Morena, I heard two farm boys on muleback in an olive grove, singing the long, sinuous cantilena that used to be the common property of all Spanish peasants south of Navarre. It was a clear, high-pitched melody, with a rhythm based on the *ostinato* of the mules' hoofs, but with a beat as free and unpredictable as the downthrust of a hawk's wing when it floats above the trees—an intensely jubilant chant that filled the empty countryside with its resonance.

It was a valley without telephone poles or electric lines, hence without television. But such islands of music are growing increasingly rare. The transistor radio now goes everywhere, and it is the transistor that is the mortal enemy of everything ancient and regional in Spanish folk music. You meet peasants listening to pop songs in their rumbling mule carts (a curious effect, as though somebody had fiddled with the time machine), which means that in a few more years the hearsay songs that mother taught them will have vanished completely.

"The priest laughed at the housekeeper's simplicity, and bade the barber hand him the books one by one, so that he could see what they were about; for he might find some of them that did not deserve punishment by fire. . .

'. . . what is that book . . . ?'

'The Galatea *of Miguel de Cervantes,' said the barber.*

'That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine for many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in verse. His book has some clever ideas; but it sets out to do something and concludes nothing.' "

Cervantes likes the game of mirrors; he enjoys the play-within-a-play even more than his English contemporary William Shakespeare, and this is only one of many backhanded advertisements for himself strewn through the pages of the book. But since it takes a madman to speak the truth in a land of Inquisitions, it is Don Quixote who usually acts as Cervantes's spokesman and alter ego. As a certifiably moonstruck Manchegan he enjoys that almost total freedom of expression that had for so long been denied the saner characters of Spanish literature. Much of the time the book is hardly less autobiographical than, for example, Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* except that this is a portrait of the artist as an old man. Cervantes himself is not unaware of this problem of identities and even assures us that the classic transference has taken place. "For me alone Don Quixote was born and I for him," he says in his concluding flourish. "His was the power of action, mine of writing. Only we two are at one . . ." And in the opening pages of the Prologue to Part I Cervantes tells us much the same thing:

". . . I have been unable to transgress the order of nature, by which like gives birth to like. And so, what could my sterile and ill-cultivated genius beget but the story of a lean, shrivelled, whimsical child, full of varied fancies that no one else has ever imagined—much like one engendered in prison, where every discomfort has its seat and every dismal sound its habitation?"

In Argamasilla de Alba they are pleased to show you the former village jail where Cervantes was supposedly held prisoner when, as a tax collector for the Knights of Malta, he ran afoul of the local alcalde. The dungeon is a cellar shaped like a quonset hut, about twenty-five feet by eight feet, with a single hole for a window. This, they explain, is the prison where Cervantes "engendered"—or perhaps even wrote—his tale of the ingenious gentleman. The old woman from next door who keeps the key to the massive, nail-studded door has seen this wretched sanctum a thousand times, and she taps her foot with un-Manchegan impatience if you linger too long with your thoughts of literary indignation, trying to decide whether Cervantes could have written so much as half a chapter in such a depressing spot.

As for further particulars concerning his life in La Mancha, there are nothing but question marks, for Cervantes's record is as full of blanks as Shakespeare's. Presumably he came to La Mancha in 1599 as tithe proctor for the priory of the Knights of Malta at Alcázar de San Juan, which is within easy walking distance of the windmills at Campo de Criptana, and only two dozen miles from Argamasilla in one direction or El Toboso in the other. He was fifty-two at the time; an ex-soldier and author of the unsuccessful *La Galatea* and some unpublished plays. His earlier history, better documented because it was more illustrious, is in many respects like that of the escaped Captive who narrates his life and adventures in *Don Quixote.* Born in Alcalá de Henares in 1547, Cervantes had, like the Captive, served under Don Juan of Austria at the battle of Lepanto in 1571, on that crucial day when the combined forces of Spain, Venice, and the Holy See defeated the navies of Turkey, Egypt, and Algiers—"that day, I say, when the insolent pride of the Ottomans was broken forever . . ."

Cervantes rose from his sickbed to fight in the battle, was placed in command of a longboat with twelve men, and received three gunshot wounds: two in the chest and one that permanently crippled his left hand. He was sailing back to Spain to press his claims for promotion when his ship was captured by a squadron of Barbary corsairs and, like the Captive, he was taken as a prisoner to Algiers. Here again Cervantes cannot resist mentioning himself by name (his mother's name, in this instance), when the Captive describes the cruelty of the King of Algiers: "Every day he hanged someone, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third . . . The only one who held his own with him was a Spanish soldier, called something de Saavedra; for his master never so much as struck him, nor bade anyone else strike him, nor even spoke a rough word to him, though he did things which those people will remember for many years, all in efforts to recover his liberty . . ." In 1580, after five years as a prisoner, Cervantes was finally ransomed and returned to Spain. For a time he was employed as commissary to the crown, rounding up provisions for the Invincible Armada, but when he applied for a post in the American colonies in 1590, his carefully phrased petition was rejected by the Council of the Indies with the brusque comment, "*Busque por acá en que se haga merced*"—"Let him look for something closer to home."

The rest of his story can be pieced together from reading between the lines of his books, a handful of legal records (including imprisonment for shortages in his accounts), and a scattering of casual references by his contemporaries, such as Lope de Vega's remark, in a letter to a friend, that "no poet is as bad as Cervantes, and nobody is so foolish as to praise Don Quixote." The book appeared in two installments: Part I in 1605 (the year of *Mac-*

COLL. OSKAR REINHART

A half-naked Quixote, depicted in a Daumier sketch, turns a somersault before Sancho, giving evidence that he, like other knights, is mad with unrequited love for his lady.

beth and *King Lear*), Part II in 1615. Cervantes died in Madrid, "old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor," on April 23, 1616—the same date as Shakespeare, though there was a discrepancy of ten days, since the British had not yet accepted the reformed Gregorian calendar.

"*'I'll bet,' said Sancho, 'that before long there won't be a wineshop or a tavern, an inn or a barber's shop, where the history of our exploits won't be painted up.'*"

As a matter of fact, the tourist department has gone them one better by putting up stone monuments to Sancho and Quixote in every town and village even remotely connected with their wanderings. There is the Tavern of Don Quixote, the Inn of Sancho Panza, and the Wineshop of Dulcinea. What has happened, with time, is that they have slipped out of the pages of their subversive novel and turned into historical personages, better known and more endearing than Charles I or Philip II. "Don Quixote slept here," or words to that effect, has become a perfectly acceptable form of advertising.

Opposite, boys in the Mancha town of Pedro Muñoz toss a dummy into the air to celebrate Shrovetide. It was this ancient holiday custom that Sancho ran afoul of when pranksters placed him in a blanket and heaved him up and down.

As usual, nature copies art. Where Quixote saw knights and sorcerers at every turn, one now sees Sanchos and Quixotes, so that by closing one's visor a little one could easily think oneself back in the sixteenth century. Like Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County or Hardy's Wessex, the Mancha seems to be ideally equipped for literature. Cervantes had spent years in places like Seville and Cordova, peopled with far more picaresque characters, but here in this sun-baked wilderness he found the perfect setting for his masterpiece. The best-known book in the world, next to the Bible, could have sprung only from this red peasant earth, where everything can happen because supposedly nothing ever does.

James Michener, in his latest compendium on Spain, suggests that Cervantes "set his knight down in such prosaic terrain" because he wanted to "poke fun at the pretensions of would-be nobility." But to begin with, Don Quixote is nothing if not the noblest of gentlemen, and La Mancha, far from prosaic, is in fact a vast world stage where a great tragicomedy with a cast of six-hundred-odd characters can be acted out without overcrowding. If there is a Quixote in all of us, screaming to get out, then he needs just such a darkling plain on which to fight his fierce, unequal battle with the mills.

"*O fortunate Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O droll Sancho Panza! May you live, jointly and separately, for infinite ages, to the delight and general amusement of mankind!*"

Frederic V. Grunfeld spent a week last summer in quest of the legendary Don Quixote de la Mancha. The quotations come from the Penguin Classics edition translated by J. M. Cohen.

The Académie Française

Why do men of genius risk humiliation for the right to wear a comic-opera uniform, debate whether white is the color of milk, and achieve an "immortality" that the best of them will outlive?

The Académie Française was created by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635 as the official agency of linguistic formalism. But it began as a reaction against female domination of the salons and against the *précieuses*, a group of intellectual ladies who favored a style of speaking and writing based on circumlocutions, euphemisms, and fashionable words like "furiously" and "terribly." Men of letters who shrank from referring to feet as "the dear suffering ones" and to rain as "the third element descending," began to meet at the home of Valentin Conrart, a member of the species of nonwriting writers. The atmosphere was that of an English club, informal and masculine.

Conrart and his friends made the mistake of allowing a minor dramatist, François de Boisrobert, to attend one of their meetings. Boisrobert made his living as literary secretary to Richelieu and told his patron about the Conrart salon. To Louis XIII's powerful chief minister there was something vaguely seditious about a society of men of letters who met regularly without having asked his permission. What were their statutes? (They had none.) What might their influence be on public opinion? (They intended none.) Richelieu offered his protection, which it was undiplomatic to refuse. Conrart and his friends were invited to draw up statutes and become the directors of "a rich and pompous prytaneum of belles-lettres" that would adopt the name Académie Française as "the most modest and proper to its functions."

Thus a group of friends with a literary bent who liked to spend an evening together now and then found themselves ceremoniously pressed into government service. The Académie Française grew out of the absolutist will to control and discipline language. It was part of the royal doctrine that literature must contribute to the grandeur of the state. The newly named academicians were put to work on a grammar and a dictionary. They were, according to their own statutes, sanitation commissioners whose task it was to "clean up the language and remove the garbage accumulated in the mouths of the common folk or in the magistrate's courts or through the abuse of the men in the pulpits who say the right things in the wrong way."

The Académie excluded women. To this day it has remained the last French stronghold of masculine exclusiveness, with an imaginary forty-first seat that might have been attributed down the generations to lady immortals like Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de Sévigné, George Sand, Colette, or Simone de Beauvoir. The forty real immortals met once a week in rooms at the Louvre (tokens worth thirty sous spurred attendance) and practiced their linguistic infallibility on dictionary editions that have appeared with decreasing frequency over the years.

It also retained its clubbiness. It was less interested in men of genius than in men of distinction. Corneille and Racine were elected because they were courtiers who wrote compliments and inscriptions for commemorative medals. Molière was excluded because he was an actor, while the son of the minister Colbert was admitted by birthright. As one immortal said in a moment of candor during his reception speech: "If to enter here, glory, genius, and the gift of creativity were required, the seats would be often vacant." The Académie never pretended to monopolize literary greatness; the list of writers it overlooked is far more impressive than those it elected and includes Descartes, Pascal, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Rousseau, Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola, Proust, Gide, Camus, Sartre, Céline, Anouilh, and Malraux. These omissions, far from troubling the Académie, are seen as an advantage. "Because of our capriciousness, refusal is not taken as an affront," is the way one immortal gracefully explained the spotty record.

The Académie is like a family heirloom that has survived natural disasters and the attrition of time. Old-fashioned it may be—although it tries to keep in step with the times by electing a film director like René Clair or a homosexual of the preening variety like Jean Cocteau—and sometimes frankly ridiculous, with its white-haired adolescents who whisper to one another when arriving at the Thursday meetings, "Class is about to begin"; but it remains nonetheless a fortress of entrenched French values.

The natural disaster was the revolution. The National Convention suppressed the Académie in 1793 as "gan-

Opposite, Jean Cocteau struts to his investiture, in 1955, as a member of the Académie. The traditional costume, featuring silk embroidery and bicorn hat, was touched up for Cocteau by the Paris designer Lanvin.

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By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

grened by an incurable aristocracy." One of the clerical members, the Abbé Morellet, risked his life to save its archives. Another member, Chamfort, the writer of maxims, contributed to its downfall in a pamphlet damning its activities as futile. Its casualty list included three members guillotined and three others who committed suicide. It was not until the Napoleonic era that the Académie was revived and the membership renewed. Napoleon, faithful to his mania for putting everyone in uniform, had the painter David design one of a bilious and pedagogic green and added a sword with a hilt richly worked with the symbols of the Empire, with which the immortals could presumably chastise those guilty of solecisms.

What has kept the Académie going, more than the will of emperors and presidents, is simply that there are men who desperately aspire to wear its uncomfortable cocked hat and spend their Thursday afternoons in the company of other ancients mulling over word definitions. The Académie is an elderly but still desirable lady, as Victor Hugo admitted after the first of his five attempts to seduce her: "All great men have been cuckolds. Napoleon was one, and so am I." Hugo was considered a law unto himself, a monster of self-importance who could tell a group of learned men after a long moment of silence, "I believe in God," as if this were the definitive remark on the subject. And yet, he repeatedly risked humiliation and sarcasm for a seat under the cupola of the building on the left bank of the Seine, where the Académie sits. The critic Sainte-Beuve noted in his journal: "Hugo wants to become a member of the Académie. . . . When he grabs an idea, all his energy pushes at it and concentrates on it, and you hear arriving from afar the heavy cavalry of his wit and the artillery of his metaphors."

Hugo's most effective weapon was outrageous flattery. He wrote the obscure historian Charles de Lacretelle: "I have just finished your two volumes, my venerable and illustrious friend. If it were not so late, I would rush to shake the noble hand which has penned these illustrious pages. There are things which transport one like the Bible and things which delight like Virgil."

The Académie eventually succumbed to Hugo's siege, but other determined poets presented themselves in vain. Baudelaire patiently visited the members, although the condemnation of the *Fleurs du Mal* as obscene was a heavy handicap. One crusty immortal told him: "As for myself, sir, I have never been original." There was, and is, something suspicious to the Académie about flamboyant talent or garish behavior. It was not that Baudelaire took drugs, it was that he advertised it. Many members of the Académie were, moreover, convinced that Baudelaire was mad because he had been observed in the Louvre measuring the Greek centaur and muttering, "There's no getting around it, he can't wipe himself." The protocol involved was so painful to Baudelaire that he contemplated suicide as an escape. Finally he withdrew his name and was advised not to try again. Dumas *père* was turned down because he was too prolific. The symbolist poet Leconte de Lisle lost out to the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, who had the advantage of never having been published. But once elected, he heard the call of the Muse and published his uncle's memoirs. The visits that so afflicted Baudelaire are a form of final examination where the candidate must show his ability to adopt the tone of exquisite courtesy in which what is said has a contrapuntal relation to what is meant.

The same special politeness of these patricians of the spirit, which damns while seeming to praise, is exercised in the speech given for new members. Thus the immortal who replied to Pierre Loti's *discours de réception* told that writer of exotic novels: "I would have liked to sing your praises, but you have done it far better than I could."

The reception speech is a tradition going back to 1640, when an otherwise unheralded fellow named Olivier Patru thanked the Académie in such eloquent terms for singling him out that it was decided his successors should follow his example. After three hundred years it is still an occasion, and the speeches are printed in full in *Le Monde*. The form, fixed by tradition, demands that the new member extol first the Académie in general and then the departed immortal whose seat he is taking, after which one of the old boys welcomes the newcomer by summing up his life and work. A good example of this ritual was the reception in December, 1967, of Maurice Druon, a prolific author of treacly and simplistic historical novels written in collaboration with teams of researchers, and at forty-nine one of the youngest members ever admitted to the august assembly.

In his speech Druon aptly compared the Académie to the House of Lords, since "its regulations are cursory, but its customs are ancient, subtle, and improved by usage. Although without precise powers, it has an uncontested moral authority. . . . there reigns among you a 'club' spirit, with its concern for courtesy, its sense of affinity, its tolerance for complementary particularisms, its discreet fraternity, its total solidarity, all of which was the strength of England, which I would envy if I were not certain to find it among you."

The reply by the Académie veteran Louis Pasteur Vallery-Radot, a descendant of the scientist and a doctor by profession, was a gem of euphemism. Referring to the suicide of Druon's father, Pasteur Vallery-Radot said: "too intransigent to live our life, he left this world voluntarily." Druon's *arrivisme* became a virtue thanks to an apt quotation from Pascal (French masters can always be summoned to support any thesis): "How happy a life is when it begins with love and ends with ambition." While praising Druon's books, which the occasion demanded, he could not resist quoting some of his

more glaring inanities, such as: "Like nearly all those destined to the follies of passion, Mary had one eye slightly smaller than the other."

The Académie still considers itself a government agency with patriotic duties and offers memberships to those who have served the country well. In 1931 Paul Valéry received Maréchal Pétain with a speech in which patriotism blurred common sense. "You have made a great discovery," he told the victor of Verdun. "Such a discovery had to be made by nothing less than a man of genius . . . You have discovered this: that firepower kills . . ." A generation later this same man of genius and two other immortals were excluded from the Académie; like the French army, the Académie was always a war behind. But in its own way it tried to do the right thing. The first session after France and Germany went to war in 1939 took place on September 7. Like a general in the trenches telling his troops that though outnumbered and out of ammunition they will fight to the last man, the secretary, Georges Duhamel, announced: "Gentlemen, we will continue to sit every Thursday no matter what happens." Appropriately enough, the dictionary commission that day was on the word "aggression." The retired ambassador Maurice Paléologue discussed the difference between an attack and an aggression, the latter being an unprovoked and unexpected attack. The definition finally accepted was: "Action of him who attacks." As France was overrun by panzers, the dictionary commission continued unperturbed to discuss matters such as whether the word "agreeable" implies too much fervor in social relations.

The dictionary has become something of a joke, and the Académie's function as the supreme court of linguistic litigation has declined. In an age where everything else has speeded up it now takes half a century to prepare a new edition. Some of its definitions are obsolete by the time they are published. But like that other ancient institution, the Roman Catholic Church, the Académie feels it must proceed with stately deliberation in matters of doctrine. Words are held up for weeks while their every nuance is examined. The wide professional range of the Académie membership invites the opinions of legal, scientific, medical, and other experts, as these excerpts from meetings in the 1950's demonstrate:

White—previous definition: "that which is the color of snow, of milk."

The physicist Louis de Broglie points out that white is not a color.

"In Paris," notes the poet and dramatist Paul Claudel, "milk is blue."

"And in farmhouses," says the biographer of Balzac and Shelley, André Maurois, "it is yellow."

"Let's leave the milk out and the snow in, which no one is contesting."

"What about when snow gets dirty?"

Brute—former definition: "animal deprived of reason."

"But all animals are deprived of reason. See Descartes—the theory of the animal-machine."

"My dear colleague, we are here to correct a dictionary, not to take metaphysical positions. What does Littré [a rival dictionary] say?"

"'What animal has that is most distant from man.'"

Everyone shouts "too long," "badly written," "obscure."

"The word brute," says Jean Cocteau, "is used much more in reference to men than to animals. One says, 'that toreador is a brute.' One does not say 'that bull is a brute.'"

"Because it is obvious! Let's define brute as a creature deprived of reason, which covers both human brutes and animal brutes."

"Ah! This time, my dear colleague, we are once again at the very heart of metaphysics. . . . It is not the Académie's role to take a position on such questions. Adjourned to the next meeting."

If it all seems an exercise in futility, the members of the Académie have no such doubts about themselves. Membership is still the pinnacle of an orthodox literary career. The Académie has perpetuated a certain type of literary careerist who learns early how to tread water in the changing currents of polite society and win a seat on the right hand of a fashionable hostess thanks to a gift for flattery, a passion for conformity, and the knack of not making influential enemies. For every Sartre who would refuse it if it were offered, there are a dozen Druons longing to be fitted for the green uniform. And in any case it never *is* offered—it has to be campaigned for like a political office. In 1967 the Duc de Castries presented himself for the fourth time. A *goûter* with champagne and *petits fours* had been scheduled, without the host knowing whether it would celebrate victory or console defeat. As it turned out, the Académie already had its full ration of dukes at that time. The duchesse confided to a guest: "They told him he could be sure of a seat when he had written four books and he has already published fourteen."

A duke can no longer be elected on his title alone, and perhaps in the Académie's perspective of change this is a radical sign of progress. But rather than sneer at its archaism, I marvel that what was originally a group of cultivated men trying to escape the preciousness of female salons has proved so durable. It is the only institution created by Richelieu that has lasted, just as one day Malraux may be remembered not for his writing but as the launderer of Paris. Examining the Académie is like finding in a forest teeming with many varieties of vegetable and animal life the last example of some species that had been thought extinct, its physical characteristics no longer suited to the changed environment, but in contradiction to the laws of nature, alive and healthy.

"The Académie Française" is an excerpt from Sanche de Gramont's The French: Portrait of a People *(Putnam), which has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club for September.*

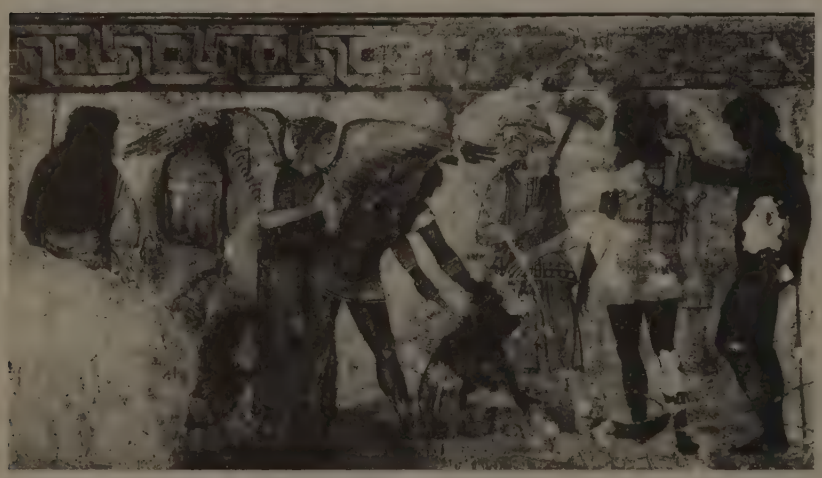
By J. H. PLUMB

THE MOST DEADLY GAMES

The British pioneered the view that games form character. They even came to believe that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. The poet laureate Henry Newbolt wrote a moving poem on the heroic nature of a school cricket match. To play the game was a sign of candor, of upright moral character, of emotional integrity. The school fields bred *esprit de corps*, a sense of selflessness and dedication. The rough and tumble of football, the strenuous rowing battles, the vigorous athletics, the long, long hours on the cricket pitch, purged the body and cleansed the mind. *Mens sana in corpore sano* became the most fashionable of tags; games were essential to healthy boyhood, and naturally enough, they became a way of life. What few, if any, schoolmasters of English and American boarding schools realized was that the games they played were the feeble shadows of ancient rites. When they first began in the dawn of history, games had not been an embodiment of bodily joy, but a celebration of death.

Travelers to Mexico when they visit the ruins of the Mayas and Aztecs learn with astonishment that both these civilizations played complicated ball games in stadiums specially erected for the purpose, with tier upon tier of seats for the spectators. Indeed, these courts are both intimate and surprisingly modern. But the flash of recognition, the half-expressed delight to observe so close, so comforting, a common association quickly turns to horror as the guide goes on to explain there is evidence that the captain of the losing team was ritually slaughtered by the waiting priests—a fate known and expected by both player and spectator when the macabre play began. During the last Olympic games, when Russia struggled against America and blacks pitted themselves against whites in the splendid new arena at Mexico City, with its powerful Aztec overtones, how few realized that the angel of death rather than the dove of peace was the symbol of gamesmanship.

It is true that when the Olympic games emerged into the light of history they had largely sublimated the old fertility cults, with their emphasis on human sacrifice, from which they sprang. The boxing and wrestling, the sword duel that ended in death—all the earliest of the games were linked to sacrifices offered to the dark gods to celebrate the birth and death of Pelops or to mark the sacred marriage of Demeter. The foot race, from which all modern sprint races derive, originated in the race between Demeter's suitors. Her priestess, the only woman ever allowed in the Olympic stadium, sat on a throne at the finishing line—winner take all. The discus and javelin throwing, the archery and chariot races, have profound links with ancient fertility rites. It was not until the innovation of contests for boys in 632 B.C. that the Olympic games broke out of their structure of religious ritual in which blood sacrifice and death were symbolically, if not actually, involved.



CABINETTO FOTOGRAFICO NAZIONALE, ROME

An Etruscan mural shows Achilles making a blood sacrifice of Trojan captives. When Etruscans encouraged war captives to kill one another in contests, the gladiatorial "games" were born.

Outside Greece the relationship with death was not so easily sublimated, nor did games players evade the penalty of defeat. The Etruscans were fascinated by the story of Patroclus. Time and time again they painted on the walls of their tombs the ritual that celebrated his death, including the slaughter of twelve noble Trojan youths by Achilles for the funeral pyre. And what regaled them in the ceremonies surrounding death they enjoyed in life. They loved butchery. Three hundred and seven Roman prisoners of war, Michael Grant reminds us in his splendid book on the gladiators, were slaughtered on one day as a sacrifice in the forum of Tarquinii. However, the straightforward sacrifice was transmogrified. Either it proved too boring or too wasteful: better to make the prisoners fight for it, kill off the defeated, and use the victors to fight another day.

Hence began the gladiatorial games,

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which the Romans later adopted from the Etruscans. The Etruscans were a merry people as far as death was concerned. They never jibbed at blood and carnage, and as a refinement in their sports, they introduced wild animals and pitted them against sometimes armed and sometimes unarmed men. And so the gladiatorial games were born, occasionally mingled with the age-old chariot races that harked back to Troy and beyond.

When Achilles mourned Patroclus, he not only slaughtered cattle and horses and noble Trojan youths and flung them on the pyre to keep company with Patroclus on the journey to Hades but also celebrated the burning with the traditional games. What greater honor could Romans do themselves than follow the noble example of Achilles? So men risked their fortunes on lavish funerary games in which gladiators killed one another. And naturally, men being what they are, they grew as whimsical about their games as about their tombstones. One insisted, as a light relief, on a duel between women—another, on a contest between his boy lovers. The macabre-minded emperor Commodus collected all the dwarfs and cripples that he could find and made a holocaust of them. Most rulers, however, vaunted their power by getting as many gladiators and animals in the ring as possible. A monstrous public entertainment had grown out of the dark primitive rituals of death, and such blood baths as the Romans enjoyed have never again stained human history.

Yet sadism, brutality, and even death itself have remained intimately linked with sport. I do not mean merely symbolically, although the symbolism is often clear enough. One has only to listen to the braying of a football crowd to sense the horrific atmosphere of a Roman stadium. Spain and those countries within the penumbra of Spanish culture still celebrate death in the afternoon—the stylized drama between men and bulls. The tension lies not only in the balletic skills of the

London Daily Express—PICTORIAL PARADE

English driver Malcolm Thomas escapes from his overturned racer, April 28, 1969.

matador, nor in the ritual slaughter of horses and bulls, but also in the shadow of death that hangs over the performers themselves.

Nor should the rest of Europe feel smugly superior to the Spaniards. The immense popularity of motorcar racing, which draws its tens upon tens of thousands of spectators to the racecourses, is based as much upon the scent of death as it is upon the enjoyment of skill. Most of the crowds can see little or nothing—the flash of a car perhaps once in a quarter of an hour—but death is always waiting, and it claims victim after victim. The life of a *grand prix* driver compares in uncertainty with that of a first-class gladiator.

The ritual slaughter of animals did not cease for all time when it was stopped in the Roman amphitheatres. The battues of European monarchs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which stags and birds were driven before the seated slaughterers, were little different from the sports enjoyed by Nero or Trajan. Our ancestors were far more addicted to blood sports than we are. They relished the sight of blacksmiths fighting with bare fists for hour after hour, until one was battered into bloody insensibility. They

Paris Match—PICTORIAL PARADE

Famed matador El Cordobes writhes in agony from a double goring in Madrid, 1964.

reveled in a main of cocks in which maybe fifty or sixty birds were done to death. They rode for hours to be in at the death of a stag or a fox, torn to pieces by their dogs, and ceremonially daubed their sons' and daughters' faces with the hot blood. They were not averse in their more bucolic moments to watching their rustics playfully attempt to pull off the greased head of a goose while riding at full tilt.

If many of these so-called sports still linger, they are dwindling and no longer go unchallenged. Fox hunters can scarcely meet in the English shires now without being subjected to a campus-like protest. Even the "manly" sport of boxing—gladiatorial shows were manly, too—has its dedicated critics. And if the ravening wolf that lurks in most of us is occasionally stirred by the violence of games or the ritual sadism of sports, it is no longer given a free run.

Nevertheless, even in the most ritualized and sublimated of games—athletic contests—there is still not only the historic link with the death of a god and the funeral of a hero, but also the faint shadow of death itself. We expect our athletes to drive themselves to the very limit of human endurance, and we are never surprised to see them writhe in agony as they collapse at the tape. Just as the companions of Patroclus challenged death and celebrated life in their races before the walls of Troy, so do we. Apart from the blood sports, mankind can look back with some pride on its attitude toward games—in the vast majority of men there has been a growth of compassion and of civility. Much that fascinated our ancestors is unthinkable. No society would tolerate the spectacle of ritual human slaughter for fun. If only a like civility, a like humanity, a like compassion, could infuse the other competitive and murderous instincts of man.

Is there not more than a hint of hypocrisy in being revolted by murder in the arena yet indifferent to slaughter in the concentration camp or the mangling of the innocent by bombs?

Looking for

This legendary land was real, and archaeologists now have found it

From Sumer: a copper bull's head of fine workmanship and a seal impression with a scene of banqueting; both of the third millennium B.C.

From the land of Dilmun: a bull's head and a seal from the harbor office, showing a man, a tree, and a beast.

For two thousand years a power existed on the fringe of the civilized world. It was known to the Sumerians and Babylonians of Mesopotamia as a country "in the distance," "where the sun rises," a country lying on what they called the Lower Sea or the Sea of the Rising Sun, the sea known today as the Persian, or the Arabian, Gulf. They knew it as the realm of Dilmun, and to them it was at the same time a land of legendary enchantment and a beckoning goal for merchant adventurers—much the same combination of romance and hardheaded commerce that invested the Indies or Cathay at the time of the Reformation.

Legends clustered thick about Dilmun: it was the land that at the dawn of time had been blessed by Ea, the god of the abyss, of the fresh waters under the earth. Ea had caused his waters to well up in the land and in the sea around, and to nourish all the plants of the earth. Dilmun was a land of eternal youth, a land where death and illness and violence were unknown. There the survivors of the Deluge, Ziusudra and his wife, had settled, with a grant of immortality from the gods. And to Dilmun had come the Sumerian hero Gilgamesh, to beg from Ziusudra

By GEOFFREY BIBBY

DILMUN

ern merchants would have felt very much at home in this realm

From the Indus valley: a bust and a seal impression of a bull, roughly contemporary with the Sumerian and Dilmun objects.

the secret of his immortality. He had won the secret and lost it again: following Ziusudra's instructions, he had dived down into the abyss and plucked the thorny flower of immortality; but he had been robbed of it by the snake, which ate the flower and learned thereby to slough its skin and renew its youth.

These legends of Dilmun were recorded, in the earliest versions that have come down to us, by Sumerian scribes about 2000 B.C., but the heroic period of which they tell was already distant and unreal. Gilgamesh was probably a historical figure—he is named in the king lists as king of the city of Erech, and by dead reckoning from these lists, he should be dated to about 2700 B.C. This seven-hundred-year gap between the reality and the chronicle is much like that between the

The civilizations of Sumer and the Indus valley (shaded areas on the map) were engaging in trade with one another as early as the third millennium B.C. *The broken line shows the probable route of their sailing vessels. The capital of Dilmun, an intermediary link in this trade, has recently been unearthed on the island of Bahrain in the Persian Gulf. The kingdom of Dilmun was undoubtedly larger than Bahrain and may have extended into the Arabian peninsula, but the boundaries remain undiscovered. Ancient place names are in boldface (e.g., Dilmun), modern names in standard type (e.g., Bahrain).*

BOTH: BAHRAIN EXPEDITION

These small copper figurines of a bird and a naked, shaven priest were among the finds in a large Dilmun temple of the third millennium B.C., *the period when Dilmun was flourishing as a port city on the trade route between the Indus valley and Sumer. The objects and others at the site are similar to Sumerian figurines of the same period.*

equally historical figure of King Arthur and the first version of the Arthurian legend in Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle. We need, therefore, give no more credence to the details of Gilgamesh's adventures than to those of the Knights of the Round Table.

The recorder of the Gilgamesh Epic may have been ignorant or careless of historical truth, but he could not ignore geography. He knew, and his readers knew, that to reach Dilmun you must cross the sea, and therefore he gave the ferryman of Ziusudra a prominent position in the epic. Seven hundred years earlier Dilmun might have been surrounded by the mists of enchantment and inhabited by gods and demigods; but the Dilmun of the chronicler's time was a precise geographical location. At the quays of southern Mesopotamian river ports, such as Ur, the ships that plied to Dilmun could be seen loading and unloading, and there were nationals of Dilmun living in Ur—no demigods these, but shipping agents and sales representatives, going every day to the offices and warehouses just like the merchants of Ur themselves.

All of this is well authenticated. Thousands of cuneiform documents, written on clay tablets, have been dug up at Ur and Nippur and other sites in southern Mesopotamia. And many of these, dating to the first two centuries or so of the second millennium B.C., contain fragments of the epic poems and hymns telling of the doings of gods and heroes at Dilmun. But from the same period there are many more that record prosaically the details of trading ventures to this same land. It almost seems as though the flourishing trade between Mesopotamia and Dilmun during these centuries gave popularity to the myths of the earlier, legendary Dilmun.

The trade documents are a mixed bag. There are records of investments in voyages to Dilmun: "Lu-Meshlamtae and Nigsisanabsa have borrowed from Ur-Ninmar 2 minas of silver, 5 *kur* of sesame oil, 30 garments as capital for a partnership for an expedition to Dilmun to buy copper there. On the safe return of the expedition they will reimburse Ur-Ninmar with 4 minas of copper for each shekel of silver as a just price." There are receipts from the shippers for cargo received: "Received by Lu-Enlilla from Ur-Shulpae on behalf of the temple of Nanna, and placed on board a ship for Makan: 60 talents of wool, 70 garments, 6 *kur* of good sesame oil, 180 hides, being merchandise for buying copper"; "10 talents of wool received by Ur-gur, ship's captain, and loaded on a vessel for Dilmun." There are tithe lists of the return cargoes: "(x) copper ingots of 4 talents weight, 4 copper ingots of 3 talents weight, 11 shekels of bronze pieces, 3 carnelian beads, 3 'fish-eyes' [pearls?], 9 *sila* of white coral, $5\frac{1}{2}$ minas of ivory rods, 1 ivory comb, 2 *she* of antimony, 3 minas of semiprecious stone, from an expedition to Dilmun, tithe for the goddess Ningal." There are a number of letters, some of them highly acrimonious, concerning the quality and quantity of copper delivered to investors at the conclusion of voyages. And there is one document—to which we will refer later—that details the distribution by weight of a cargo of eighteen tons of refined copper purchased in Dilmun. At current prices such a cargo is worth more than twenty thousand dollars.

Clearly by 2000 B.C. Dilmun was no longer trafficking in secrets of immortality. (Or was she? The flower of the abyss may well have been the pearl or the coral that still figure in the shipping lists.) Dilmun was in the copper trade. Other items on the bills of lading are strictly incidental—useful small-bulk, high-price items, no doubt, but the quantities of gold and ivory, carnelian and lapis lazuli, are small and could not alone have borne the trade. The staple of Dilmun's trade is bulk copper.

Now, Dilmun did not produce copper herself. On this point the evidence seems conclusive. The Mesopotamians had a fondness for lexicographic texts, for lists of countries with their staple products, lists of gods with their chosen cities or countries, lists of types of wood or stone or metal with their places of origin. Dilmun figures in such lists, but her staple product is dates, not copper, and copper is listed as the product of Makan, not of Dilmun.

There are three lands, reached by sailing the Lower Sea, that are always named in the same order: Dilmun, Makan, and Meluhha. And the mercantile tablets and the lists make it clear that they were all on the same trade route.

They do not tell us where the lands

ere, but we can make informed uesses. We are on firmest ground with Meluhha, the most distant of the three, or among its products were lapis azuli, ivory, carnelian, and the timber f the "sisu" tree. Of these, the last ree must have come from India, hile lapis lazuli has its only source in fghanistan. Meluhha must clearly be ought on the Indian subcontinent, nd there is an obvious choice.

Along the Indus River in Pakistan nd stretching far to the east into India e the cities of the so-called Harappan ivilization. It is called Harappan, after ne present-day name of one of its rgest sites, because we do not know hat its real name was, the name that s inhabitants called it. Although the Harappans were literate, their docuents must have been written on maerial more perishable than the clay f Mesopotamia. All that survives of eir writings are short inscriptions on eir seals, and these have proved imossible to decipher. But a certain umber of typical Harappan artifacts ound in Mesopotamia, and Mesopoamian artifacts found in the Harappan ities, testify that the two civilizations ere contemporary and knew of each ther's existence. If we should try to ive its original name to the Harappan ivilization, the strongest candidate for ne title would certainly be Meluhha.

Makan is more difficult. We know hat it produced copper, and the black iorite from which so many Sumerian tatues were made, and onions. But hat is all we know—except that it lay n the coast between Mesopotamia nd Meluhha. The Oman peninsula, at he mouth of the Lower Sea, has been uggested, but this theory has not been roved.

With Dilmun we have a different ituation. Later documents do give us ome indication of where Dilmun lay.

These documents are considerably ater. They are the annals of the Asyrian kings, written in the eighth and inth centuries B.C. Campaigning in he regions south of Babylon, the Asyrian monarchs occasionally came into contact with Dilmun. Sargon of Assyria tells us that when in the course of his campaigns he reached the shore of the Arabian Gulf, envoys came to him from Uperi, king of Dilmun, "whose abode is situated, like a fish, sixty hours away in the midst of the sea of the rising sun."

A Danish archaeological expedition with which I am associated has been digging in Dilmun for the past fifteen years. Sixty hours' sailing distance from the head of the Arabian Gulf lies the island of Bahrain. That it is shaped rather "like a fish" is only a coincidence; the phrase is commonly used in Assyrian annals to denote an island. But its distance from the head of the gulf was so appropriate that we were fairly certain even before we began to dig that it was Dilmun—or rather the capital of Dilmun, for Dilmun, it is clear, also included part of the mainland of Arabia. Nor were we the first to make this identification; as early as 1880 Bahrain Island had been suggested as the site of Dilmun.

We were attracted to Bahrain in the first place, though, by something else. Bahrain is a little island, only a quarter the size of Long Island. But on it, in the desert inland from the date plantations that fringe its northern coasts, lie upwards of 100,000 burial mounds, large gravel barrows running as high as forty feet and each covering a stone chamber containing human skeletons, pottery, and occasional articles of copper. Burial mounds are, of course, known from other parts of the world; they are in fact part of the archaeologist's normal stock in trade. But they do not—ever—occur in numbers like this in so small an area. Bahrain contained simply the largest grave-mound cemetery in the world. So it did look as though Bahrain had been an important place at the time when the mounds were built. Before we started digging no one knew when that was, but we hoped—and we have now proved it—that they would turn out to belong to the period of the trade between Mesopotamia and the Indus, that is, to the second and third millenniums B.C. And what we really wanted to find were the cities in which the people buried in the mounds had lived, the trading cities that had flourished during this remote age on the major trade route between East and West.

There was another reason why Bahrain was a likely place to look. Along the whole of the coastline of Arabia and Persia between Iraq and Pakistan lie deserts, steep, sun-baked mountains or flat salt plains. But in Bahrain there is an abundance of fresh water welling up from the rock, and it was therefore —and is to this day—a necessary calling point for sailing ships.

So we started digging; and during the first year we found what we had been looking for—a large city-site, or tell. A long, low mound, perhaps 800 yards long by 400 yards wide and rising to a height of some forty feet above the natural ground level, lay surrounded by gardens and date plantations on the northern coast of the island. This mound is entirely the work of man, the ruins and rubbish of thousands of years of human habitation. The outlines of walls and buildings can still be made out here and there, and on the surface lie thousands of potsherds, always the most certain evidence of the dwellings of man in the Middle East. On the summit of the mound lies the most recent—or rather the second most recent—sign of the occupation of the site, the ruins of a fort built by the Portuguese about A.D. 1500. The stones of which it is constructed are obviously re-used ones from earlier buildings; pieces of columns, threshold stones, even early Arabic gravestones, are incorporated in its walls.

The Portuguese fort was, as I say, the next most recent occupation of our city site; the most recent one is still going on. The camp of our Danish expedition is built inside the ruined ramparts of the fort, so that outside the fort we are systematically digging up the stratified layers of rubbish of past

millenniums—the broken bowls and dropped beads, the fishbones and oyster shells, the knives and fishhooks and brickbats, that were lost or thrown away thousands of years ago—while inside the fort we are laying down, above the debris left by the Portuguese, our own layer of tin cans, beer-bottle tops, discarded razor blades, dropped coins, and all the miscellaneous junk that will prove to future archaeologists that the fort was occupied in the twentieth century A.D.

This, of course, is the way archaeology works—at least on a settlement site. No one can live very long on a site without putting down a layer of lost, broken, or discarded objects typical of his own period. Just as the beer bottles and razor blades will "date" the twentieth-century levels, so do blue-and-white Chinese pottery and Persian copper coins of the sixteenth century date the Portuguese occupation, and green Chinese porcelain and Chinese coins, the Arab occupation of the time of William the Conqueror. Normally these layers lie one above the other, and the farther down one goes, the earlier the layers are.

When we began, the known history of Bahrain did not go any farther back than the Portuguese occupation, but from almost the first spadeful we found ourselves in earlier periods. First came the early Arab levels, and below them came levels full of fine glazed bowls—among them pieces of Greek vases and even a Greek name scratched on a potsherd, to prove that about 300 B.C. Greek sailors were voyaging in the Arabian Gulf. This is, of course, an uncontested fact. It is known that the fleet of Alexander the Great made several voyages of exploration along the Arabian shore of the gulf in 323 B.C. We have found the southernmost outpost of his successors, the Seleucids, on the island of Failaka 250 miles to the north. And sailing directions for the Arabian Gulf are extant from the centuries that follow. But by this time the realm of Dilmun had ceased to exist. Even the name was no longer known. We had to dig deeper.

Below the levels containing Attic pottery we came upon immense buildings with massive stone walls standing to a height of twelve feet. Beneath the floors of these buildings, bathtub-shaped sarcophagi of Assyrian type—containing late Babylonian stamp seals—showed us that we were back in the time of the Assyrian annals, perhaps in the very palace of that Uperi who had sent his envoys to Sargon. And beneath the foundations of the palace lay the footings of even more enormous buildings, destroyed in a conflagration dated by radioactive carbon to 1190 B.C.

These buildings belong in date to the centuries between what we might call the Late Dilmun period, the period of contact with the Assyrian kings, from 900 to 600 B.C., and the Early Dilmun period, the period of the copper trade and the mercantile tablets, from perhaps 2600 to 1900 B.C. We should like to know much more about this thousand-year Middle Dilmun period. The tablets from Babylonia scarcely mention Dilmun during this time, for Babylonia was involved in foreign wars and for a large part of the time was under the domination of the Kassite peoples of Iran. It would seem as though trade had stagnated and Bahrain was cut off from the world. And yet during this period the people of Bahrain built massive stone structures, which look very much like warehouses, and they were using a pottery identical with that of the Kassite invaders of Mesopotamia. Their city was ringed by a twelve-foot-thick fortification wall, which they kept in good repair. But they had inherited this wall from their predecessors, the people of the Early Dilmun culture.

It was in the area immediately within the northern wall that we found the clearest traces of Early Dilmun, the Dilmun of the merchant adventurers. The wall ran parallel to the shore at a distance of a hundred yards from the beach—and it was in a parlous condition. At the time of Alexander it had still been standing, and the people of that time had used the two-thousand-year-old fortification as the people of Istanbul use their two-thousand-year-old fortification wall today. They had built their houses up against it, tearing out the facing stones and digging into the core of rubble in their search for building materials. And anything left above the surface after them had been cleared by the Portuguese when they built their fort.

So we dug down through levels disturbed by one quarrying hole cutting into another, with a medley of fragments of house walls and floors running in every direction. Then suddenly we reached the level below the Kassite pottery of Middle Dilmun—and found ourselves in an orderly, planned municipality. Streets thirteen feet wide ran north and south, east and west, and were lined by neat stone houses. The first northbound street we found was a cul-de-sac ending at the foot of the city wall. And where it ended was further proof of municipal planning. Recessed into the corner at the foot of the wall was a well. In front of it, in the center of the street, a large earthenware basin a full three feet in diameter had been sunk, with its top at street level. It was clearly a municipal water supply. Probably a slave had been employed to keep the basin full of water from the well so that the people living in the street could fetch water or wash clothes. It was not difficult to imagine the morning throng of Dilmun housewives, exchanging the gossip of the day as they waited to fill their pitchers at this watering point beneath the towering wall of their city.

In the next street to the east municipal planning was even more evident, for this was no cul-de-sac. The road led straight up to a gate in the city wall, the gate that must have led out to the hundred yards of foreshore on which, if this was indeed the Dilmun of the trading documents, the cargo vessels from Mesopotamia and from Makan and Meluhha must have been beached.

Immediately within this gate lay a small open square. In the center of the square was another well, and beside it, an oval cement trough. Clearly it was a halting place for pack animals, where donkeys could be watered while they were being loaded and unloaded. But why should pack animals stop here, just within the city wall? The answer was furnished by the contents of the adjoining buildings.

On either side of the square was a building, each of two rooms. In one building we found no less than nine stamp seals, and in the other, three seals and five stone weights.

The seals were of a type that we already knew: circular seals of soapstone, the size of a silver dollar, with a domed back decorated with circles and pierced with a hole for suspension. A dozen or so of these seals had been found at Ur in the same levels as the mercantile tablets, but they were not native to Mesopotamia, where the usual seal of the period is cylindrical. Four of them had been found in the Harappan cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Lothal, but there, too, they were "foreign," for the usual Harappan seal is larger and square. It was now clear that this type of seal was native to Dilmun, and whenever it was found in India and in Mesopotamia, it was further evidence of trading contact between Dilmun and these lands.

The weights were a surprise, for they were of a very well known type indeed. They were of varying "denominations," the larger ones almost spherical, with two flattened sides, and of polished marble, and the smaller ones cubical, of polished chert. They closely resembled the weights found in the cities of the Harappan culture in India, and when we came to weigh them we found that they agreed with the standard weights of that culture.

It was an unexpected discovery that Dilmun had apparently used the same system of weights as the cities of the Indus valley. And yet it should not have been. As I mentioned earlier,

The massive walls above may be part of the palace of King Uperi of Dilmun, who is mentioned in Assyrian records of the first millennium B.C. *as having sent his envoys to the Assyrian court.*

there is a tablet in existence that gives the weights of a cargo of copper in both Ur and Dilmun units. It is a comparatively simple mathematical exercise to work out from that tablet what the Dilmun units of weight were, but it is an exercise that it had apparently not occurred to anyone to perform.

Two quantities are given by weight "according to the standard of Dilmun" and "according to the standard of Ur"; $4{,}596\frac{1}{2}$ Dilmun minas are equated with 12,248 Ur minas, and 13,100 Dilmun minas are equated with $36{,}666\frac{2}{3}$ Ur minas. These equivalents do not agree. According to the first, one Dilmun mina is equivalent to 2.66 Ur minas, but according to the second, one Dilmun mina equals 2.80 Ur minas. However, the mean of these two equivalences gives us the figure of 2.73 Ur minas as the weight of one Dilmun mina (with a deviation of only 2.53 per cent). We know that the Ur mina weighed 504 grams; therefore the Dilmun mina should weigh 1375.92 grams (plus or minus the deviation). And this is almost exactly the value of one of the most common of the weights found in the Indus cities, which on the average weighs 1375 grams. Moreover, the largest of the weights that we found in the building by the sea gate of our Dilmun city weighs 1,370 grams. It is thus a Dilmun mina—and also a Harappan mina. The other weights we found are exact fractions of the largest: a half, an eighth, a fiftieth, a hundredth, and an eight-hundredth. The tablet from Ur and the evidence of our excavation agree in demonstrating that Dilmun used the Harappan system of weights.

And now we can say why the donkeys carrying loads between the beach and the city on Bahrain halted just within the city walls. The buildings on either side of the square must have been municipal offices, where loads were weighed, and where either the loads themselves or the clay documents accompanying them were stamped with the seals of the clerks who checked incoming and outgoing cargoes. We probably have here the customhouse and port authority of Dilmun.

It is all very modern. And it takes a conscious effort to remember that when the civil servants of Dilmun were checking their waybills and cargoes in the harbor offices of Bahrain, the pyramids were only a few hundred years old and Stonehenge was yet to be built.

Geoffrey Bibby, who contributes frequently to HORIZON, *will report at length upon his Bahrain discoveries in his new book, also entitled* Looking for Dilmun, *to be published by Knopf this winter.*

DELACROIX

A diplomatic expedition to Morocco took along Paris's most dashing young romantic painter to record its

They had to get along without modern hallucinogenic drugs and without the lupine eloquence of words like "freak-out." Nevertheless, many imaginations in nineteenth-century France seem to have been addicted to trips. Baudelaire embarked for "languorous Asia and burning Africa" simply by nuzzling his beloved's hair. Mallarmé, after a night of writer's block, had Mitty-like visions of chucking everything: "I'll leave! Steamer with swaying masts, weigh anchor!" Rimbaud took off in his drunken boat for "unbelievable Floridas," among other places.

The habit raises a question that may interest students of the romantic creative process. What happened when a trip came true? When the escape metaphor materialized? Here the poets are not very helpful, since in real life Baudelaire turned back from a voyage to Asia, Mallarmé scarcely budged, and Rimbaud quit Europe and literature simultaneously. An answer, however, has come down to us from Baudelaire's friend Delacroix, who actually took a six-month journey to a reality that resembled his reveries—specifically, to Morocco with detours in Andalusia and Algeria.

Imperialism and useful acquaintances provided the occasion. In 1827 the Turkish dey of Algiers had flicked a French consul with a fly whisk, and in 1830 French troops avenged the insult by occupying the territory. The government of Louis Philippe worried about the intentions of Abd-er-Rahman II, sultan of neighboring Morocco. In 1831 it decided to send Count Charles de Mornay, a pleasant young man about town, to the imperial city of Meknes to negotiate a treaty; he insisted on having a history painter attached to his mission. Delacroix got the appointment through the influence of several important Parisians: the director of the Opera, the Bertin newspaper family (immortalized a few months later by Ingres's portrait of Bertin the elder), and the actress Mlle Mars, who was Mornay's mistress. The ambassador and the artist left Paris for Toulon on December 30, after a party given by Mlle Mars.

As these worldly circumstances suggest, Eugène Delacroix at thirty-three was not yet the monkish, compulsive worker he became in later years. Nor was he the messy Bohemian sort of romantic. He was an appeaser of the establishment, with well-cut clothes, aristocratic manners, and a classical education. In a letter written shortly after her party, Mlle Mars summed him up as "a young painter who has talent, wit, social graces and, they say, an excellent disposition."

His urbanity, however, did not keep him from projecting an unconventional image. The nervous, olive-tinted face under a mass of jet-black hair might have been that of a Napoleonic carabineer if it had not been set on such an obviously frail body. He had a peculiar way of squinting with both eyes, as if he were looking into a bright light or perhaps taking the measure of an unknown adversary (see the self-portrait on the opposite page). He reminded Théophile Gautier of "some Indian maharajah who, after being perfectly educated at Calcutta as a gentleman, has come, dressed in European clothes, to inspect the civilization of Paris."

Does all this imply an ordinary salon poseur? I am afraid it does a bit; and Delacroix was certainly not ordinary. He was one of the most articulate and generally intelligent painters on record. Still, it is true that up to this point he had shown a distaste for ordinary reality and for what many people would call sincerity. The fierce sexuality in his paintings, for example, had not corresponded to the reality of his bachelor life, which had been mostly celibacy interrupted by brief affairs with models. One of his finest pictures, *Liberty Leading the People* (1830), had been political make-believe, for in fact street insurrections filled him with bourgeois alarm. His interest in Eastern exoticism, which had led to such splendidly rhetorical works as *The Massacre at Chios* (1824) and *The Death of Sardanapalus* (1827), had been nourished on Byron and Turkish bric-a-brac. In sum, he had been living and creating largely on the basis of secondary sources and feigned feelings. Now he was confronted with the prospect of sunlit primary sources and violent physical sensations.

Part of that prospect was slow to become immediate. The members of the Mornay expedition reached Toulon after a rough journey by coach and horse through snow in the Rhone valley and wet gales on the littoral; on January 11, 1832, they set sail aboard *La Perle*, a small warship carrying eighteen cannons. Delacroix, who had already begun to write reports for his friends at home, found life on this

By ROY McMULLEN

IN AFRICA

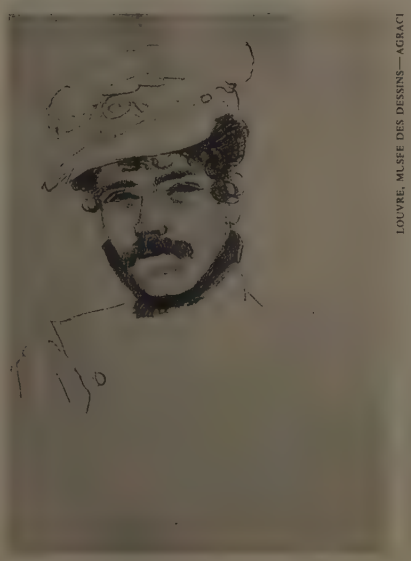
perialist triumph. The result: much gunfire, a minor treaty, and a turning point in nineteenth-century art

"floating prison" a mixture of the boring and the very disagreeable. He was seasick for several days. The ship ran into "disheartening calms" and then into "squalls that were quite alarming, to judge by the face of the captain." As compensation he had distant views of the Balearic Islands and "the coasts of the kingdom of Granada," and he managed to do some pastels.

When they put in at Algeciras, he was disappointed to discover that they were in strict quarantine because of a cholera epidemic in France, but he "touched Andalusian soil" anyway with the men sent ashore for provisions. He moved swiftly from direct observation to memories of art: "I saw grave Spaniards in Figaro costumes keep us at pistol point for fear of infection, toss us turnips, lettuce, chickens, etc., and nevertheless pick up, without dipping it in vinegar, the money we left on the sandy beach. With the liveliest sense of pleasure I found myself outside France, transported directly into this picturesque country, seeing their houses, their cloaks . . . All of Goya was palpitating around me."

At sea the next day *La Perle* had more trouble with unreliable winds (one wonders how naval battles ever got fought in the days of sail). She was half-becalmed for several hours and then, toward evening, blown out through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Atlantic. Delacroix longed for his "peaceful nest" in Paris. But at last, at nine o'clock on the bright morning of January 24, 1832, thirteen days after leaving Toulon, the ship anchored off Tangier; and the dream-trip proper got under way.

It was actually several trips. The members of the French mission remained in Tangier until March 6, waiting for the sultan's travel permit and for the end of the Ramadan fasting. They then set out on horseback, with camping equipment and a Moroccan escort, for Meknes, about a hundred and seventy-five miles south. They reached the imperial city on March 15, had an audience with Abd-er-Rahman on March 22, and departed on April 5. Back in Tangier on April 12, they settled down to wait for Mornay's treaty. Eventually Delacroix crossed over to Spain, endured the quarantine, and spent the last two weeks of May in Cádiz and Seville. He returned to Toulon in a roundabout way, stopping in Tangier (June 3–10) and visiting Algiers for three days (June 25–28). He did not see Paris again until July 20.



LOUVRE, MUSÉE DES DESSINS—AGRACI

Delacroix drew this self-portrait at the age of thirty-three, while en route to Morocco.

His letters and the notes he scribbled on his sketches make it clear that the going was frequently far from good. He describes the region between Tangier and Meknes as "a land in which there are neither roads, nor bridges, nor boats on the rivers." Although he was apparently an excellent horseman, he felt the strain of riding all day "at a walking pace without shade and on a bad saddle." He had spells of exasperation with "the picturesque that knocks your eyes out at every step."

As the weeks wore on he began to have bouts of shameless homesickness: "My companions all around me have received letters. I alone am deprived . . . The smallest event is precious to an exile. When I say news I don't mean political or literary matters, but your news, the most simple things . . . Pray Heaven not to prolong my exile, and keep on writing . . . I beg you, write, write." From Meknes on a particularly depressing day he asks Armand Bertin, editor of the powerful Paris *Journal des Débats*, to persuade the foreign ministry "not to leave us here to rot."

His pages echo with the roar of massed explosions and the whistle of bullets, for the Moroccans were inclined to fire their long guns on almost any pretext: as a sign of welcome, as a way of impressing infidels, as an addition to the excitement of a horse race or a mock cavalry charge (see page 71), or simply as an expression of high spirits. The mission's progress south from Tangier had the form of a crescendo: "At each instant we met with new armed tribes that expended gunpowder at a frightful rate to celebrate

our arrival. Each provincial governor turned us over to the next, and our already very important escort kept growing. From time to time we could hear a stray bullet hissing in the midst of the rejoicing."

On March 8 only the intervention of Ben-Abou, the commander of the Moroccan military escort, prevented the rejoicing from turning into tragedy. The French party had stopped to camp at Alcazarquivir (see the drawing on page 63), a locality that gratified Delacroix's romantic sense of history by being the site of the sixteenth-century Battle of the Three Kings, in which Dom Sebastian of Portugal and two Moorish rulers perished. Suddenly, according to the rather frantic sketchbook notes for that day, the usual welcome became ugly: "Population, music, gunpowder games without end. The pasha's brother hitting about him with a stick and a saber. A man breaks through the crowd of soldiers and fires his gun in our face. He is grabbed by Abou. His fury. He is dragged away by his undone turban, he is knocked down. My panic. We run. The saber was already drawn . . ."

The crescendo reached its climax when the Mornay mission, flags flying (see the sketch on page 65), arrived at Meknes. The next day, March 16, Delacroix described the glorious event in a letter to his boyhood friend J. B. Pierret:

The Sultan had ordered everybody, under threat of the severest punishment, to have fun and to turn out to give us a celebration. The crowding and the disorder were terrible. We knew that during the reception for some Austrians here six months ago a dozen men and fourteen horses had been accidentally killed. Our little troop had a lot of trouble keeping itself together and knowing where it was in the middle of the thousands of guns that were going off right in front of us. We had our music at the head of our formation and more than twenty flags carried by horsemen. Our music was also mounted; it consisted of something like bagpipes and of drums hung from the necks of the horsemen, who beat them alternately on each side with big and little drumsticks. The deafening racket they made blended with volleys from the cavalry, from the infantry, and from the more rabid individuals who kept breaking in all around us to fire in our faces. . . . This triumph, which resembled the torture of some wretches on their way to the gallows, lasted from morning until four in the afternoon. *Nota bene* that we had had only a light breakfast at seven o'clock in our tent.

LOUVRE, MUSEE DES DESSINS—AGRACI

Count Charles de Mornay, above, diplomat and Paris dandy, was drawn by Delacroix, his guest on the diplomatic mission to Morocco.

In addition to the heat, the fatigue, the noise, and the danger, there were restrictions that were irritating for all the French and maddening for a painter. At Meknes the whole party was confined in an old palace during the week of waiting for the audience with the sultan. When they were finally given permission to go out on the street, accompanied by a military guard for which they had to pay, Delacroix was the only Frenchman willing to face the anti-Christian populace; and even he seems to have sometimes regretted what he calls his "impulse to look": "I am followed, every time I emerge, by an enormous band of the curious, who do not spare me such insults as dog, infidel . . . and who jostle each other to get near and make a scornful face under my nose. You can't imagine how I itch to lose my temper." It was nearly impossible, at least in Meknes, to draw "merely a tumble-down house" openly. When Delacroix tried going up on the roof terrace to work, he was greeted by rocks and gunshots, for it was there that the Moroccan women sometimes went to enjoy a cool breeze.

Was the journey a disappointment? Clearly it was not. In spite of the difficulties he mentions, Delacroix succeeded in getting on paper an astonishing amount of what he saw. And each of the complaints in his letters and notes can be more than matched by evidence of a romantic tourist enjoying himself immensely.

A midsummer-night refrain, half-Berlioz and half-schmaltz, runs through his narrative. On February 12, at Tangier, he writes in his sketchbook-diary: "Indisposed, remained alone this evening. Delicious reverie by moonlight in the garden." On March 12, during the noisy progress south: "This evening, after a gay dinner, went down, solitary, to the banks of the Sebou River. Lovely moonlight." On April 7, during the ride back from Meknes: "Distant mountains. Went out this evening after sunset. Melancholy view of this immense and uninhabited plain. Sound of frogs and other animals. The Moslems were saying their prayers at the same time." On May 18, at Cádiz: "Midnight is sounded at the Franciscans. Singular emotion in this strange land. This moonlight. These white towers in the rays of the moon." On May 23, at Alcalá de Guadaira, near Seville: "Night. The moon on melancholy water. Croaking of frogs. Moorish Gothic chapel . . ."

From Tangier he writes of a "sentimental little love affair I am carrying on here with a very pretty and decent little English girl" (she was the daughter of the British consul). His notes at Seville refer mysteriously to a second adventure, also with an English inspiration: "Mrs. Ford corrected the music for me, and I was near her. . . . Mrs. Ford: adieu to the Englishwoman. Flirt. I had been there during the day without finding her; I had wandered the streets like a Spanish lover."

Although at home he had never

shown much interest in landscapes without personages, he was fascinated by the Moroccan scenery. Some notes apparently written on horseback near Alcazarquivir read like a forecast of Cézanne—a Cézanne equipped with a panning movie camera: "Beautiful country, very blue mountains, violet on the right; violet mountains morning and evening, blue during the day. Carpets of yellow flowers, violet before reaching the river. . . . Entered the plain where Dom Sebastian was defeated. On the right, lovely blue mountains; on the left, plain as far as you can see, carpets of white, light yellow, deep yellow, violet flowers."

He was equally fascinated, however, by the color of the costumes he saw around him. At Tangier *La Perle* was visited by "a score of black, yellow, and green marabous." In the towns there were Jewish women, beautiful as "pearls of Eden," clustered in groups like "pots of flowers," wearing vests in "gold and amaranth" and "a red skullcap, white drapery, black dress." There were mulatto slaves in yellow caftans, elderly Moors in transparent burnooses and green sleeves, and a Spanish woman with "brown arm against black mantilla and brown dress."

His eye for architecture was less professional and more sentimental, but alert. At Tangier his notes record dozens of unexpected details: the decaying columns of a Moorish palace, the ceramic wall behind a pasha, a sculptured ceiling, a stone bench, a "little white house in the shade in the midst of dark orange-trees." At Meknes he relished the sharply shadowed archways (see pages 66 and 67) and the massive town walls (pages 74–75), which had been built in the seventeenth century by the sultan Moulay Ismail, Morocco's equivalent of both Louis XIV and Cheops.

The surviving documents constantly remind us of Delacroix's dedication to the craft of painting. Sketches done on the way back from Meknes (see pages 68 and 69) are accompanied by such comments as these: "Mass the personages in brown, on the assumption of lightening later to make them stand out . . . Men in half tint . . . Michelangelo head . . . Men lit from behind . . . Red soil." A random note at Meknes reads: "Jews on the terrace silhouetted against a sky slightly cloudy and blue-tinted in the style of Paolo Veronese."

The simplicity and the immutability of Moroccan life turned him, for the time being at least, into a disciple of Rousseau. "We notice," he tells his sketchbook, "a thousand things that these people lack. Their ignorance makes them calm and happy. Are we ourselves at the end of what a more advanced civilization can produce? They are closer to nature in a thousand ways: in their clothes, in the form of their shoes. Hence beauty is linked to everything they do. In our corsets, our tight shoes, our ridiculous sheaths, we inspire pity." In a letter to Pierret he wonders ironically about the wisdom of ever returning to France: "What new revolutions are you preparing for us with your ragpickers and your Carlists and your crossroads Robespierres? *Tempora!* Is this the price one pays for civilization and the bliss of having a round hat instead of a burnoose?"

The costumes and the dignity of the Moroccans furnished him occasions for continuing at long distance his war with the neoclassical and academic followers of Jacques Louis David. In one letter he remarks: "The heroes of David and company with their rose-colored members would cut a sorry figure alongside these sons of the sun . . ." In another: "Imagine, my friend, what it is to see—lying in the sun, walking the streets, mending slippers—consular personages, Catos, Brutuses, who do not lack even the disdainful air the masters of the world must have had . . . All in white, like Roman senators and participants in the Panathenaea at Athens." Referring to the Paris custom of sending young painters to study at the French Academy in Rome, he says it would be better for them "to be sent as cabin boys on the first ship for Barbary."

The ultimate results of the trip? Among the more evident are two famous canvases (pages 73 and 74–75) painted after Delacroix's return to Paris: *Women of Algiers*, in the version of 1834, and *The Sultan of Morocco Surrounded by his Court*, in the version of 1845—variants of both pictures exist.

The origins of *Women of Algiers* are known only indirectly. During his brief visit to the Algerian capital the painter is said to have been admitted secretly to the small harem of an acquaintance of a French port official. According to the official, quoted by a friend, this is what happened: "Delacroix appeared drunk from the spectacle before his eyes. After the bedazzlement came work, and then conversation . . . From time to time Delacroix exclaimed: 'It's beautiful! It's like Homeric times! The woman in the gynaeceum, busy with her children, spinning wool or embroidering marvelous fabrics. That's my conception of a woman!'" The odd confession, if genuine, helps to account for several facts about the salon "maharajah": his failure to marry, his penchant for models and maidservants, the number of submissive females—captives, concubines, slaves, Ophelia, Desdemona—in his pictures.

LOUVRE, MUSEE DES DESSINS — AGRACI

The French encampment at Alcazarquivir, two days' journey inland from Tangier, was sketched in pencil by Delacroix on March 8, 1832, a day when the pleasures of an elegant alfresco lunch gave way to "panic" as Moroccan warriors began firing off their guns.

The first thoughts for *The Sultan* were sketches of Mornay's outdoor audience at Meknes with Abd-er-Rahman. Other paintings derived from the trip are *Moroccan Military Exercises* (1832), *The Fanatics of Tangier* (1836), *Jewish Wedding in Morocco* (1839), *Jewish Musicians at Mogador* (1847), *Arab Horses Fighting in a Stable* (1860), and *The Arab Tax Collection* (1863). In other words, the North African experience remained vivid in the artist's imagination from the moment of his return to France up to the year of his death.

When we move beyond mere subject matter we are of course obliged to speculate, since we cannot be sure of the way Delacroix's painting technique and general outlook would have evolved if he had never boarded *La Perle*. But some interesting evidence and some probabilities can be considered.

He accumulated seven albums of annotated sketches. (Two of the three that were not eventually dispersed at auctions are now in the Louvre, and the third is in the Musée Condé at Chantilly.) He also produced a set of water colors for Mornay, which included such items as a finely observed portrait of the Moroccan minister Amin Bias (page 70) and a cinematic rendering of a gunpowder gallop at Meknes (page 71). It is true that he had been an assiduous sketcher for many years, and it is also true that he remained, as far as important works were concerned, a studio painter to the end of his career—in this respect he was no more revolutionary than his neoclassical rivals. Still, a long period of almost daily eye-on-the-object work in brilliant African sunshine, uninterrupted by composing and finishing sessions in a Paris studio, can be assumed to have had some effect. It can be regarded historically as a prelude to the impressionists' move outdoors, which finally wrecked the academic system.

It was a period of letting the retina correct the academic rules, and one feels this, I think, in his use of color. Here again one must hedge. Delacroix had learned much, long before 1832, from the palettes of such masters as Rubens and Veronese and from the vibrating brushwork of Constable. He had been initiated into the theory of complementary colors: there is a story of his having given up a visit to the Louvre one day in 1827 because he had made the exciting discovery that his yellow fiacre cast a violet shadow. Even so, it is difficult to believe that without the stimulus of Moroccan hues and tinted reflections the color harmonies in such paintings as *Women of Algiers* and *The Sultan* would be what they are. These harmonies are not just an anticipation of impressionism (often they are not that at all). They are the work of a sensibility hit by an awareness of color as a thing in itself—as a legitimate material for composition.

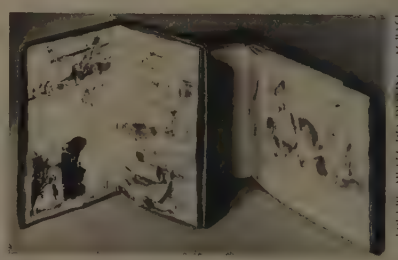
The change was noticed almost immediately. When *Women of Algiers* was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1834, the critic Gustave Planche wrote: "This capital piece . . . marks a grave moment in the intellectual life of Monsieur Delacroix . . . The color is brilliant and pure everywhere, but without ever being crude . . . It is painting and nothing else, painting that is frank, vigorous, vividly accented, with a boldness that is thoroughly Venetian and yet owes nothing to the masters of whom it reminds you."

After visiting the Salon of 1845, Baudelaire was equally enthusiastic about the subtle coloring of *The Sultan*, and he added a compliment for the sober composition: "In spite of the splendor of the tones, this picture is so harmonious it is gray—gray like nature, gray like the atmosphere of summer, when the sunshine spreads over each object a sort of trembling, twilit dustiness . . . The composition is excellent; it has something unexpected about it because it is true and natural."

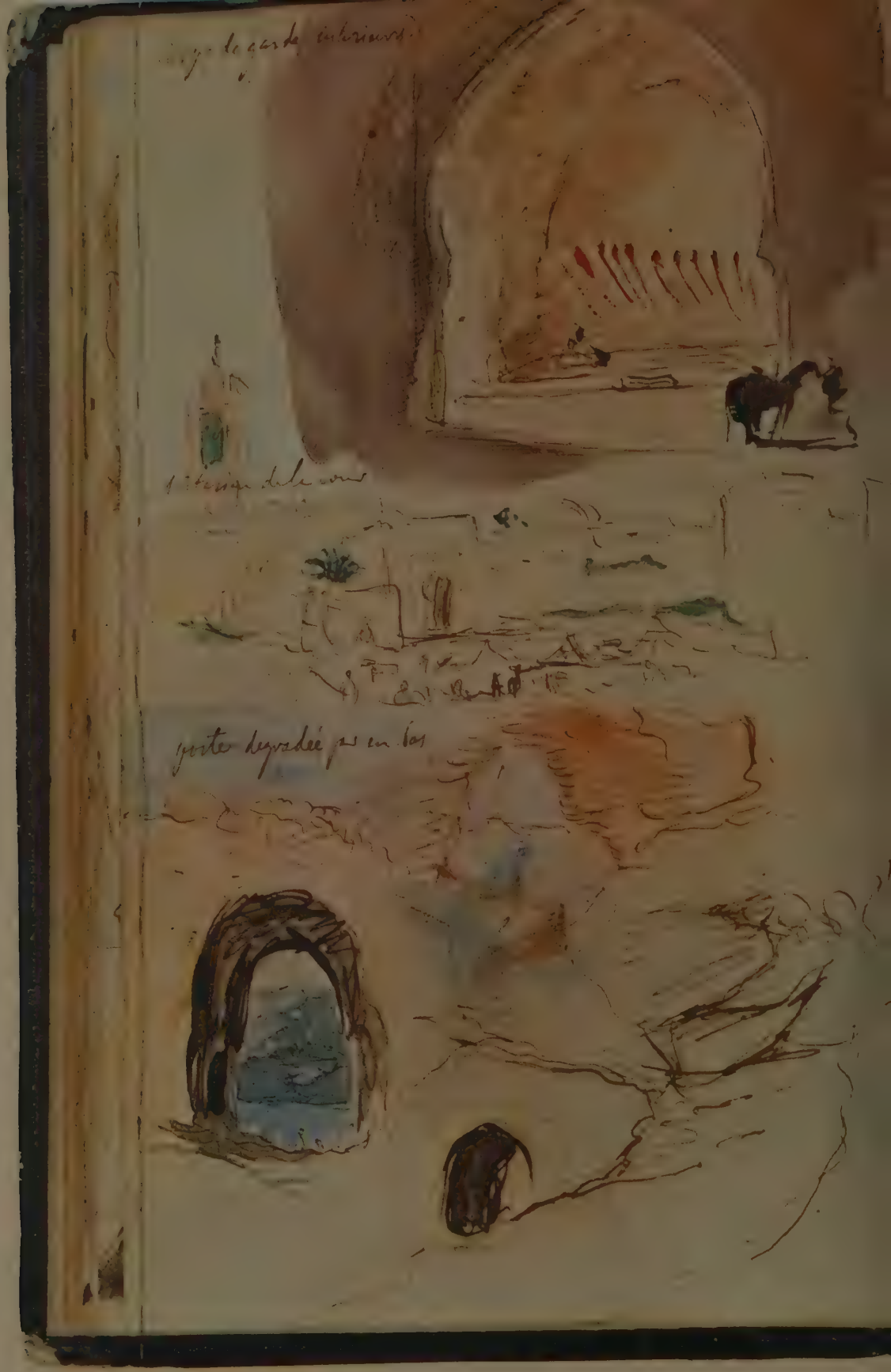
These poetic remarks contain a hinted recognition of a paradox. One of the ultimate results of the romantic dream trip to North Africa and Spain seems to have been a taming of the romantic impulse in Delacroix. In his work after 1832 he frequently conquered his old distaste for reality. He moved away perceptibly, although never entirely, from purely literary inspiration. He deepened his already existing Orientalism into something that almost justified his ironical argument that the glory of ancient Athens and Rome had survived in the stinking, noisy streets of Tangier and Meknes. He employed a richer palette, but at the same time a more sober one; he was never to repeat the flamboyance that had led him to refer to *The Death of Sardanapalus* as his "massacre No. 2." And finally, Baudelaire was beside the mark in calling the composition of *The Sultan* "true and natural." It is a classical arrangement of verticals and horizontals that might have been invented by Poussin.

One can argue, of course, that few paintings are more densely romantic than *Women of Algiers*. Perhaps the right conclusion is simply that Delacroix, without breaking the continuity of his art, did some intensive ripening during his time away from France. In a letter from Tangier after his visit to Andalusia he said as much: "In this short while I have lived twenty times more than in several months in Paris."

THE MOROCCAN SKETCHBOOKS

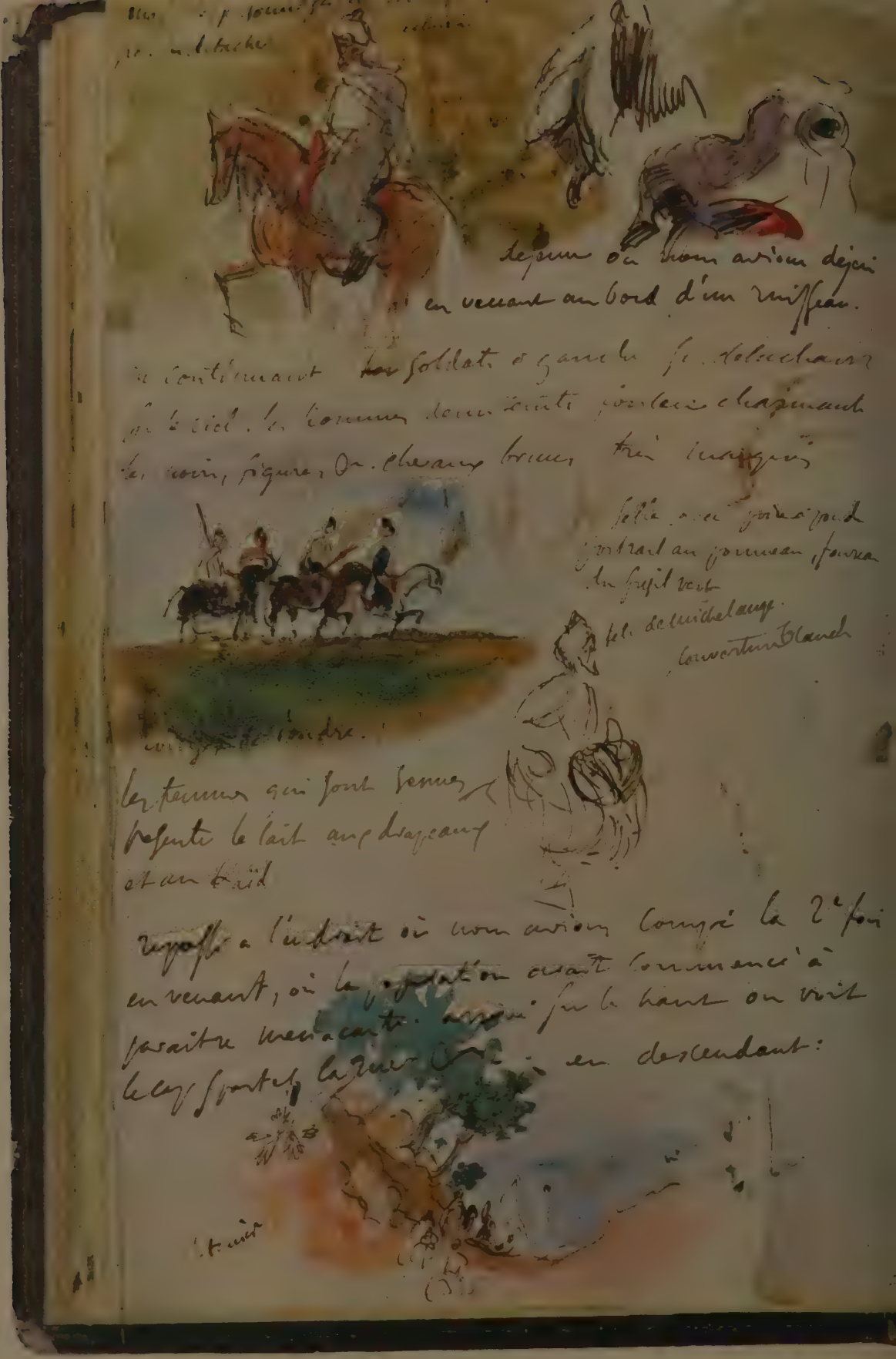


Two of the seven notebooks that Delacroix filled with sketches are preserved in the Louvre (above). From them and from water colors originally in an album that he presented to the Count de Mornay after their trip, we have drawn the material for the following portfolio. It begins (opposite) with Delacroix's on-the-spot sketch, shown here more than twice its actual size, of the color guard that led the French mission into the city of the Sultan of Morocco on March 15, 1832.



At Meknes, home of the sultan, Delacroix filled two facing pages of his notebook on April 1 with pen and water-color sketches of the walled town, its monumental arches and crumbling portals—"dégradée," *as he notes on the drawing.*

Above is the scene outside a saint's tomb where an Arab waters his horse under vaguely indicated notched battlements, or "créneaux dentelés." *Delacroix worked quickly and usually supplemented his drawings with color notes and reminders.*



En route from Meknes, on April 11 Delacroix drew the Arab horsemen who guarded the party. One of them, he notes, has a Michelangelesque head. The bottom sketch shows women giving "milk to the flag-bearers and the Kaïd" (local ruler).

On this page he sketches the flag-bearers, top, with a note that backlighting makes their burnooses look transparent. At center, the travelers climb a forested hill and from the summit look back over an immense plain (bottom)—"superb view."

Delacroix's portrait of Amin Bias, Tangier's minister of customs, was part of the album of water colors he presented to Mornay at the end of the trip

BOTH: LOUVRE, CABINET DES DESSINS—AGRACI

A view of the bay of Tangier is one of the more finished water colors in Delacroix's sketchbooks. Riding outside the city, he enjoyed "an enchanting view while descending the length of the ramparts." Living inside it for six weeks, he complained of the busy streets that "assassinate you with reality."

A display of shooting near the gate of Meknes, a raucous form of welcome given to the French mission by the Sultan of Morocco's warriors, was set down by Delacroix for Mornay's album. For the rest of Delacroix's career mounted warriors would figure more and more often in his paintings.

DELACROIX IN THE HAREM

A harem girl

"Women of Algiers" (above) and detail (opposite)

An Algerian gave Delacroix permission—under a vow of strict secrecy—to visit his harem, a visit that the artist blazoned before Paris two years later when his *Women of Algiers*, above and detail opposite, was exhibited at the 1834 Paris Salon. This romantic masterpiece of muted complementary colors was based on pencil and water-color sketches, left and below, that Delacroix made during his harem visit. He is said to have been bedazzled when he saw "woman as I understand her, not thrown into the life of the world but withdrawn to its heart as its most secret, delicious and moving fulfillment."

Sketch of a scene in the Algiers harem

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

On March 22, 1832, when Abd-er-Rahman emerged from his palace to meet the Count de Mornay, Delacroix was busy making sketches and jotting down notes. Thirteen years later the sketches, below, would form the basis of the artist's *The Sultan of Morocco Surrounded by his Court* (with the Count de Mornay eliminated). The awesomeness of the palace walls, and the dignity of the Sultan, who followed custom by not dismounting, made a romantic impression on Delacroix, but his notes of the day were considerably more matter-of-fact. "From the shabby, unornamented gateway emerged first, at short intervals, small detachments of eight to ten black soldiers in pointed caps . . . Then the king, who advanced and stopped very close to us. Great resemblance to Louis Philippe, younger, thick beard . . . Parasol with unpainted handle . . . After replying to the usual compliments and staying longer than is customary in these receptions . . . he pulled his bridle reins, after a sign of farewell, and was lost in the crowd." But, like all of Delacroix's impressions of Morocco, the scene was not lost on the romantic imagination of the artist.

ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES—LOUVRE

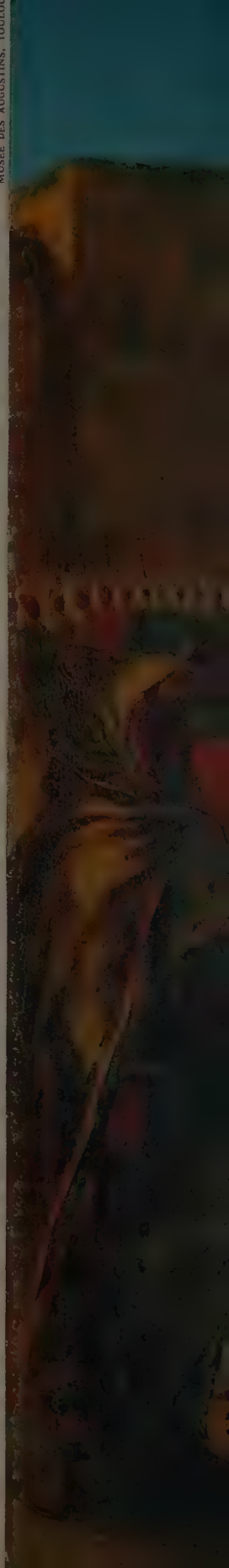
Sketch of the Sultan

LOUVRE

The Sultan and his troops

LOUVRE

The Sultan meets Mornay



MUSEE DES AUGUSTINS, TOULOUSE

"The Sultan of Morocco Surrounded by his Court"

Have Buckler, Will Swash

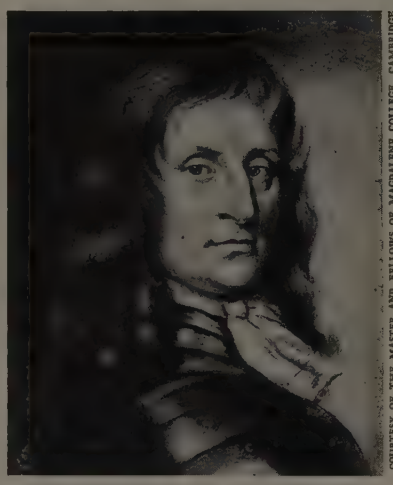
The Chronicle of Colonel Blood, Thief, Cheat, Liar, Murderer, Traitor, and, Withal, Man of Honor

By MORRIS BISHOP

On an April day in 1671 a clerical gentleman, unctuous and amply bearded, wearing the short gown, white neckband, and ear-lapped cap of a Doctor of Divinity, and lending his arm to his demure lady, presented himself at the Tower of London and prayed leave to view its historic relics. Permission was granted; a guide led the way across the drawbridged moat, under the portcullis, past the double ring of mighty walls to the inner court, with its towers and barred windows framing angry faces. The visitors were particularly desirous to see the royal regalia, the richly jeweled crown, orb, and scepter used in the coronation of Charles II in 1660. These were preserved in the Martin Tower, in a closet opening off a small waiting room. They were under the charge of a seventy-six-year-old veteran, Talbot Edwards, who lived overhead with his family.

Mr. Edwards was not loath to show his treasures; indeed his only income was derived from the thank-offerings of the curious. His procedure was to admit guests to the anteroom, then unlock the closet door, enter the treasure chamber, relock the door, and display the regalia through a grilled window. On this occasion the awe of the spectators was such that the lady was seized with "a qualm upon her stomach." Kindly Mr. Edwards bore her to his apartment and laid her on his own bed, while his wife and daughter administered rousing cordials.

The clergyman was deeply grateful. He returned a few days later with several pairs of white gloves for Mrs. Edwards. He captivated the family and was in turn captivated by the winsome miss. He remarked that she would be just the mate for his own well-to-do nephew, in quest of a bride. The Edwardses would hardly discourage a match promising property and status; it was arranged that the clergyman should bring his nephew for inspection.



COURTESY OF THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

On May 9, at seven in the morning, the clergyman, now a familiar figure to the guards, appeared with the nephew (who was in fact his own stalwart son) and two companions. Each carried a sword stick; under their cloaks they bore pistols, daggers, a wooden mallet, a file, and a gag, or wooden block about two inches in diameter, pierced by a small hole and fitted with straps and buckles. Since Miss Edwards was not yet ready for presentation, the clergyman suggested that her father beguile the time by showing his party the regalia. Accordingly, Mr. Edwards led the way to the antechamber and unlocked the door of the treasure closet. The guests rudely clutched him, flung a cloak over his head, and inserted the wooden gag, buckling it behind his head. They told him that if he tried to raise an alarm, they would show him no mercy. As he struggled and puffed, he received several "unkind knocks" with the wooden mallet and a stab in the belly. He then lay prudently still.

The clergyman (whom we may now recognize as Colonel Blood) seized the crown of England and pounded it with the mallet so that it would fit under his cassock. Another of the party thrust the orb into his breeches. A third, finding the scepter too long for concealment, began to file it in two.

But just at this moment Edwards's son, a soldier on duty in Flanders, returned home, summoned no doubt by news of the promised betrothal. As he ran upstairs the robbers took fright and made off with the crown and orb, abandoning the half-sawn scepter. Young Edwards, learning that his father was below in the treasure chamber, descended to find him bound and bloodied, but struggling. He removed the gag, and the two gave the alarm, shouting: "Treason! The crown is stolen!"

The depredators, with several minutes' advantage, crossed the inner court, or Bail, at a brisk walk and passed under the gate of the Bloody Tower without mishap. But as they approached the Byward Tower, which protected the inward side of the drawbridge over the moat, clamor and clatter arose behind them. A yeoman lowered his halberd to stop them; Blood felled him with a pistol shot. At the sight a second sentry stepped out of the way.

Now the fugitives were out of the Tower and on the edge of the old city. Instead of plunging into its dark purlieus they turned back along the river; they had left their horses near the Iron Gate, a quarter-mile distant. Sentries on the battlements perceived them, shouted "Treason!" and discharged their arquebuses, with no effect. Riverbank loiterers sprang to the attack in a confused hurly-burly compounded by Blood's shouts of "Stop

thief!" at his assailants. But after "a robustious struggle," the plotters were captured and returned to the Tower. The jewels were recovered, including the great pearl, picked up by a street sweeper, and a fair diamond, discovered by a barber's apprentice.

In prison Blood refused to answer any inquiries put to him. He would speak, he said, to King Charles in person, and to him alone.

The prisoner had a long record of offenses against the state. By appealing to the king he attempted to remove them from the purview of ordinary justice, to claim that they were political, not merely mercenary. Theft and even murder, if for political ends, do not derogate; the traitor is honorably beheaded, not basely hung.

Blood's demand for a royal audience was shrewd as well as arrogant. He knew the merry monarch's character, his cynical curiosity, his liking for the unconventional. The Colonel played for high stakes, and won. Apparently he assumed a hearty man-to-man air with his master, hinting of seditious plots that he could not reveal, or at least not without a bargain.

What, exactly, took place in the colloquy was not revealed. Presumably Blood implicated high-placed nobles in his raid on the crown and promised revelations about the king's hidden enemies. Presumably he offered to confound their knavish tricks, to enter the secret service, and to faithfully serve His Majesty.

At all events, to the amazement of the court, the King granted a pardon to Blood, and later to his son and associates, for all treasons, murders, felonies, etc. Blood's confiscated lands in Ireland were restored to him, and he was given a pension of £500 a year.

Blood had need of pardon; his offenses were many and black.

Thomas Blood was born in Ireland in 1618 or thereabouts. His family, Scotch-Irish Protestants, were landowners of some standing. When Cromwell came to Ireland in 1649 to subdue the rebel island with sword and Book, Blood joined his army as a lieutenant. (His colonelcy was a courtesy rank, conferred by his own courtesy.) He was rewarded with a grant of land confiscated from royalist owners. But after the Restoration of 1660, most of his holdings were seized by the Court of Claims, and Blood, embittered, joined the underground enemies of the new regime.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was the Duke of Ormonde, a conscientious but naturally unpopular administrator, with his headquarters in Dublin Castle. Blood and the malcontents proposed to kidnap him in his very stronghold and to hold him as a hostage. An elaborate scheme for the snatch was prepared and the day set —May 9, 1663. According to custom, petitioners were allowed to enter the castle and lay their pleas at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant. A number of sturdy bravos, papers in hand, would therefore seek as suppliants the Lord Lieutenant's presence. About eighty conspirators, disguised as carpenters, blacksmiths, and idlers, would loiter about the entrance gate. The signal would be given by a man in baker's dress, who would enter the castle bearing a great basket of white loaves. At the gate he would stumble and spill his burden before the guards. These, unquestionably, would drop their weapons and scramble for the fragrant bait. The eighty loiterers would whip out pistols from beneath their smocks; the petitioners would hustle the duke out to a waiting carriage.

It was a bold, ingenious plan and might even have succeeded. But too many people were involved. The inevitable informer sold out to the government, and on the day set for the great *coup de main* the known plotters were captured and jailed—all but Blood and a few others, who by luck or cunning escaped. Blood was declared an outlaw with a price on his head and with all his property forfeit.

He wandered about Ireland, disguised as an Anabaptist, a Quaker, or a Catholic priest; he had a liking for the cloth. Forever plotting, he visited Holland and then settled in a village near London, where he practiced medicine under the name of Ayloffe.

Then, in December, 1670, Blood learned that his old enemy the Duke of Ormonde, now Lord High Steward of England, was delegated to welcome the Prince of Orange at a mighty banquet in the London Guildhall. Once again Blood assembled his commando group, and once again the assault was foiled—but this time the duke did not get off until he had been rolled in the mud on Piccadilly, opposite what is today the Ritz.

The assault on the duke was followed, after an interval of a few months, by the attempted rape of the crown jewels. After his pardon by the king, Colonel Blood served as a spy and informer on his former associates. He was involved in various dark transactions, including an effort to blackmail the great Duke of Buckingham. Brazenly he frequented the court. John Evelyn the diarist met him at dinner and found him an impudent, bold fellow with "a daring but villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating." He had influence to peddle, and also insurance against denunciation. He died in 1680, to general delight.

All this is too bad. Colonel Blood had the makings of a popular hero, the swashbuckling gallant, ticklish on the point of honor, contriver of fantastic audacities. He might have lodged in Fame's temple with d'Artagnan and James Bond. But he ruined all by his latter end as a greedy delator, a turncoat spy. Well, perhaps even d'Artagnan and Bond came to ill in the mean obscurity of their elder days.

This is the fourth in Dr. Bishop's series of biographical essays on odd historical characters. The three earlier pieces will appear in The Exotics, *a book of short biographies by Dr. Bishop, to be published this fall by the new American Heritage Press.*

Covered Streets?

And why not? Come in out of the rain

Almost anything that sets us above savages, maintained Samuel Johnson, has come from the shores of the Mediterranean. Italy, more than any other country, has shown the way out of the darkness of time; just as her towns have always been test cases of urbanity, her streets—seemingly antiquated but even on brief examination still valid, indeed future-oriented models —are full of the sort of inspiration that comes without theorizing. Her covered streets, for example, are unknown hereabouts. In this country the streets are roads—making America a no man's land with the added dangers of highways and highwaymen. Despite their touted living standards, Americans are essentially unassuming where things that money can't buy are concerned. As a rule they are not acquainted with streets other than those they have grown up with. Even abroad, stumbling into a lively street-for-people-only, they are too bewildered by the unaccustomed sights and sounds to fully appraise its good points.

The Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, Milan's Via Triumphalis, was built in 1867 as a memorial to Italy's unification. Unlike London's arcades, it never closes. It is an authentic street, owned and maintained by the municipal government.

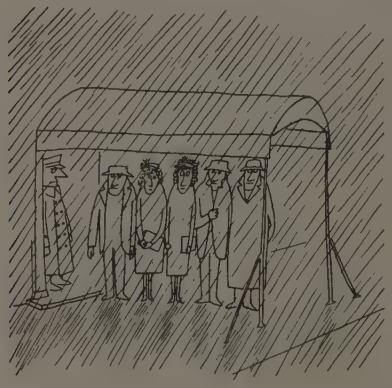
At one time the comfort of the protective roof in the street was taken for granted in most old civilizations. In Greece walking outdoors under cover was part of the discipline of two schools of philosophers—the Stoics, from *stoa*, the sheltered promenade, and the Peripatetics, from *peripatos*, meaning covered walk. Rome's version of the stoa, enlarged and embellished, of a splendor hard to imagine in our impoverished world—pavements inlaid with porphyry and jasper, gilded capitals crowning marble columns imported from the Greek islands—was the portico. Through the porticoes poured the myriads on their way to the theatres and baths, pausing to harangue and to be harangued, to discuss or expedite matters of state, and to enjoy the lavish displays of merchandise and art works. "From the portico," said Gibbon, "the Roman civilians learned to live, to reason, and to die."

The only modern covered street comparable in scale to the ancient ones, perhaps, is Milan's Galleria Vittorio Emanuele (opposite). For over a century, through booming years and wartime austerity, the Galleria has been forum and foyer to the Milanese. Here, before the last war, met statesmen and captains of industry, writers, opera singers, and conductors. The heroes of the musical world—La Scala is only a few hundred feet from the Galleria's North Portal—mingled with Milan's lesser citizens and the inevitable crowd of peddlers and pickpockets, tourists and prostitutes. Evenings, when the place was bathed "in an ocean of gaslight," as the newspapers put it, when row upon row of the restaurants' marble tables appeared on the tessellated pavement and the sound of orchestra music merged with the drone of people's voices, the Galleria achieved a near apotheosis of the Italian street: a theatre where actors and spectators merged and became indistinguishable from each other.

The First World War spared Milan, but the Second did not. An aerial bombardment in 1943 left the Galleria in ruins, to be resurrected twelve years later. Its architecture was faithfully rebuilt from the wreckage, but life under the glass roof has never been the same. Although the tables are

Text and photographs by BERNARD RUDOFSKY

An elegant section of Bologna's twenty miles of covered walkways surrounds a square in front of Santa Maria dei Servi. The tall nineteenth-century portico in the town's center, opposite, provides a cool refuge in summertime. Half its width is taken up by the tables and chairs of a caffè *bar. The poor man's portico in New York, below, an uncertain refuge from the rain, was drawn by Steinberg.*



again out on the highly polished floor, no latter-day Verdis or Puccinis lend distinction to the scene.

For delight and sustenance, today's porticophile looks to Bologna, with its twenty-mile-long urban network of covered passages. "The whole town is so cloistered," wrote John Evelyn in 1645, "that one may pass from house to house through the streets without being exposed either to rain or sun." In the older parts of the town the vaulted ways are almost continuous. Their advantages would seem obvious to a New Yorker hailing a cab in vain on a rainy day, despairing of the slow crawl of an overcrowded bus, and having no use for the subway. Bologna has no intermediate seasons: winter turns into summer with hardly a hint of spring, and there is no autumn to speak of. Besides, being close to the Apennines, it has its quota of blizzards, with snow piling up one floor high. In such weather the porticoes are a godsend. However, their perennial charm is never better appreciated than during a hot spell, when they become cool tunnels fragrant with the exhalations of fruit shops and *caffè* bars and resonant with the stroller's voices.

Bologna's abundance of porticoes can be attributed to its earliest academic garrison. Since the university owned no buildings or property, the professors lectured in their own houses or in rented rooms, while the streets doubled as corridors for their ambulant institution. By the thirteenth century, when the students numbered nearly ten thousand, the town fathers enjoined the citizens to provide a continuous roof for pedestrians, a portico to every house. This might appear reasonable, even to someone who has never walked through a town under cover, were it not that the houseowners had to foot the bill. To Americans this seems outrageous; the very idea of

IL GIORNO
bar

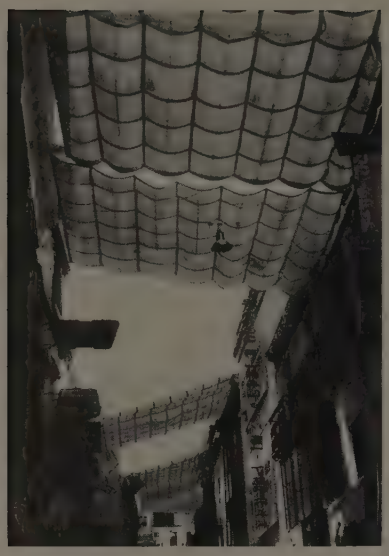
surrendering some of the most valuable part of a property to the commonweal violates their business sense. Space that might rent at a premium for street shops goes to waste as a public promenade. Yet, whatever the feelings of Bologna's citizens, they did not question the order and followed it to the letter. They never had cause for regret; Bologna's porticoes represent the tangible expression of civic solidarity.

From the Italian peninsula the practice of building covered streets made its way across Europe, changing the appearance of towns from Portugal to Poland. Such streets are still as much at home in the villages of the Iberian highlands as in the lush valleys of the Alps. A variant, elevated streets and passages, existed up to the nineteenth century, when they vanished in the low tide of urbanism.

One extraordinary rustic street of the elevated kind, a relic of the Middle Ages, is Brisighella's Via degli Asini (above). This architectural curiosity, unique to Brisighella, is an "internal" street that runs along the second story of a line of houses. The smoothness of the outside of the houses leaves one unprepared for the crookedness of the street. Were it not for the soft light streaming in through the lunettes, one could believe oneself several hundred feet underground in a mine's gallery. Advancing in eerie silence on its bumpy pavement of brick patched with stone, past closed doors, one has a feeling of receding in time. Yet once this was the busiest thoroughfare in town.

Another type of street umbrella is the floating flat, an apartment suspended in mid-air, anchored in houses on each side of a street. While its practical advantages are self-evident—it acts as an intermittent canopy and utilizes space that otherwise would go to waste—its aesthetic and psychological rewards are less obvious. A street

An architectural concept unknown to modern man is the street that runs inside a row of houses on an upper *floor, such as Brisighella's built-in Via degli Asini, above. A relic of the Middle Ages, it is deserted now except for occasional pedestrians. Beneath its row of lunettes, seen from the outside in the picture at right, is an uncovered modern street.*



Movable wall-to-wall awnings that provide shade at midday are a device widely used in the Orient and in countries with an Oriental heritage. Above, square umbrellas shade a street in Seville, the former Arabic Ishbilîya. Americans have been known to make some attempts at shaded sidewalks, if not at canopied streets. Below, in a detail from a lithograph of Chatham Square in New York City, done in 1847 by Nathaniel Currier, the awnings stretch from the upper floors of the houses to the hitching posts.

covered by such overhead structures provides a succession of well-defined spaces, forming, as it were, a suite of outdoor chambers. This compartmentalized streetscape enfolds the pedestrian, imparting a singular sense of privacy. Italians are partial to this floating architecture and, not surprisingly, have a word for it. They call it *case pensili*, hanging houses, formed on the analogy of hanging gardens. Examples, ranging from rustic to aristocratic, are scattered throughout the peninsula, and nowhere are they more conspicuous than in the ancient towns of Umbria and Tuscany.

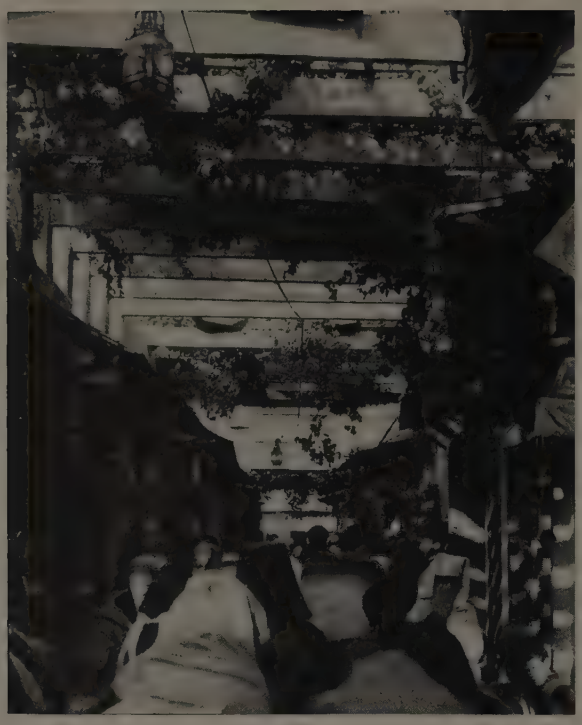
Thanks to *case pensili*, Perugia contains some of the starkest streetscapes in the Western world—a succession of majestic corridors vaulted over and topped by aeries in stone. Nobody has troubled to record them, nor do they catch the casual visitor's fancy. Still, a few impressionable souls have been known to fall under their spell. Probing Perugia's labyrinth, Hawthorne wrote with his heart in his throat—and for once he sounds more like Alice going down the rabbit hole than the eternally frustrated pilgrim —"We plunged from the upper city down through some of the strangest passages that ever were called streets; some of them, indeed, being arched over, and, going down into the unknown darkness, looked like caverns; and we followed one of them doubtfully, till it opened out upon the light. The houses on each side were divided only by a pace or two, and communicated with one another, here and there, by arched passages. They looked very ancient, and may have been inhabitated by Etruscan princes . . ." Hawthorne's estimate was off by a couple of thousand years; the Etruscans decamped when the town fell into the hands of the Roman conquerors in 310 B.C.

In countries where shade counts among the inalienable rights of man and beast, where architecture, horticulture, and apparel conspire to make the warm season a pleasure rather than an ordeal, covered streets are as old as the hills. The contrast between the discomfort of our "modern" streets and the comfort of so-called primitive streets is best illustrated by African *suqs*. Travelers have described them as "impenetrable," "enigmatic," and "totally foreign." Even an unguided visitor, however, may find them eminently penetrable and no more enigmatic than supermarkets.

Suqs were never meant to be profaned by vehicles. Not that they are too cramped to allow for the passage of a carriage, though the walls of the houses seem perilously close to one another when a train of nervous mules, transporting unwieldly iron beds or similar hard-edged merchandise, is threading its way through the stalls. We have here an unshakable tradition, dating from Biblical times and beyond. A *suq* represents the apogee of the pedestrian street, the maelstrom of life, or at least its Mohammedan branch. The street's fragile roof casts a spell upon the beholder. Filtered sunlight trickles down from the canopy, weaving patterns across the pavement, showering sequins upon the milling crowd, igniting women's gauzy shrouds. The lacy trellises of reeds and woven mats glow like so many chandeliers, transforming miles of streets into luminous corridors. Fès, the archetype of the Moslem city, has preserved this ageless sort of street in the Medina, the medieval quarter. No one will dispute the ever-present danger of fire; the wooden shops, let alone the merchandise, certainly are highly inflammable. So are the overhead canopies. Hence no candles or lanterns are allowed in the *suqs*, nor are the *suqs* wired for electricity. They close at dusk. Daylight provides all the necessary illumination one could wish for.

When all the factors that goad peo-

A street in Perugia, opposite, is theatrically illuminated by shafts of light that separate case pensili, *the hanging houses that are characteristic of Italy.*



Opposite, paper decorations festoon a street in Alcudia, Spain, in celebration of Saint James's Day, July 25. The patron saint of Spain is honored by bullfights, fairs, and dancing in the streets under such gay paper canopies as these.

In their suqs *the Moroccans have tamed the sun's fireworks into noiseless fusillades of sparks and sheaves of light. The canopy below, in Marrakesh, is made of woven reeds. Most street canopies today are made of incombustible materials such as the vine-clad concrete beams in a street at Tetuán (above).*

ple to extract pleasure from transforming the street into a chamber are taken into account, the wish to distinguish their improvisations with touches of beauty is ever present. Local pride, a sense of grandeur unimpaired by a lack of funds, and that great irrational force, tradition, induce the people of many countries to put up paper canopies for a day or two in the streets. A holiday is not the signal for a mass exodus with traffic jams and slaughter on the highways, but an occasion for enjoying one's town. It holds the promise of special food and wine, of music and dancing and fireworks; and what better frame could one hope to find for such celebrations than the street? A festival without decorations would be unthinkable.

In sum, the perfect street is harmonious space. Whether it is confined by the near-hermetic houses of a Casbah or by Venetian filigree marble palaces, what counts is the continuity and rhythm of its enclosure. One might say that the street is a street by courtesy of the buildings that line it. Skyscrapers and empty lots do not a city make. If, some day, Americans want to opt for a more dignified city life, the street will be the first on the list to come in for rehabilitation. By comparing the street and street life of various countries to that of their own, Americans may come to feel that they have been cheated out of pleasures they have never known or even suspected.

Mr. Rudofsky is a frequent contributor to Horizon (*see the editorial "Man of Many Causes," Spring, 1967*). *This article is based on his book* Streets are for People: A Primer for Americans, *to be published this fall by Doubleday.*

THE T'ANG

They built a dynasty abounding in ruthless ambition, fratricide, poisonings, deceit, and lasciviousness–and some of the most splendid art and poetry the world has ever known

By EMILY HAHN

Chinese history is confusing. There is so much of it, the names are difficult and unfamiliar, the ethics and values so unlike ours. But often we come on some relic of the Chinese past—a piece of sculpture, perhaps, or a poem —that speaks clearly, as if the artist were sending us a signal across the centuries. Whole eras may blur and become indistinguishable, but one cluster of signals seems stronger than the rest. These come from the T'ang dynasty, that remarkable family who ruled China for nearly three centuries, from A.D. 618 to 906. The story of the T'ang is in many ways the story of three giants among the rulers—Li Shih-min, the real founder (who became the emperor T'ai Tsung), the empress Wu, and the tragic Ming Huang. Their vigor and talent gave the dynasty its impetus and its longevity —and when they were gone, a long, slow decline set in.

During their reigns, T'ang vigor carried Chinese armies beyond the borders of their country, which had shrunk considerably under the rule of their predecessors. T'ang vigor established control as well over the Mongol barbarians beyond the borders, those who like prison wardens had long enclosed the nation. It was the T'ang talent for judging men that produced the advisors on whom all successful emperors must ultimately depend. The same talent improved beyond all recognition the famous civil servants we call the mandarins, those scholar-bureaucrats who were China's governmental and intellectual pride. But most memorably for us, the T'ang dynasty was a magnificent age for the arts, especially for poetry.

When we turn to our Western ancestors of the same period, it is impossible to think of the two civilizations as comparable. In A.D. 618, for example, the European continent was a stage full of struggling Frankish armies; and Britain was even more barbaric, with her Teutonic tribes—Angles, Saxons, and Jutes—fighting each other continually except when they joined to attack the Celts. In eastern Europe Justinian, the Byzantine lawgiver, had done his best to re-establish the old Roman imperium, but for all his greatness, he had failed to halt the slow crumbling of sovereignty. If he had recaptured the lost dominions of Constantine the Great, welded them again into a new Rome and handed it on intact to his successors, his accomplishment could have been compared to that of the T'ang dynasty in its early years. As it was, a nonentity now sat on the imperial throne of Byzantium, and Europe was

The terrifying lion opposite, most powerful of beasts to the Chinese, was carved in marble by a T'ang dynasty artist of the early eighth century, when the dynasty was at the zenith of its power.

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This fall HORIZON is publishing a set of two books on China:

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Both these books are extensively illustrated, in the HORIZON manner, with paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs, many of them in color. The books are available separately, in both regular and deluxe editions, and together as a boxed set of the deluxe editions.

destined to wait a century and a half for the coming of a new surge of power—the dynasty of Charlemagne. Little did all this matter to the T'ang, for in all probability they never heard of Europe.

The T'ang dynasty was founded by two men, Li Yüan, Duke of T'ang, who was a mere figurehead, and his remarkable son Li Shih-min, who provided the brains and the energy. Li Shih-min was born in A.D. 600, just when the stream of European civilization seemed to have gone underground. Li Yüan was a Shansi aristocrat and, incidentally, only half Chinese—his mother was a Tartar. The Sui dynasty was on the throne, and their country extended from the Great Wall in the north to Annam—or Vietnam, as we now call it—in the south, from Kansu in the west to the eastern sea. The capital city was Ch'ang-an in Shensi, where Shih-min was born. Li Yüan was appointed governor of neighboring Shansi, and in the steppe country along the Mongolian border his son learned to ride and shoot with bow and arrows, like his Tartar kin; all his life he loved horses as the Tartars did. In 616 he was seventeen by Chinese reckoning and considered himself—with justice—a man.

China was restless under the second Sui emperor, Yang Ti, an eccentric with a compulsion for building. Becoming bored with Ch'ang-an, he developed Lo-yang in Honan as a capital; then, tiring of Lo-yang, too, he developed the southern city of Yang-chou in Chekiang, where he built a magnificent palace. Even less popular than these extravagances was the wasting war he carried on against Korea. Unable to win it, he retired to Yang-chou to amuse himself with his women. Rebellion broke out in many districts, and Shih-min urged his father to lead a revolt of his own against the emperor. But Li Yüan would not, until Shih-min tricked him. The youth persuaded a friend, the chief eunuch at the local imperial

A stone rubbing of a cavalry horse, above, key to the T'ang's military prowess, is from one of the bas-reliefs on the tomb of the T'ang emperor T'ai Tsung.

palace, to make a present to the governor of several pretty girls. Later—too late—Li Yüan found that the girls came from the emperor's harem. Unwittingly he had committed treason, and now he was afraid *not* to revolt. Li Yüan led his troops out in midsummer of 617, with his sons all serving as officers. The governor nearly turned back more than once, but Shih-min led them on, marching and fighting, until Shensi and Ch'ang-an itself were in their hands. Prince Tai, the thirteen-year-old grandson of Yang Ti, was in Ch'ang-an, and Li Yüan proclaimed this child the new emperor. It was the classic move for an aspiring Chinese usurper, a gradual way of taking the imperial crown for himself.

In Yang-chou conditions gradually grew worse. More courtiers deserted every day. "What a beautiful head!" said Yang Ti to his empress, combing his hair and looking into the mirror. "Who would dare to cut it off?" In the end he was not beheaded but strangled, when insurgents burst into the palace, and that was the end of the Sui dynasty. Undeniably Yang Ti was unstable, but he was also a poet, as we can see from Arthur Waley's translation of "Flowers and Moonlight on the Spring River":

The evening river is level and motionless—
The spring colors just open to their full
Suddenly a wave carries the moon away
And the tidal water comes with its freight of stars.*

*FROM *A Hundred Seventy Chinese Poems* BY ARTHUR WALEY. COPYRIGHT 1919 AND RENEWED 1947 BY ARTHUR WALEY. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

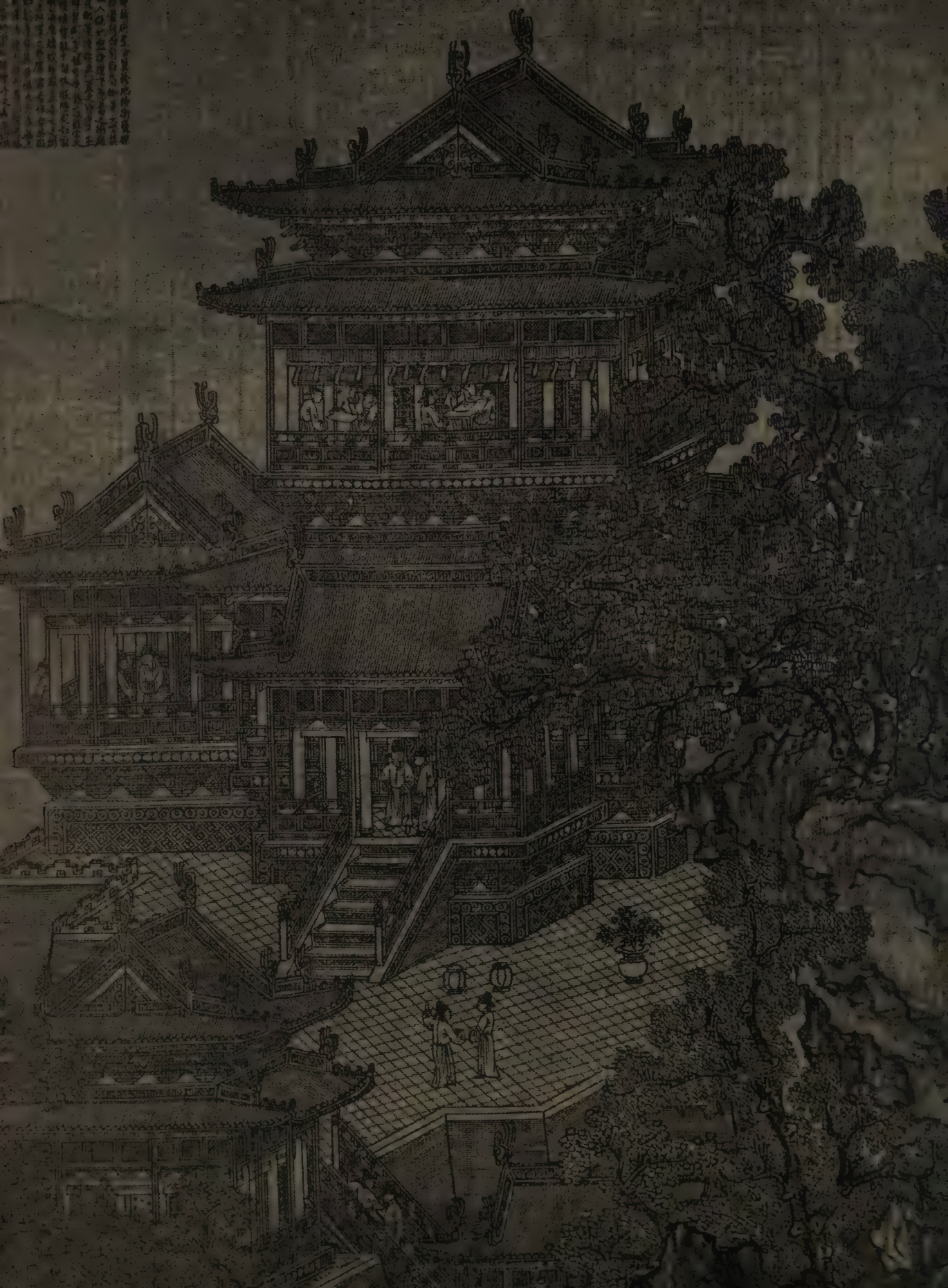
News of Yang Ti's death soon reached Ch'ang-an, where Prince Tai obeyed the rules and abdicated in favor of Li Yüan. But the new emperor had still to prove his rights over a number of other aspirants. This task naturally fell to Li Shih-min. Like a good Confucian son he shouldered the burden without complaint, though his father now named the boy's elder brother crown prince rather than Shih-min. No doubt Li Yüan was afraid of his ambitious son. For the next six years, until 624, Shih-min fought for his father, until such time as he considered the T'ang dynasty firmly installed.

All this time Shih-min's two brothers were hating him, and perhaps with reason. He was a popular hero, he dominated them, and they owed everything to him. They told lies about him to Li Yüan. They poisoned his wine—he nearly died of that. They tried to have him assassinated. Through all these trials Shih-min did nothing to defend himself. Some historians argue that it was out of nobility, but others admit that his behavior was odd. At any rate he seems suddenly to have realized his danger, and then the action he took was drastic—he ambushed and killed both brothers, sending a report of the *fait accompli*, with all respect, to the emperor. Li Yüan eventually professed himself content that justice had been done. He gracefully abdicated, and Shih-min mounted the throne. He was twenty-six years old.

China had been pacified, but the Turks in the north still threatened. Their leader made an error of judgment soon after Shih-min became emperor by coming across the border with his hordes. Shih-min outmaneuvered him, chased the Turks out, and still fought; by 630 all of Inner Mongolia was subdued, and Shih-min was

The all-conquering T'ai Tsung, real founder of the T'ang dynasty, is shown opposite in a larger-than-life portrait done some centuries after his death in 649.

NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM, TAIPEI, TAIWAN, REPUBLIC OF



acknowledged as the Tartar's "Heavenly Khan." Next he extended his conquest of the western tribes as far as the Tarim Basin in Central Asia. There he subdued the fierce Tibetans, and his name became known in Persia, India, and Manchuria.

At home he was a wise, tolerant emperor. He reformed the civil-service examination system and made the service answerable to a central authority. He chose good ministers, and he paid attention to the censors, whose task it was to investigate and criticize when necessary. There is a revealing story about a blunt-speaking official named Wei Chêng. Sometimes Shih-min found it difficult to remain patient with this man. One day he came home in a high state of irritation and told his beloved empress that he didn't know how much longer he could take it. At this she quietly retired from the room and came back garbed in her best ceremonial robes. Shih-min asked her why; she said that only enlightened emperors found faithful, upright, sincere ministers, and since it was clear that Shih-min had found such a man, she had dressed up to congratulate him. Shih-min complained no more about Wei Chêng.

The emperor's domestic happiness was marred when his empress died and their son the crown prince turned against him. He tried to kill his father, and for this he was sent into exile, where he, too, died. His younger brother, Li Chih, became crown prince in his stead but already showed signs of physical and moral weakness. The widower, however sorrowing, did not give up women—though he was not like his father, whose harem of three thousand girls and servants

Opposite, the sumptuous wooden palace of an early T'ang prince nestles idyllically among gnarled pine trees in a detail from a mid-fourteenth-century album leaf. T'ang court buildings often featured extravagances like gilded door fittings and windows ornamented with gems.

Plump-faced ladies of the T'ang court, a luxurious nest of aristocratic elegance and bloody intrigue, are depicted above in contemporary terra-cotta figurines.

had to be sent home after his abdication. In 638, hearing of a pretty Shansi girl named Wu Chao, Shih-min casually sent for her and added her to his collection. This thirteen-year-old was to make her mark on Chinese history.

The emperor fell ill during a campaign against Korea, and after ailing for a long time, he died in 649. By his "temple name"—the name bestowed on an emperor after death—he became T'ai Tsung, the Grand Ancestor. Around his tomb near Ch'ang-an, which he commissioned, stand his beloved horses portrayed in bas-relief, each with a description and a poem written by their master. My favorite is the chestnut Shih-Fa-Chih, galloping bravely, with eyes rolling and flanks bristling with arrows—"four from the front and one behind." Shih-min wrote of this horse:

By the Ch'an and the Chien there was
no peace.
With halberts and battle axes I extended
my power.
In a red sweat this horse charged forward
Under the green banner we returned
singing a song of victory.

In Chinese history heroes are always surrounded by myths, or at least by stories that may well be myths. True or false, they nonetheless reveal something of the subject's character. It is said of Wu Chao that when word came to the quiet country house of the Wus that the girl was to be an imperial concubine, her mother burst into tears. Wu Chao spoke sharply to her mother for crying. Great things, she said, would surely come of this appointment.

Miss Wu arrived in 638, eleven years before T'ai Tsung died. Her place was Fifth Grade concubine in the harem hierarchy; though at least thirteen girls were superior to her, it was quite a good position, with only light housekeeping duties. Palace girls were forbidden to talk with any male but the emperor; however, the crown prince often visited his father, and Wu Chao took advantage of this fact. One day she knelt before the prince, holding a bowl of water so that he might wash his hands. Accidentally he splashed her face. When he apologized, she said, "Dew from Heaven has conferred Grace upon me"—polite words that could also be interpreted in a sense less than innocent. Li Chih understood her and became her lover.

Then, when T'ai Tsung died, the affair was interrupted; Wu Chao, like her late husband's other girls, had to shave her head and enter a convent, to spend the rest of her life as a Buddhist nun. But the new emperor's wife, the empress Wang, had other plans for Miss Wu. She feared the influence of a rival known as the Pure Concubine, and like everyone else she was aware of her husband's former affair with Wu Chao. Wu Chao might take his mind off the Pure Concubine, she reflected, so she urged him to bring the girl back to the Inner Palace. Wu Chao returned in 650, when she was twenty-five, and Li Chih—or the emperor Kao Tsung, as we will now call him—was three years younger. The erstwhile nun worked deliberately. In a dozen subtle ways she undermined the empress Wang *and* the Pure Concubine, not only supplanting them in Kao Tsung's affections, but

easing them out of their positions. At the end of five years she had succeeded thoroughly. Both women were locked up in a dungeon, and Wu Chao became Kao Tsung's consort and empress.

Her subsequent treatment of these unfortunate women was dreadful. The only excuse one might offer is that Wu Chao was afraid for herself. Kao Tsung was sorry for the captives and said so, upon which Wu Chao flew into a rage and had them beaten, tortured, and killed.

In fact, the empress Wu shows up in history as two women—one a cruel, self-centered tyrant, the other a remarkable character who governed the country wisely and well when her moment came. She took admirable care of Kao Tsung after he had a stroke. During his working hours she sat behind a curtain near the throne, listening. Afterward she discussed affairs of state with him and gave him intelligent advice. Kao Tsung depended on her in every way, but she had to be on the watch all the time; at least once she skirted disaster, when a courtier accused her of practicing sorcery and Kao Tsung threatened to have her executed. Still, her influence grew, until she sat side by side with her husband at his audiences, the curtain discarded. No woman had ever done that before in a Chinese court.

Kao Tsung died in 683, and Wu Chao's son Chung Tsung succeeded to the throne. As Empress Dowager, Wu Chao would have had less power, so she immediately saw to it that her twenty-seven-year-old son was dethroned. Her younger son, Jui Tsung, was proclaimed emperor instead; the empress continued to rule as regent. This could not have been done if the Chinese people had objected, but they were satisfied with the empress. In spite of what her enemies said, she was efficient, she understood politics, and she excelled in administration. As C. P. Fitzgerald has written: "Ministers might deplore the rule of a woman, Confucian scholars bewail

The back of a bronze mirror, top, adorned with a writhing dragon, and a carved jade comb-top were among the luxuries of aristocratic T'ang women.

the outraged conventions, but the peasants tilled their fields in peace, the soldiers received their pay and obeyed their orders."

She decided to become the ruling monarch outright, instead of remaining a simple regent. When she announced her intention of raising her ancestors to the level of the emperor's, her generals revolted. With characteristic efficiency, she put down the uprising, sending an imperial army of 300,000 to suppress the rebels. Then, to make sure of official loyalty, she introduced into the empire a vast system of espionage and talebearing, until it became a terrifying place—but by 690 she had her way. She announced that she was founding a new dynasty, called Chou, and Jui Tsung abdicated.

Chinese historians, inveterate gossips that they are, tell us that the sixty-year-old empress took a lover—a big fellow who was a low-class, back-door peddler of cosmetics. Soon this man, Hsüeh Huai-i, stopped selling cosmetics and became the abbot of a historic Buddhist shrine near the palace, with visiting rights for day or night as he chose. Though he was rowdy and a bully, he had other qualities—he proved to be a good architect, and the empress set him in charge of constructing a magnificent building called the Hall of Illumination. This was finished and dedicated in 688. A little later Huai-i, in a fit of spite after a rebuff from the empress, set fire to the hall, burning it down. That settled the matter for Wu Chao; soon afterward her abbot died in mysterious circumstances.

At the age of seventy-two the redoubtable lady acquired two more household pets, attractive young brothers named Chang who were talented in all the arts, especially music and singing. Chroniclers say that the empress slept with both of them, but such stories need not be believed implicitly. At any rate, she spoiled the youths outrageously, and for eight years they were the reigning favorites. Of course, they shared their good fortune with their relatives, who became corrupt and greedy. Discontent mounted in the country, but Wu Chao, an old lady now, did not notice. In 705 came the inevitable explosion; the youths were killed in an uprising at court, and the empress was forced to abdicate. Her son Chung Tsung was restored to the throne, and Wu Chao retired to a secluded palace. In December, 705, she died at the age of eighty, and with her died the Chou dynasty name. For all their vicissitudes, the T'ang were still on the throne and would stay there for another two centuries.

Chung Tsung was a gentle creature, fated to be the victim of one strong-minded woman or another. His wife, the empress Wei, aimed to be an independent reigning empress like her late mother-in-law. She killed Chung Tsung by poisoning him and set up his son Shang Ti (whose mother was one of the imperial concubines) as

Opposite, T'ang ladies are shown whiling away their leisure over double sixes, a game similar to backgammon, in a detail from an eighth-century silk hand scroll. Their hair is coiffured high, with the aid of combs and pins, in the manner of the well bred. Although there was a vogue at the time for foreign fashions, these ladies wear the more conservative dress of the upper classes: full, pleated skirts and stoles around their shoulders.

The T'ang emperors were as much infatuated with their horses as with their women, and their painters took pains to memorialize bo

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, FREER GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.

Here the "Brilliant Emperor," Ming Huang, waits patiently on his white steed while his mistress Yang Kuei-Fei prepares to mount

MUSEE GUIMET, PARIS

The Buddhist pagoda above was built in honor of Hsüan Tsang's historic journey to India. Erected in 652 to house the statues and books Hsüan Tsang brought back with him, the pagoda stands in Si-an, former T'ang capital of Ch'ang-an.

the new emperor, with herself as regent. Chung Tsung's younger brother Jui Tsung had a son, Li Lung Chi, who would not accept this situation. He led an avenging party into the palace, killed his aunt, threw his cousin into prison, and then put his own father, Jui Tsung, on the throne that the prince had once before occupied. But Jui Tsung did not really want to be emperor. He was dismayed by the duties involved. The Turks had been causing trouble again in the north during the empress Wu's last years, and the Tibetans had driven the Chinese garrisons out of the Tarim Basin cities of Central Asia. All this needed attention, but Jui Tsung was not a military person. In 712 he abdicated in favor of his son, and Li Lung Chi became Hsüan Tsung, popularly known as Ming Huang, the Brilliant Emperor.

Ming Huang, the third and last of the great T'ang rulers, loved action and fighting. Dexterously foiling an aunt's attempt to unseat him, he set to work on reforms in the palace, which had become a hotbed of family intrigue. He stopped indiscriminate communication between his relatives and the world outside. He was especially hard on those who practiced the so-called sorcery associated with Taoism; he degraded and condemned to death his own empress for using charms to make herself fertile. During his first years as emperor he showed prudence in administrative matters, abolishing superfluous posts and getting rid of much bureaucratic deadwood. The empress Wu, his grandmother, had played the game of check and balance, advancing bright civil servants from middle-class families over the heads of the aristocrats who opposed her; now Ming Huang reversed the process and favored the aristocracy, putting literati noses out of joint. But he also organized schools for all the people, founded a college of music, and welcomed poets to the court. Poetry flourished under his reign as never before.

Opposite, the scholar Hsüan Tsang returns from his pilgrimage to India. He became an eminent and famous scholar because of this journey, for he brought back a treasure-trove of Buddhist texts and art works—an inspiration for Buddhist art of T'ang times—represented here by the scrolls he carries on his back.

An enthusiastic general, he mended the empire's fences in Central Asia, driving out the Tibetans. His armies went beyond the Tarim Basin to Tashkent to confront the Arabs, who in a sudden world-wide expansion had penetrated from the West. At home Ming Huang's northern army, which had helped him to overthrow the empress Wei and reinstate his father, was his favorite military group, a circumstance that gave rise to trouble, for the officers of the Palace Guard considered themselves ill-used and neglected. Besides, as time wore on the emperor grew less careful and more self-indulgent. Though at court all was gay and happy, with poetry and wine and song and lovely girls everywhere, taxes rose to pay for these luxuries, soldiers went to war and did not come back, and the people grumbled about Ming Huang's fondness for idle pursuits—especially after he became enamored of the beautiful Yang Kuei-fei. This love affair has been remembered more vividly than any other in Chinese history. Like the story of Antony and Cleopatra, it has everything to make it endure—splendor, excitement, and tragedy.

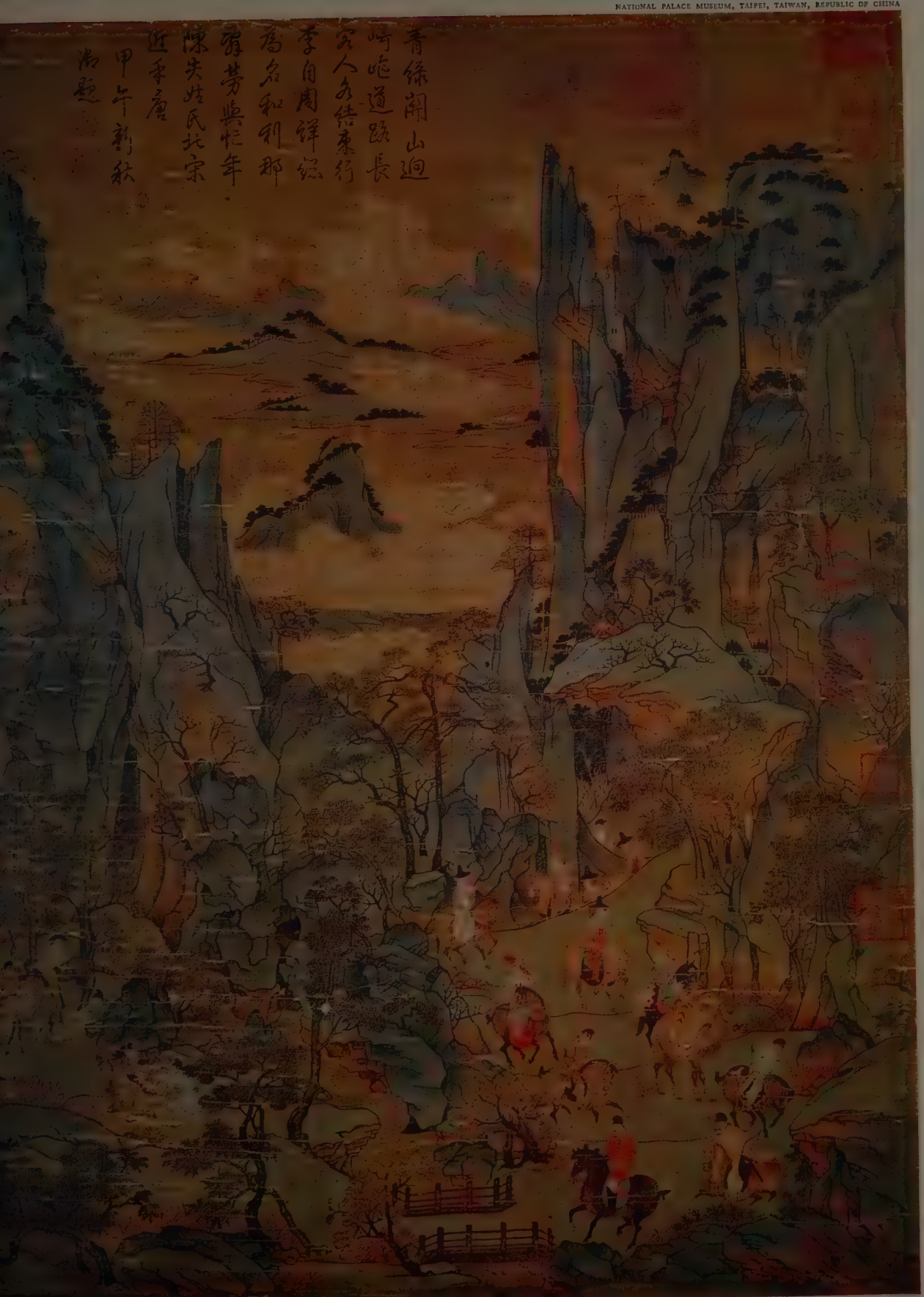
Yang Kuei-fei was sixteen when she arrived at the palace, in 735, to become the concubine of one of Ming Huang's sons. News of her extraordinary beauty soon spread, and interested parties decided that she was too good for the prince. They arranged for Ming Huang to meet her, and he fell in love with her at once. He was besotted. Soon nothing was too good for the imperial favorite, and Yang Kuei-fei made the most of her lover's infatuation, wasting money and getting jobs at court for all her male relatives. The Yangs were a bad-tempered lot who made themselves generally unpopular, but the concubine had one great advantage over most other famous beauties: geniuses like the famed poets Li Po and Tu Fu sang her praises.

One of Ming Huang's officers was An Lu-shan, half-Sogdian—from Central Asia—and half-Turk. A capable leader, he was a favorite of the emperor and spent much time at court. The chroniclers say he was Yang Kuei-fei's lover and tell how Ming Huang, fuddled with wine one day, was rhapsodizing about his love's attractions. He said that her breasts were beautiful. "Ah yes," sighed An Lu-shan, who had been drinking just as much, "and they're soft as satin to touch, too!" Fortunately for him, the emperor did not notice.

Meantime, dissension was growing in the army and outside it as well. More and more men were being conscripted for service with the frontier garrisons. To avoid this, peasants ran away, and as a result food became scarce. Then An Lu-shan quarreled with a powerful minister over the favors of one of Yang Kuei-fei's sis-

A dethroned emperor, Ming Huang, and his followers stop to rest in the mountains of Ssŭch'uan on their flight from rebel forces harem follow him. At center, servants have unsaddled the horses to rest them. At left, an advance party climbs the next pass

NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM, TAIPEI, TAIWAN, REPUBLIC OF CHINA



756. The emperor, far right, is mounted and wearing red robes in this later copy of an eighth-century masterpiece. The ladies of his plank roads that overhang the precipices. The highly stylized clouds, cliffs, and trees are typical of the T'ang treatment of landscape.

ters. In 755 he made an alliance with the northern Turks, and under the flag of rebellion they marched against the emperor. They crossed Hopei, took Lo-yang, and moved on Ch'ang-an at a speed that was frightening to Ming Huang, once a valiant fighter, now softened by years of luxury and self-indulgence. The emperor took to ignominious flight with Yang Kuei-fei, her sisters, and the Yang minister. They were making for Ssŭch'uan, but their escort, running short of food, mutinied. The soldiers' resentment was concentrated on the Yang family rather than on the emperor; they killed the minister first, then dragged the sisters out and murdered them. Ming Huang tried to calm them down, but they only shouted for Yang Kuei-fei herself—and the terrified emperor at last handed her over. She was strangled in an orchard nearby. The soldiers let Ming Huang go on; he fled in dishonor to Ssŭch'uan, and in August, 756, the crown prince was proclaimed emperor in his stead.

This miserable end to a once brilliant reign was still much in the public mind when the poet Po Chü-i was born fifteen years later, and he must have heard a good deal about it as he grew up. Po was a moralist in comparison to the lyricists who graced Ming Huang's court and wrote flattering songs to Yang Kuei-fei. Thus it is an irony, as Arthur Waley observes, that he should be known chiefly for his long romantic poem, *The Everlasting Wrong*, about the court beauty's death and the emperor's tortured conscience.

Hair like a cloud, face like a flower, headdress which quivered as she walked,
Amid the delights of the Hibiscus Pavilion she passed the soft spring nights.
Spring nights, too short alas! for them, albeit prolonged till dawn,—
From this time forth no more audiences in the hours of early morn.
Revels and feasts in quick succession, ever without a break.
She chosen always for the spring excursion, chosen for the nightly carouse. . . .
There is the pool and there are the flowers, as of old.
There is the hibiscus of the pavilion, there are the willows of the palace.
In the hibiscus he sees her face, in the willow he sees her eyebrows:
How in the presence of these should tears not flow . . .
Heaven and Earth, long-lasting as they are, will some day pass away;
But this great wrong shall stretch out for ever, endless, for ever and ay.

Writers about the splendid early years of the T'ang always end on this note. For a change, I feel I should quote what its translator, H. A. Giles, says in addition: "A certain Captain was courting a dancing girl. 'You must not think I am an ordinary dancing girl,' she said to him, 'I can recite Master Po's *Everlasting Wrong*.' And she put up her price."

Epilogue: Thus far the poet, but the story was not really quite as simple as the romantic chroniclers would have it. Certainly Yang Kuei-fei was a constant irritation to the hungry people, but the movement against the monarchy was more than a question of family spite, and the murder of the concubine and her relatives was a small detail in An Lu-shan's rebellion. Hunger and dislocation has brought on the war; hunger and dislocation in far larger degree were the results of it, and the T'ang dynasty was never to recover. During eight years of civil war China lost all her foreign possessions but Annam, and according to official figures, the population dropped from fifty-two million in 754 to thirty million in 839—though very probably this latter figure is not trustworthy. There must have been many Chinese who deliberately stayed out of the census to avoid taxation. A man found it easy enough to vanish if he relinquished his claim to land, and this was going on everywhere.

In vain did the later emperors try to alleviate the sufferings of their subjects; they could not bring back the prosperity, let alone the glory, of T'ai Tsung's days. After a century of increasing hardship things came to a head once more, at the end of 875 when revolt broke out in the north-east. There, dispossessed peasants and traders became outright bandits who wandered about the country pillaging cities, even the great southern ports of Canton and Fu-chou.

Token of an emperor's gratitude, the bas-relief opposite depicts a warrior removing an arrow from the chest of one of T'ai Tsung's favorite chargers. The bas-relief adorned the emperor's tomb, which T'ai Tsung commissioned himself twelve years before his death.

For the next thirty years near anarchy prevailed. The emperor was at the mercy of his own generals. They were rewarded with land—nothing less than whole provinces in some cases—for dispersing the bandits. This was the new fashion, and everywhere commanders took little kingdoms for themselves. China must have been rather like the cut-up country it was during the rule of the war lords in our own century. The historian Grousset, however, sees it like contemporary France "at the time of the collapse of the Carolingian Empire." The seesaw of East and West had at last become synchronized.

In 904 one of the generals, Chu Wên, tricked the emperor into coming to his stronghold in the province of Honan and there assassinated him. Then he killed all the emperor's brothers, and as Li Yüan had done three centuries before, placed on the throne a prince thirteen years old. Three years later Chu Wên deposed the youth and made himself emperor. Since the prince was not considered a T'ang, his name and the date he was put to death seem hardly worth recording here. The T'ang dynasty was no more.

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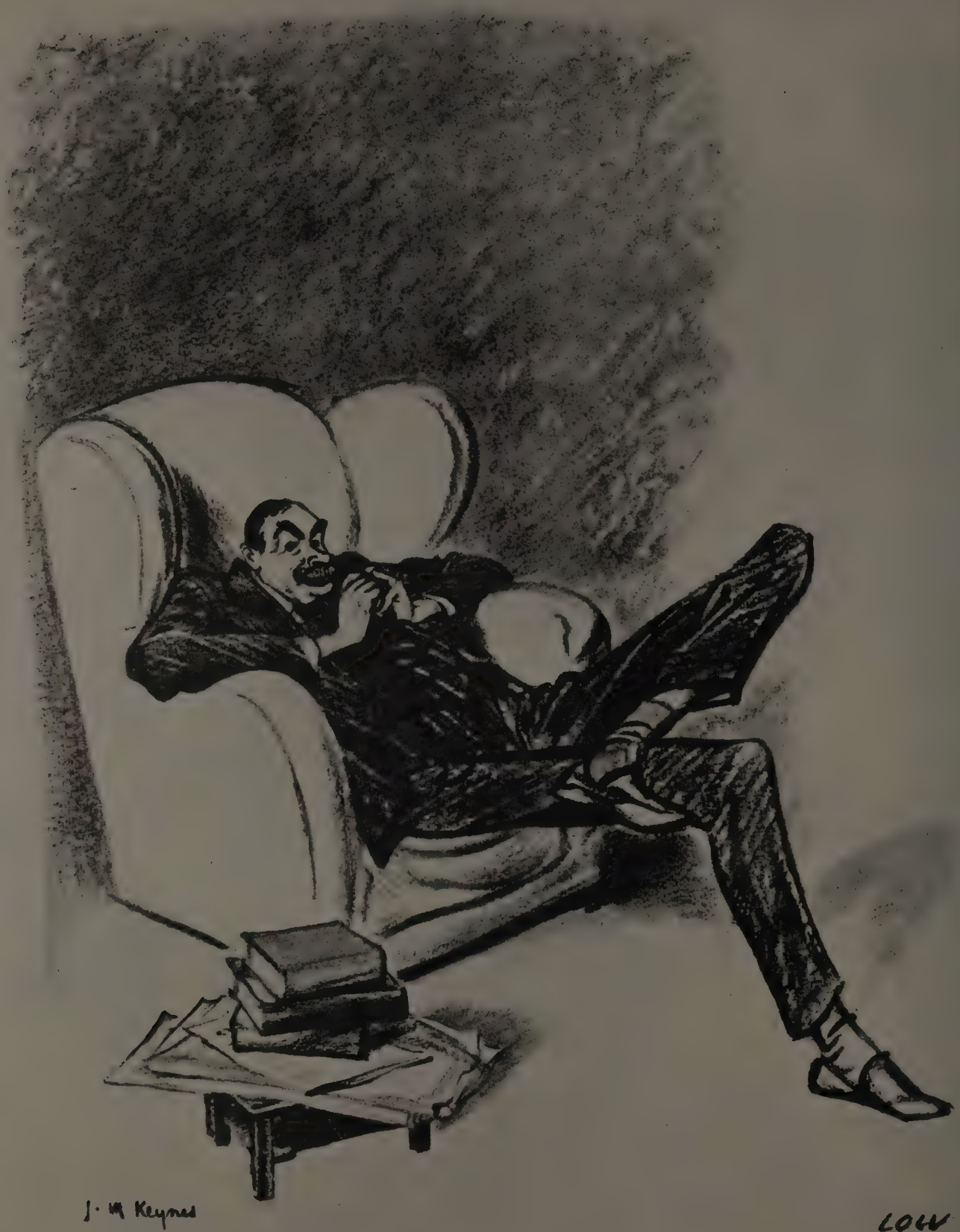
J. M. Keynes
LOW

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MAYNARD KEYNES

He helped steer capitalism off the rocks in the depression. He conceived the economic machinery that directs our lives. But, the author suggests, his brilliant engine has been allowed to run wild

Almost everyone who knew Maynard Keynes—he disdained the banality of his first name, John—remembered him as just about the cleverest man in England. Lytton Strachey once remarked that "his common sense was enough to freeze a volcano." Leonard Woolf, Bloomsbury's judicious liberal conscience, said that Keynes had "absolutely the quickest brain of any man I've ever met, except perhaps Bertrand Russell's." But Russell himself admitted that he seldom emerged from an argument with Keynes without feeling something of a fool. Russell, now our last surviving Victorian, was demolished by Keynes as one successive age demolishes another: "Bertie . . . sustained simultaneously a pair of opinions ludicrously incompatible. He held that in fact human affairs were carried on after a most irrational fashion, but that the remedy was quite simple and easy, since all we had to do was to carry them on rationally." Let Keynes's loyal biographer, the economist Sir Roy Harrod, have the last of our opening words: "No one in our age was cleverer than Keynes, nor made less attempt to conceal it."

Inside this intellectual dandy was a genius crying to get out. When it finally did, in the depths of the depression, Keynes's brilliant intelligence devised a technique for steering capitalism off the rocks on which it was then stuck fast. He demonstrated beyond a doubt that the forces of the free market would not automatically bring prosperity if allowed to work themselves into balance in the long run; for, as Keynes said, "In the long run we are all dead." Adam Smith's "invisible hand" was simply not there to moderate mankind's self-interest.

Keynes's classifications of aggregate income and expenditure, savings and investment, are as basic to modern thought as Freud's discovery of the emotional forces by which we are individually driven. The discovery of what was essentially a neutral fact—that there was no God in the economic machine—had an impact as forceful as the awesome discoveries of the atomic scientists. The scientists showed man that it was possible to harness the raw energy that runs the physical universe; Keynes showed him that it was possible to regulate and offset the greed that drives our capitalist world. He overturned Victorian economic morality at a stroke: "The engine which drives Enterprise is not Thrift, but Profit." These discoveries about ourselves and our environment, whether emotional, physical, or material, share one message: if man will be master of his fate, he must seize the power to control it. But Keynes, like the atomic scientists, was never quite at home with this brute fact of power. Politics, he said, is "a fairly adequate substitute for bridge." The clever Whig aristocrat, the gray eminence to two wartime governments, the patron of the arts, the prolific pamphleteer, the academic economist who outguessed the markets and made a fortune as a speculator, composed a life that was truly Mozartean in its grace, elegance, and success. But like Mozart and the Mysterious Stranger, Keynes at last came face to face with the irrational power of the self-perpetuating modern superstate, and his weak heart collapsed.

Keynes was born in 1883 and died in 1946. Fathered by an age of rational moralists (his parents were Cambridge dons), he grew up in an age of clever people. They were the fragile gadflies who led us out of Victorian certainty but not quite into the modern world; we know them as Bloomsbury. His life spans the period of change from individual enterprise to mass capitalism, and he was among the first to see the inevitability of this change in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. The book is seldom read nowadays because its conclusions are so obvious to us. Written in 1919, in the heat of resigning as Treasury representative to the Brit-

This caricature by David Low for the New Statesman *caught Keynes in his characteristic slouch, doubtless in the midst of some witty and mercilessly perceptive observation.*

By LAWRENCE MALKIN

ish delegation at the Versailles Peace Conference, the book was a sensation and made Keynes internationally notorious at the age of thirty-six. Perhaps its most famous passage describes the capitalist system that gave birth to Keynes's class and sustained its self-confidence. It is worth quoting at length, to sample both his penetrating style and his reformist view of a system that Marx wanted to destroy as passionately as Keynes wanted it rebuilt.

> . . . this remarkable system depended for its growth on a double bluff or deception. On the one hand the laboring classes accepted from ignorance or powerlessness, or were compelled, persuaded, or cajoled by custom, convention, authority, and the well-established order of Society into accepting, a situation in which they could call their own very little of the cake, that they and Nature and the capitalists were co-operating to produce. And on the other hand the capitalist classes were allowed to call the best part of the cake theirs and were theoretically free to consume it, on the tacit underlying condition that they consumed very little of it in practice. The duty of "saving" became nine-tenths of virtue and the growth of the cake the object of true religion. . . . I seek only to point out that the principle of accumulation based on inequality was a vital part of the pre-war order of Society and of progress as we then understood it, and to emphasize that this principle depended on unstable psychological conditions, which it may be impossible to re-create. It was not natural for a population, of whom so few enjoyed the comforts of life, to accumulate so hugely. The war has disclosed the possibility of consumption to all and the vanity of abstinence to many. Thus the bluff is discovered; the laboring classes may be no longer willing to forgo so largely, and the capitalist classes, no longer confident of the future, may seek to enjoy more fully their liberties of consumption so long as they last, and thus precipitate the hour of their confiscation.

It took a depression and another world war for the capitalists and the workers to come to terms, with Keynes as their mediator. He was writing then under the shadow of the Bolshevik revolution, which he feared. When he visited Russia six years later, he came away horrified at this new and to him utterly drab religion: "Leninism is absolutely, defiantly non-supernatural, and its emotional and ethical essence centers about the individual's and the community's attitude towards the Love of Money." He asked himself: "How can I adopt a creed which, preferring the mud to the fish, exalts the boorish proletariat above the bourgeois and the intelligentsia who, with whatever faults, are the quality in life and surely carry the seeds of all human advancement?"

Now here is a curious type of economist, one who places personal development above material prosperity and assumes that others will, too. This is the key to Keynes; it was to be his triumph as an economist and at the same time his chief failing as a social thinker. He had grown up in an Edwardian late afternoon that cast deep and distinctive shadows on the personalities of those permitted to flourish in it. It is nice to be nostalgic about that age, but in fact it favored only the few. In 1910 poor-law relief in England reached a fifty-year high. Domestic servants in the middle-class London suburb of Hampstead outnumbered all other residents. Three-quarters of Britain's investment went overseas instead of building up home industry. The empire had not yet started running down, but its heart was; England made up its trade deficit with banking profits. British capitalism, once vigorously productive, had become essentially manipulative. Upper-class Philistinism, with its shootin' and huntin' types, buried emotions and could be cruel to outsiders who seemed to violate the natural order of things. A Manchester industrialist might be a vulgar upstart, but he and his social betters shared a vast insensitivity for those trapped on the wrong side of the double bluff.

From their earliest days Keynes and his friends had gathered in secret sects to shut out this thick-skinned world. Perpetuating the individualism, even the eccentricity, of this life was one of his goals as an economist. His method was not mass organization but the intelligence of the precious few. Woolf and Strachey came to his rooms at King's College in 1903 to invite him into the Apostles, a society of Cambridge's intellectual elite that met secretly on Saturday nights. Their guiding philosophy was a kind of didactic aestheticism. The ideas were those of the Cambrige philosopher G. E. Moore, or at least their interpretation of him. They built on Moore's *Principia Ethica*, a work sweet and confident in its assumption of the existence of beauty and goodness and practical in its calculations of how to attain them. As Keynes later described their version of Moore, good was an attribute as morally neutral as, say, green. A little logical analysis—Keynes's father was a logician, the son's first theoretical work was a *Treatise on Probability*—leads quickly to a philosophy of finding the greatest good (as Keynes said he did) in the enjoyment of beautiful objects and the pleasures of human intercourse. The gravest sin seemed that of bad taste.

It certainly was in Bloomsbury—the group that took its name from the district of London where so many of its members lived. Much has been written about that ingathering of intellectual self-exiles that makes it seem a sort of conspiracy, at least to those who remember being withered by its conversation (unacceptable or insipid beliefs were quashed with a single word: "*Re*ally!"). But in fact it was a shepherd's reed hardly strong enough to be sinister. Years later, Keynes described its youthful genesis: "I can see us as water-spiders, gracefully skimming, as light and reasonable as air, the surface of the stream without any contact at all with the eddies and currents underneath." Bloomsbury was the original of the Beautiful People. The set gave famous parties, and one masquerade ball at which Keynes danced the can-can in 1923 has gone into the history

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, LTD., LONDON

Luminaries of the Bloomsbury group—Keynes was the brightest star—watch the biographer Lytton Strachey get his hair cut. From left to right: the aesthetes Roger Fry and Clive Bell, the painter Duncan Grant (for whose affections Keynes and Strachey once competed), an unidentified guest, and wielding the scissors, Vanessa Bell.

books. The two Stephen sisters, who became Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell, were its queens, although their husbands were definitely not its kings. This honor was disputed, as was much else, between Keynes and Strachey. When Keynes defied Bloomsbury's positively Ptolemaic tradition of intermarriage and picked a bride from outside the set, the Russian ballerina Lydia Lopokova, Strachey dismissed her as "a half-witted canary."

But there was more involved. Keynes and Strachey had been lovers years before, then Strachey took up with the beautiful young painter Duncan Grant. Maynard stole Duncan away. Lytton was desolate. The two remained friends, but Strachey seemed able to get close to Keynes only when Keynes was unhappy. After his marriage he fell away from the set, although never completely. Lydia, it appears, protected him from the depredations of Bloomsbury and the outside world alike.

To this day, the surviving members disagree on who belonged to this Upper Bohemia, where it met, even when it existed (roughly between 1910 and 1930, with time out for a detestable war in which Keynes was one of Bloomsbury's few participants, as a Treasury official managing external finance). The catfights of the memoir writers are of minor importance. What matters is Bloomsbury's essentially static sense. It was a kind of terminal moraine to the great Victorian glacier, the morality leached out; Stephen Spender described it as "the last kick of an enlightened aristocratic tradition." Bloomsbury was indeed the last of the Whig aristocracy, and except for Keynes, these intellectual oligarchs deliberately stripped themselves of public power. Keynes was Bloomsbury's man of action and adviser on the outside world, with a typical Whig zest that disdained all zeal. He would help arrange the finances for that Room of One's Own, which cost a neat £500 a year. He would advise Strachey where to go in the Mediterranean for the best value in "bed and boy." His homosexuality helped reinforce his sense of social separatism. Today we would call it alienation. But Keynes was never alienated from his society, except perhaps when he attacked it for sheer economic stupidity. He mastered society from above and quite naturally built his personal elitism into his economic techniques.

Reminiscences of Keynes's life make it a fine, sunlit, effortlessly spun web. His characteristic manner was sitting sunk deep in an armchair, each hand tucked into the opposite coat sleeve like a mandarin. His face was not handsome. He had a large spoonbill nose, which earned him the nickname "Snout" at Eton. But he allied his modulated, musical voice to his persuasive powers and delighted in argument for its own sake. "Like Dr. Johnson, he would talk for victory," recalled Noel Annan, a Cambridge colleague.

Keynes speculated on both money and commodity markets with the same languorous confidence. Operating from his bed every morning, equipped only with telephone, newspapers, and an uncanny knowledge of long-range trends—"my diversion," he wrote his mother—he built his personal fortune from an initial capital of £4,000 (most of it borrowed after losing his own savings in a first plunge on the markets). "The dealers on Wall Street could make huge fortunes if only they had no inside information," he once said. He beat them at their own game in the 1930's by investing heavily in American utility stocks. Wall Street believed That Man in the White House would show his true socialist colors by nationalizing the public utilities. Keynes knew better. When the stocks eventually rose, he made a killing.

One of the two best minds in England regards the other in action: Bertrand Russell (left) contemplates a verbal fencing match between Keynes and Strachey, c. 1917. Russell has written of Keynes: "Annihilating arguments darted out of him with the swiftness of an adder's tongue. When I argued with him, I felt that I took my life in my hands . . ."

By 1937, when a heart attack curtailed his activities, his fortune was £506,450. His art collection was valued at £31,419 at his death. In the public interest he had also laid the foundations of the National Gallery's impressionist collection by attending a wartime Paris art auction armed with £20,000 of government money and Duncan Grant's advice; it was the spring of 1918 and Big Bertha was shelling the city, fortuitously depressing prices. "We have great hopes of you and consider that your existence at the Treasury is at last justified," Vanessa Bell wrote patronizingly, and indeed, ungratefully, for Keynes had risked his public position to testify for Bloomsbury's conscientious objectors. When his own call-up notice came, he replied on Treasury stationery that he was simply too busy to attend. For a man of such sheer practical genius life was a game, and the greater the intellectual or financial risk the better.

Keynes was a true Whig. This curious type of aristocracy is not found outside England. They did not accept the Victorian view of progress and the perfectability of human nature, and they also rejected the Tory extreme of an Augustinian belief in the utter corruptibility of human nature. Keynes held to the skeptical Whig belief in tolerance and human intelligence as a way out of the thicket. But instead of democratically according these qualities to the citizenry at large, he transferred his faith in an intellectual elite to the government, to that supposedly sensible leadership beloved of the Whigs. He believed that an elite intelligence could manage things better than the citizens themselves, or more precisely, that it could define the arena for the play of individual interests. What he failed to recognize, until too late, was that in our time the government's own huge interests in that same arena would extend its role far beyond that of pure arbiter and that it would be equally subject to the deep irrationalities of the nation as a whole. The disinterested elite is ground to dust in the ring.

Every economist, like any social scientist, is a product of his times. Adam Smith observed and favored an agricultural society in which unemployment was impossible. Industry, cushioned by agriculture and fueled by thrift, operated from what Smith saw as a natural propensity to bargain. Of course this had its ups and downs; in the aggregate it was known as the trade cycle. When demand was slack, the farm families worked less at their cottage looms, sold less, ate less. But they survived, and national accumulations of capital slowly bettered their lot. (Bagehot said Smith believed there was a Scotsman inside each of us.) Malthus described an expanding urban society, and his predictions were consistently overturned by advancing technology. Ricardo and Mill described an early industrial economy of heavy saving and cutthroat competition. The dominant character was the Dickensian entrepreneur plowing his profits back into the firm; the subservient one was the worker robbed of his share of the reinvested profits and forced to sell his labor to the highest bidder.

All their speculations were turned into something close to science by Alfred Marshall, Keynes's teacher at Cambridge. This nineteenth-century mathematical economist devised calculations of supply and demand down to a hairsbreadth, and the more precise they became, the further they were from real life. These economists believed instinctively in the law of the eighteenth-century Frenchman Jean Baptiste Say: supply creates its own demand. Whatever could be produced —and this was natural in an economy of scarcity—would be bought. When

the system got out of balance, it could be righted by cutting prices to increase demand, and that included a brutal cut in the price of the worker's labor. The system was beautiful in its self-regulating automaticity. Cheaper labor was supposed to encourage the capitalists to start up their idle factories and put people back to work.

Marx had already realized that the workers wouldn't play and would one day refuse to cut their wages. Keynes looked around him and saw that the capitalists wouldn't play either. They refused to risk cutting their prices—and risk is the essence of capitalism. When it faced its crisis in the 1930's, it had lost the nerve to employ the tremendous resources lying idle in Europe and America. With populations declining and technology stuck fast, capitalism seemed to have lost its creative drive. There was a closing of economic frontiers. The Marxists thought the system was at last in its death throes, but Keynes restored its vigor by repealing Say's unworkable law of supply and demand and replacing it with a system that could make man a master of the economic machine instead of its slave.

But Keynes belonged nevertheless to the rationalist tradition of his predecessors, and out of this tradition came *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* (1936). This seminal work of the twentieth century is not in fact a general theory (Keynes never suffered from excessive modesty), but a system of short-run techniques for manipulating the economy, and in particular the level of employment, which was then capitalism's most serious threat. Their proof was in their practice: the techniques worked. Keynes depended primarily on his eclectic intuition and experience. A collector of Newton's papers, he quotes with approval a dialogue between Halley and Newton about planetary motion. Halley: "How do you know that? Have you proved it?" Newton: "Why, I've known it for years. If you'll give me a few days, I'll certainly find you a proof of it." By now we know Keynes's discoveries in our bones, and unless we want to return to a situation in which one man out of every five or six is out of work through no fault of his own, we forget them at our peril.

Keynes introduced the concept of a national balance sheet to regulate the level of employment and the level of consumption plus investment. The balance was not between individual supply and demand, which never worked anywhere outside the daily cabbage market, but between the size of a nation's total resources and the demand for them. In short, what everyone produces and earns must equal what everyone saves and spends. If we earn less, we also spend and save less. We also produce and invest less. Then the machine begins to run more slowly, and resources are not used, human ones especially. Keynes demonstrated that nothing decreed the machine would ever start up again and call those resources back into use. It could idle along at half-speed for years, as it did during the depression. Nothing was built into the machine—no regulator, no invisible hand—to ensure that it would call on just the precise number of people available.

What to do? The answer seems absurdly simple now. The government must raise the level of what people spend, or lower it if there is not enough output to match. It can do this through taxation and through putting extra money into the economy by leaving the budget unbalanced. It must induce businessmen to invest more, by subsidies or lower interest rates. Or it must simply invest more itself, through public works. Naturally, the whole scheme can be thrown into reverse. It is a matter of shuffling the figures in the national equation to keep the machine running at optimum speed.

The General Theory itself was a polemic designed to convince Keynes's fellow economists and in turn the British government. Classical economic theory had decreed a cut in wages as a depression remedy. First to get it in the neck, because they were closest to hand, were the nation's parsimonious teachers; they were followed by the unemployed, whose dole was cut. This helped balance the budget and maintain the gold standard. It didn't work. Ramsay MacDonald's Labor government went off the gold standard in 1931. This eased Britain's unemployment somewhat by making goods more attractively priced, especially in captive imperial markets. But when the Conservatives returned the same year, they refused to deviate from a balanced budget. The British Treasury's arguments against public works are something to behold; the mandarins opposed a road-building program because "who would use them?"

In the United States the New Deal acted more out of instinct than theory on Keynesian ideas that were already in the air. But without the underpinning of *The General Theory*, Roosevelt was eventually forced to bend to the classical economists and balance the budget. When he did this in 1937, unemployment rose at once. The economist and the President had met in the White House in 1934. Although Roosevelt wrote Felix Frankfurter that he had "had a grand talk with K and liked him immensely," he did not put Keynes's ideas systematically into effect, especially the vital technical ones on deficit finance and credit as a positive (rather than accidental) cure for slack demand. This did not happen until John Kennedy was reluctantly persuaded that it was necessary by his economic advisers, all carefully schooled Keynesians.

Keynes admitted that he deliberately overstated his doctrine because he demanded action, quickly and sensibly. "Words ought to be a little wild, for they are the assault of thoughts upon the unthinking." His book is extremely difficult to read and almost impossible to use in a classroom; the mathematical hocus-pocus went well (if slowly) in the trade. Paul Samuelson of M.I.T., whose internationally used college textbook on Keynesian economics shows an ad-

mirable grasp of capitalist enterprise—the professor has made a fortune on it—once described his master's chef-d'oeuvre thus: "It abounds in mares' nests or confusions . . . In it the Keynesian system stands out indistinctly, as if the author were hardly aware of its existence or cognizant of its proportions. An awkward definition suddenly gives way to an unforgettable cadenza. When finally mastered, its analysis is found to be obvious and at the same time new. In short, it is a work of genius." Keynes knew it. On New Year's Day in 1935 he wrote Bernard Shaw: "I believe myself to be writing a book on economic theory which will largely revolutionize—not, I suppose, at once but in the course of the next ten years—the way the world thinks about economic problems."

So now the Keynesian revolution has been completed, and like any other, even one launched out of such a gentle and humane tradition, it has begun to devour itself. By demonstrating how to manipulate large forces in the economy, Keynes unwittingly drew the blueprint for an economic juggernaut that must eventually, if it has not done so already, kill the individual values and personal variety he passionately sought to preserve.

Like Freud's, Keynes's sensible ideas have been transported across the Atlantic and turned into a fake philosophers' stone of precise formulas for the supposed prediction of human behavior; statistical practitioners of his theory claim it cuts as fine as—what shall we say?—a guillotine? What has been constructed is a different kind of economic machine, but a machine nevertheless. It could hardly have been a benign intelligence—if it was any intelligence at all—that organized such unfettered production and wasteful competition by a selfish mass that cares not a sou for the legitimate economic needs of the poor in the ghettos. This same intelligence has assigned the shift of the control of investment—which is simply the control of economic creation—from the individual to the managerial elite, aptly described by Norman Mailer as "locked in common-law marriage with the government for thirty-five years."

As a descriptive social scientist, Keynes saw this coming, but he encouraged it as the only way to keep capitalism going. It seemed self-evident to him that the creators of economic wealth would co-operate with their political rulers in its proper distribution. He explained how to use idle resources, but not misdirected ones; that was a task for simple intelligence. His system of short-term economic management is essentially static, like his very special society. Nothing in it allows for technological disruptions such as automation, nor for the huge concentrations of economic power that can fix the prices for goods or labor almost at will, nor for geometrical progression of ordinary human wants. (In *The General Theory* he suggested that after a few years of full employment ordinary people might be so satisfied with their lot that a zero interest rate would be necessary to halt saving and boost spending.) Keynes provided the economic rationale for public investment in something as vague and rewarding as the pleasant English concept of public amenity—parks, schools, planned housing. He provided equally for public expenditure out of pure decency toward the forgotten, and significantly, nonconsuming parameters. But the will to do this is not necessarily comprehended in Keynes's system, only in his aristocratic soul. By invoking the state as a *deux ex machina* to extract the capitalists from their own contradictions, he assumed that the state would be beneficial, paternalistic, and sensible, if only it could shake off "a failure of intelligence."

But where in the world today can one find such a government of disinterested Whigs? Governments now are the major actors in the economic drama, seizing delightedly on the tools of taxation, investment, and credit that Keynes fashioned for them. Like the Renaissance princes who clipped the coinage, they now know how to manage the modern economy to suit their own purposes.

In the totally new type of economy created through Keynes—an economy neither of scarcity nor glut but of previously unimagined abundance—the master himself may be turning into a defunct economist. The size, complexity, and sheer force of modern productive power are proving less and less amenable to the fine-tuning of Keynesian levers. The economic managers have instead been forced to start swinging meat axes to chop off vigorous but unwanted growths in an economy of such heterogeneity as Keynes never imagined. These heroic weapons are becoming distressingly familiar and less effective, partly because the motives of those who swing them are distrusted. Credit crunches work indiscriminately; businessmen damn the interest rate and invest even more fanatically. Across-the-board shifts in taxation only stimulate a new rush of money into goods, before they become even more expensive. A situation in which everyone expects rising prices promotes an irrational swirl that can eventually destroy the necessary interplay of the market; for it to operate, buyers who believe prices will go up must balance against sellers who believe they will go down. (Keynes himself was not too worried about inflation. He looked back across the centuries and associated the rentier's profits with periods of great cultural achievement, the inflation bestowing "freedom from economic cares" upon the governing classes.)

This is not to blame Keynes for the cornucopian monster his followers have created. He had a secure faith in the forces of the market, but also a sensible awareness of their destructive potential. "For my part," he wrote in 1924, "I think that Capitalism, *wisely managed* [my italics], can probably be made more efficient for attaining economic ends than any alternative system yet in sight, but that in itself it is in

many ways extremely objectionable. Our problem is to work out a social organization which shall be as efficient as possible without offending our notions of a satisfactory way of life." Later he came to realize that wise management was not as easily attained as good, or even green. In an essay on "My Early Beliefs," read to his old Bloomsbury friends in the Memoir Club, he wrote: "We were not aware that civilization was a thin and precarious crust erected by the personality and the will of a very few, and only maintained by rules and conventions skillfully put across and guilefully preserved. . . . I still suffer incurably from attributing an unreal rationality to other people's feelings and behavior (and doubtless to my own, too). . . . The attribution of rationality to human nature, instead of enriching it, now seems to me to have impoverished it. It ignored certain powerful and valuable springs of feeling." That was in 1938, just after the Mysterious Stranger had first knocked. But Keynes had already devised his system. It was too late to change mental habits to fit in with his new and perhaps darker beliefs.

During his final years Keynes was deeply involved in managing Britain's wartime economy and was given a peerage for it. He negotiated with the United States over the form of the postwar economic system and England's subsidiary role in it. He proposed the equivalent of a world-wide central bank to regulate the financing of world trade, and an international currency that would have downgraded gold ("a barbarous relic"). The idea, a product of sheer intelligence, might have averted the world monetary crisis we face now. The United States refused to accept anything but a watered-down version in the International Monetary Fund, lest this entail yielding too much of its newly won power to the embryo world authority that Keynes's central bank would have become. After surveying the faces of the American bankers, businessmen, and bureaucrats arrayed around the table at the Bretton Woods Conference in 1944, he remarked to a friend: "They look like knees." It was a look into a faceless future. In March, 1946, Keynes went to the founding meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Savannah and was reduced to quibbling over the location of the Fund's headquarters and its directors' salaries. "I went to Savannah expecting to meet the world, and all I met was a tyrant," he said. A month later he was dead.

Keynes was photographed with his wife, the former ballerina Lydia Lopokova, in 1945, the year before his death.

Keynes had outlived his time, but surely not his usefulness. What he had missed about communism was that love of money would turn into love of power; and about capitalism, that the managerial elite, whether in business or government, would be suborned by the same thing. But capitalism could not have done without Keynes, and the question it now faces is what to do *with* him. His techniques may be subject to revision, but his essential idea of man controlling his economic destiny cannot be. The problem of capitalism is no longer economic, it is political. Success of this tremendously creative system now depends on whether we can bend the juggernaut to our social will. The key ideas now are not the elitist concepts of management but democratic planning and personal participation. If Adam Smith's invisible hand was, in a way, actually created and made visible by Keynes, it now must be connected to those deeper springs of feeling he divined late in life. I do not know what the mechanism should be. But I do know that it demands new democratic institutions to deal with economic complexities. They probably must be drawn on a more intimate scale, but they must also reach far beyond the intellectual elite that Keynes believed was the repository of wisdom. If the ensuing dialogue entails a loss of economic efficiency, then so be it. Economists, Keynes was fond of saying, should be technicians "like dentists." He regarded members of his profession as "the trustees, not of civilization, but of the *possibility* of civilization." Today his intellectual heirs manipulate their slide rules and chortle, "We are all Keynesians now." Keynes would have shuddered at the expression, and if he were alive, I doubt he would be one.

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THE HISTORY OF HISTORY

Ever since Petrarch stood
the medieval world view on its head
every age has found
its own way to look at the past

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An etching by Piranesi, done in 1774, of the Temple of Concordia in the Roman Forum

By PETER GAY

History—the discipline that studies the past—has a history of its own, almost as varied and certainly as interesting as the past it studies. We take written history for granted and blandly assume that its commitment to truth and precision, its methods of research and proof, its implicit assumptions about the world, about the nature of man and of time, are permanent. But this assumption is wrong. History is an antique profession—one of the oldest, although not, to be sure, the oldest—and many of its principles were laid down by the ancient Greeks. David Hume, himself a distinguished historian, said, "The first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real history. All preceding narrations are so intermixed with fable, that philosophers ought to abandon them, in a great measure, to the embellishment of poets and orators." With his customary penetration, Hume here suggests not merely the beginnings but also the decisive characteristic of history: if it is anything at all, history is the disciplined effort to dissect the past scientifically—that is to say, critically.

Hume offered his distinction between history and fable as a reliable criterion, an objective test for discriminating one type of narrative about the past from another. But it was also an invidious distinction, a covert disparagement of medieval ways of writing history. Whatever we may think of the Enlightenment's inability to see anything of value in the works of Christians, on this point at least, Hume was right: the historical writings of the Middle Ages were ridden with myths, and indeed, oriented toward a central myth—the Incarnation of Christ. For more than a thousand years, beginning in the fourth century with Eusebius of Caesarea, Christians wrote works that might loosely be called historical; they compiled accounts of the growth of their Church, narratives of the Crusades, or chronicles of the reigns of Christian kings. Many of these chronicles burst with the love of life, the appreciation of variety; many of them

make an earnest effort to sift the conflicting testimony of eyewitnesses. Yet even at their best, these histories were a regression from the peaks of tough-minded realism reached by Thucydides in Greece or Tacitus in Rome, and for the most part they were more fable than history. Their conception of the moving forces of history—of causes—was parochial and unscientific; they explained the victories of Christians, or their prosperity, as the miraculous rewards dealt out by God, and their defeats or misery as divine punishment. Their division of the past into periods was just as mystical: instead of periodizing history in obedience to rhythms that the past discloses to the attentive observer, they used some magic number (three, or four, or six) or prophecies drawn from the Bible. For these pious chroniclers history was inferior in dignity to theology, and it was apocalyptic besides. History, for the medieval Christian, was a record of an imperfect earthly existence that, they hoped and prayed, would soon end with the Second Coming of Christ.

Compared with such attitudes the Greek and Roman views of history appear modern. Still, when we consider the craft as it is practiced today, the giants of antique historiography seem far removed. In fact some historians of history have denied them the name of historian altogether. "In the sense in which Gibbon and Mommsen were historians," the influential English philosopher R. G. Collingwood wrote in 1924, "there was no such thing as an historian before the eighteenth century." The gulf, he adds, "between a Thucydides and a Gibbon is not a mere difference of degree between the historian of a short period and the historian of a long. It is the difference between the recorder of those facts which happen to be directly visible from his own empirical situation in history, and the thinker who, defying the empirical limitations of time and place, claims for himself, in principle, the power to recount the whole infinite history of the universe."

This dismissal is rather too easy. The Greeks—Thucydides, and before him, Herodotus—had a highly developed conception of a past, and a past longer than their own life span. Besides, Collingwood's very definition of history is unhistorical; it takes a correct intuition—that the discipline of history has undergone a marked development—and implies that the kind of history we practice today is an ideal that historians in past centuries failed to reach. This proceeding seriously underestimates the contributions made to the modern discipline by its predecessors. History as we know it is a synthesis of principles and practices that reached independent status and a kind of perfection in the nineteenth century with Leopold von Ranke and Jakob Burckhardt. But each age that preceded these masters contributed essential elements to that synthesis. The Greeks brought to history a point of view about the world that we might call realism—a critical distance from myths and fables that enabled them to discriminate between historical accounts and offer naturalistic reasons for events.

Still, when all this has been said, Collingwood has a point: the ancient Greeks were realists in their history, but they applied their realism to a small canvas. Their relevance to our view of history is therefore indirect rather than direct; it begins with their revival, and adroit exploitation, by the Renaissance Humanists.

THE AGE OF REALISM

Ironically—and the history of history is full of ironies—the ancestor of modern history was not a historian but a poet, Petrarch, and his contribution to the discipline was not deliberate but inadvertent. Petrarch discovered distance and thus set the stage for the recovery of classical realism.

"The discovery of distance" sounds like a mysterious phrase. It is actually anything but mysterious. Petrarch's contemporaries lived, as their predecessors had lived, in the secure belief that they were Romans. They knew, more

Petrarch (1304–1374)
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Niccolò Machiavelli (1469–1527)
PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE—ALINARI

Jean Mabillon (1632–1707)

Humfrey Wanley (1672–1726)
SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES

or less dimly, that there had been troubles in Rome in the fifth century; had not Saint Augustine, one of the most respected among the church fathers, felt compelled to write a long polemic defending the Christians against the charge that they had been responsible for the successful invasion of Rome by the barbarians? But this fall of Rome had not been a Fall of Rome; as late as Dante (who wrote his *Divine Comedy* when Petrarch was a boy) it was taken for granted that the old Roman Empire was still alive. Petrarch himself shared this view—how could he avoid it?—but then, in an unsuspected place, in his musing on literary merit, he introduced a subtle modification. It was universally understood that pagans before Christ had lived in a dark age, an age, that is, unillumined by the light of Christ. Then Christ came, and with him, the age of light. Petrarch, as a Christian, accepted this scheme, but he was stunned by his first visit to Rome; its majestic pagan ruins seemed to him a silent but devastating commentary on the life around him—colorful, gay, and profoundly ignorant of its great heritage. At this point Petrarch stood the designation of light and darkness on its head. The Rome of Cicero, pagan classical Rome, became the age of light; Rome under Christian domination, the age of darkness. The choice of adjectives, the very principle of judgment—which was, after all, secular—created distance from the past, and in two ways: if an age of darkness had intervened between classical Rome and Petrarch's time, ancient Rome was truly dead and could become the subject of detached historical inquiry. And if the intervening age was a dark one, this meant that fourteenth-century observers, passionately desiring a recrudescence of light, had gained some detachment from their own beliefs. They were still Christians—the age of principled pagans and secularists was at least two centuries away—but they were Christians capable of a realistic appraisal of their world. Thus Petrarch's redefinition of "dark ages" was the prerequisite for the age of historical realism that was to follow.

A revolution as far-reaching as this was of necessity a slow one. But it came, step by step. "What is history," Petrarch had asked rhetorically, "but the glorification of ancient Rome?" In the hands of Renaissance historians it became that, but more than that as well: it became political history that utilized the bitter, disenchanted insights of ancient historians like Tacitus to understand the political realities of their own day. Three great Florentines —Leonardo Bruni, early in the fifteenth century, Machiavelli and Guicciardini early in the sixteenth century —produced historical works designed to have some bearing on contemporary affairs: to restore Florentine morale in the face of powerful enemies by digging up its own admirable past, or to decide what proper domestic course to follow by studying the actions of great earlier Florentine statesmen. These realists were more than partisans or ideologists; they were realists in the comprehensive sense of being secularists. The divine will has vanished from their historical writings; religion appears as a social force manipulated by the powerful, or as an all-too-human institution, the Roman Church, devoted to sowing discord. History is the record of men and their passions in violent, continuous conflict. True, these Renaissance historians indulged themselves in large explanations that seem almost mystical to the modern reader: Machiavelli granted the mysterious workings of Fortuna an empire over half of man's fate; the other half was in control of man's vigorous action, his energy, his *virtù*. But this conception had been taken from antique pagan sources and thus strengthened the alliance of classical pre-Christian thought with the philosophy of the Renaissance; and the workings of Fortuna were immanent, not transcendent—they were explained not by recourse to a divine being but by recourse to the progress of history itself. The proper study of mankind's

past was man's past actions, not providential intervention. This was the distinct contribution of the Renaissance and the essential first step toward the writing of modern history.

THE AGE OF SCHOLARSHIP

Renaissance historians were learned men: the Humanists were grammarians, rhetoricians, and linguists, and indefatigable searchers after manuscripts. When we speak of the "rediscovery of antiquity," we do not mean that the classical writings of Horace or Ovid or Cicero had wholly disappeared. They had always been there, but they had lain unread and uncared for in vast, filthy, disorderly monastery libraries. The Humanists discovered them there, cleaned them, copied them, collated whatever copies they managed to find, and after the invention of printing, published them in critical, correct editions. The historians of the Renaissance, then, were scholars. They were also professional skeptics, alert to forgeries and interpolations. They needed to be; the forging of documents had been a flourishing industry in the Middle Ages. In 1440 Lorenzo Valla in a famous piece of detective work showed that the so-called Donation of Constantine, with which that first Christian among Roman emperors had supposedly handed over his vast dominions to the Church, must have been a later forgery. A little more than a century after Valla the French lawyer and political theorist Jean Bodin demonstrated that the favorite Christian scheme of periodization—the history of the world divided into four empires —was a wholly unhistorical borrowing from the Book of Daniel.

These writings on textual criticism and on fundamental historical assumptions give the Renaissance a good claim to being called an age of scholarship. But this scholarship was, as it were, intransitive; it was individual, personal, unorganized. It was in the seventeenth century that historical scholarship received the form it still has today. Methods of research were systematically explored, new techniques of reading documents were introduced and old techniques perfected. What historians in their pride like to call "auxiliary sciences" were invented one after another: diplomatics, numismatics, paleography—all emerged from the studies of secular antiquarians and monks' cells in the century of Descartes and Newton.

The inventors of these disciplines, which are essential to modern historical research, are almost completely unknown to the general public, even to the public that avidly reads history. Names like Jean Mabillon and Bernard de Montfaucon, giants of the profession, are mere shadows, cherished by a few. This is understandable. Such scholars wrote immense and immensely erudite treatises, almost all of them in Latin. They were printed in bulky, often sumptuous and expensive folios and filled with lists, specimens of handwritings or inscriptions, from which all drama had been drained. These men made history possible, but they wrote relatively little history of their own.

What, in short, was their contribution? First of all, seventeenth-century scholars collected documents. In our time, when practically everything is printed, when well-subsidized teams of researchers publish every last scrap of Jefferson or Hamilton, when libraries contain row upon row of treaties or parliamentary debates or important diaries—all legibly printed, well organized, and exhaustively indexed—it is easy to forget that three hundred years ago most traces of the past were in manuscript. Worse, these manuscripts lay scattered, uncatalogued, usually unsorted, in private or institutional libraries all over Europe. And an uncatalogued or unsorted document is almost as bad as no document at all.

What the seventeenth-century scholars did was make some rational order out of almost indescribable chaos. In England antiquarians (as they proudly called themselves, for then it was not a disparaging term) hunted through local records, visited out-of-the-way churches, sought access to the attics of stately homes, pillaged monasteries—all to discover a reliable picture of the English past. Early in the eighteenth century, when some of these men founded the Society of Antiquaries, a leader in the enterprise, Humphrey Wanley, eloquently justified its existence: "Such a Society," he wrote, will "Bring to Light and Preserve all old Monumental Inscriptions . . . Architecture, Scultpture, Engraving, Musick etc. will come under Their consideration, and the Antient Methods being retrieved, perhaps many things may be used afresh . . . They will also be able to explain not only most of the Obscure places in our Historians and other Writers, but others in the Greek and Roman Authors . . . A correspondence might be maintained through England and abroad and fit persons sent to travel over England and abroad to inspect Books and MSS to draw . . . Fortifications Castles Churches Houses Tombs Inscriptions Epitaphs Painted Glass etc. and if need be to buy up the most curious for the Society."

It is all here—the lust for the past, the urgency to get things right, the reliance on collective, even international, research. And on the Continent these English searchers had their counterparts: small mobile units of Jesuits and Benedictines crossed Europe in search of manuscripts, brought them together, established lists and catalogues and calendars to aid their own work and that of future generations. They did not finish—such work is never finished —but they began magnificently and pointed the way to further work.

Secondly, the age of scholarship greatly contributed to the understanding of the documents by studying languages. This was the age of great dictionaries, most of them compiled for the sake of history. In 1703, when the English philologist George Hickes published his enormous *Linguarum Veterum Septentrionalium Thesaurus* (Treasury of the Old Northern Tongues), he could draw on the contributions of two generations.

Finally—and most significantly—seventeenth-century scholars established reliable scientific criteria for discriminating among documents and other historical artifacts. Reading the testimony of coins, distinguishing between a genuine charter, a contemporary copy, a document genuine in essence but adulterated by interpolations, and an outright forgery, discriminating among types of handwriting—all this received the attention of the scholar, and all this is still practiced today, with their methods, and for all practical purposes, with the handbooks they wrote.

THE AGE OF CRITICISM

As the longevity of seventeenth-century scholarship shows, history is an evolving discipline; the achievements of one age are usually taken over by the next. But all is not gain; as the age of scholarship turned into the age of criticism, much was retained, but something also was lost. The historians of the eighteenth century were disdainful of fables and secular in their world view—they were thus, like the Humanists before them, realists. And they valued accuracy and precision—they were thus, like the historians of the seventeenth century, scholars. In fact seventeenth-century scholarship was indispensable to them; it is well known—partly because he often said so himself—that Gibbon could not do without it. Down to the sixth century Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* draws heavily on the ecclesiastical histories of the seventeenth-century scholar Le Nain de Tillemont, of whose "inimitable accuracy" Gibbon said that it "almost assumes the character of genius." In the *Decline and Fall* there is a sharp break at the point where Tillemont leaves off, signalized in Gibbon's sardonic manner: "Here," so reads a footnote, "I must take leave forever of that incomparable guide—whose bigotry is overbalanced by the merits of erudition, diligence, veracity, and scrupulous minuteness."

At first glance this parting shot appears to be a piece of impudent ingratitude. Actually it sums up the relation of the age of criticism to its two predecessors: in applying the realism of the Renaissance with exhilarating self-confidence to all historical events whatever, the *philosophes* (and practically all good eighteenth-century historians were *philosophes*) found themselves impatient with the laborious compilations of the erudite historians of the seventeenth century—and not only impatient. These historians had been not merely tedious writers but also devout Christians. The scope of their interest was deep but narrow—the history of the Church, of clerical orders, or of medieval institutions had been their range and the glorification of God their purpose. The *philosophes* had a different purpose and needed a wider range, and so they studied their devout precursors, used them freely, and despised them.

The loss entailed by such self-confidence is obvious; the historians of the age of criticism did nothing to advance the historical discipline in its technical aspects. They invented no new intellectual instruments, and they left the deciphering of manuscripts or digging up of coins to others. Yet this loss in momentum was more than made up for by the breadth of vision that the *philosophes* brought to and, with their fine historical works, imposed on the profession. Significantly, each of the three masters, Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon, was more than a historian; each brought to history the experience of literary men, an abiding passion for philosophy, and a love of culture. And, not surprisingly, they took out of history what they brought to it. Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV* and *Essay on the Manners and Spirit of Nations*, Hume's *History of England*, a trio of great works published in the 1740's, 50's, and 60's, rise beyond narration, beyond gossip, beyond politics and military affairs, to survey social policy, religious conditions, the progress and decline of literature and the arts, customs both grave and trivial, and—the main if covert theme of them all—the career of reason in civilization. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (1776–1788), the masterpiece of the age and an enduring, untarnished monument in the profession, brought Enlightenment history to its highest pitch: brilliantly written, admirably learned, sardonic and witty in a rather feline way, skeptical of high professions and penetrating about human motives, relentlessly anticlerical and indeed antireligious, the work continues to be read today, not merely as a repository of wit, but quite simply as a work of historical art. The *Decline and Fall* is a tragedy with real, not imaginary, actors; its tragic hero is the Roman Empire itself, the greatest and most prosperous political unit the world has ever known, gradually brought low as its fatal flaws become evident—ruined by long peace, prosperity, and effeminacy, by barbarian assaults, and by internal subversion through unworldly but quarrelsome Christians. It is a thoroughly modern work; it is not the cultural history we would write today (it neglects economic conditions and pays relatively little attention to the family), but it offers a rounded conception of the past. Gibbon's Rome is a real, articulated society in which men and institutions, armies and geography, laws, religious prejudices, political machinations and human passions, interact, co-operate, and clash. And Gibbon's history is secular history: the stuff of his work is the changes wrought by the imperfections of men—by greed, jealousy, class conflict, or madness. With Gibbon, as with Voltaire and Hume, we are in our world.

THE AGE OF NOSTALGIA

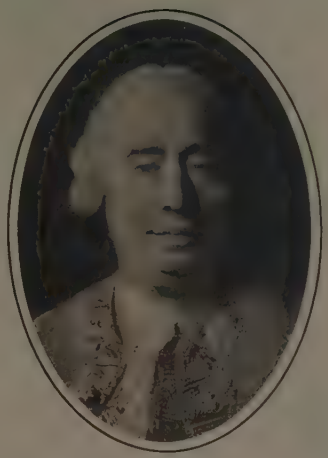
Enlightenment historiography is modern in tone, but it is not the final word. "Before any further progress could be made in historical thought," R. G. Collingwood observes, "two things were necessary: first, the horizon of history had to be widened through a more sympathetic investigation of those

past ages which the Enlightenment had treated as unenlightened or barbaric and left in obscurity; and secondly, the conception of human nature as something uniform and unchanging had to be attacked." These two attacks were made—with all the vehemence, exaggeration, and ingratitude one may expect of a younger generation assailing an older one—by two related, sometimes co-operating and sometimes hostile, movements of thought that became prominent in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century: romanticism and historicism.

The romantics—especially the German romantics and to a smaller degree their French friends—were on the whole eloquent merchants of nostalgia. Professional historians have always distrusted them, and with justice. These poets and literary critics were too intent upon restoring old myths and creating new myths to write reliable history. Novalis rediscovered number mysticism in his contemplation of the past and likened the historian to Orpheus. He made it explicit: "When I think about it carefully," he observed, "it seems to me that the historian must necessarily be a poet, for poets alone understand the art of making appropriate connections among events." There is more truth, he exclaimed, in the poets' fairy tales "than in scholarly chronicles." This was hardly doctrine to delight researchers whose hands were covered with the dust of archives. Yet, for all their woolly-mindedness, for all the nonsense they wrote and the reactionary ideas they polished up for nineteenth-century consumption, the German romantics did the historical profession a signal service: they called attention to what had been neglected and praised what had been despised by the men of the Enlightenment—the Middle Ages. And by doing so, by reversing the value system of the *philosophes*, they did precisely what Collingwood rightly insisted needed doing: they widened the horizon of history. Nostalgic, sentimental doting on knights and their ladies, on tournaments and Gothick castles, came to the pedant's aid.

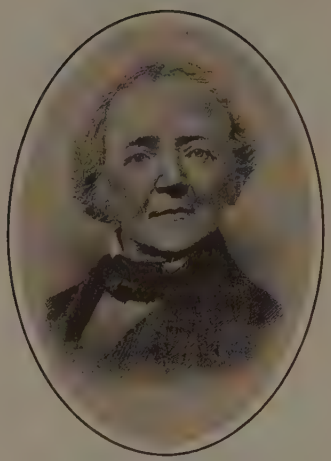
In the same period literary men who generally disliked the romantics collaborated with them in seeking to establish a new model of human nature. The historicists—among whom Goethe, who wrote no history and did not even like to read it, was most prominent—taught that human nature changes and evolves and that individuals (whether men or nations) are unique. This doctrine was a methodological demand: *be fair*. But it rapidly became a philosophy of life: *men and nations do not have a nature; they only have histories*. In the eyes of the historicists the historian was the master scientist. The historian is the student of change; the central reality of the world is change—who more important, then, in the scheme of things, than the historian? Again, while other scientists seek universal laws, the historian strives to understand individuals on their own terms, and since individuality is the central reality of men, who more important for the study of man than the historian?

The methodological advantage of such proud doctrine was considerable. By the 1820's, when Ranke published his first great works, the independence and the dignity of the historical profession were secure. But the historicists' pride went beyond this, with two unfortunate results: first, a distortion of the history of history, and second, passivity before political power. As to the first, it may be conceded that the historicists treated human nature more flexibly than their predecessors had been able to do; their capacity for capturing the variety and the irrationality of human activities was considerably expanded. But it is not true to say that Enlightenment historians had been unaware of variety, development, or irrationality. Voltaire made it perfectly clear: "Everything intimately connected with human nature is much the same from one end of the earth to the other, but everything depending on custom is different, and if there is any resem-

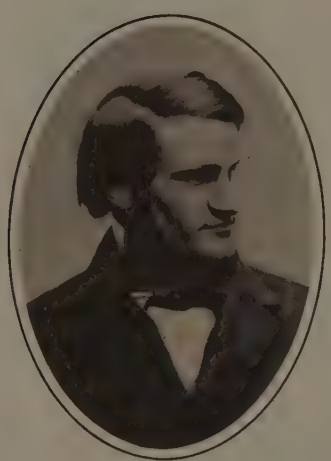


David Hume (1711–1776)
SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Edward Gibbon (1734–1794)
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



Leopold von Ranke (1795–1886)
CULVER PICTURES



Francis Parkman (1823–1893)
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

blance that is mere chance. The empire of custom is much larger than that of nature. It extends over manners, over all usage; it spreads variety over the universal scene. Nature spreads unity; everywhere it sets up a small number of invariable principles; and so the foundation is everywhere the same, but culture produces diverse fruits." The historicists, in their eagerness to "overcome" the Enlightenment, slighted its work.

Still, as so often happens in the history of history, this sort of injustice was a prerequisite to progress: the historicists could genuinely appreciate customs and institutions that to the *philosophes* had been foolish or incomprehensible. But this gain was matched by a loss: Ranke, the first full-fledged professional historian to benefit from the historicist mentality, said gravely that "every epoch is equally close to God." This came to mean, in Ranke himself and in his pupils, a passive acceptance of military expansion, of cruelty and war—life, history, was like that. And so, the age of nostalgia and historicism liberated the profession of history but left it with an ambiguous—and, in our terrible century, often terrible—legacy.

THE AGE OF AUTONOMY

We cannot leave matters here. True, Ranke saw history as the march of God through the world, and celebrated success. True, he was a conservative, and his pupils did much to apologize for German aggression in the First World War (and some, the third generation, in the Second). But fortunately for the craft of history, Ranke's God revealed himself in detail, and Ranke was as realistic in his conception of cause as the Humanists, as diligent in his reading of archival materials as the scholars of the seventeenth century, as fascinated by the totality of cultural life as the *philosophes*, as much in love with the past as the romantics, and as reluctant to judge historical figures as the historicists. His genius lay in combining intuition with exactitude, the humble consciousness of performing a religious service with pride in his craft. In his celebrated seminars at the University of Berlin, where he served as a professor of history from 1825 until 1871, Ranke turned history into a profession.

In addition to his teaching, his books made a decisive difference to the profession. His output was immense; his most famous histories, of England, France, and Prussia, concentrate on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—significantly the centuries in which the modern state emerged—but he also wrote a history of the papacy, biographies, and essays, and he concluded his long career, appropriately enough, with a world history, which was left unfinished at his death in 1886.

Ranke had followers everywhere, including the United States. Ever since George Bancroft had gone to Göttingen early in the nineteenth century and written his massive history of the United States under the influence of German philosophers and German techniques of research, American historians had looked up to their Teuton colleagues. Francis Parkman, who of all nineteenth-century American historians remains the most readable, composed his romantic panorama of the great struggle of the English against the French in the New World without much attention to professional developments in Europe. He took the materials for his grandiose drama and his commitment to the strenuous life mainly from indigenous sources; but for practically all the others, Ranke, with his thirst for original sources, his stern demand for objectivity, remained the great model. Henry Adams, who had an instinct for high-flown theoretical formulations but also a passion for detail, a profound concern with how things worked—how politicians manipulated their constituencies, robber barons acquired their fortunes, and diplomats constructed their policies—wrote his best historical works, notably his fine *History of the United States of America During the Administrations of*

Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, with Ranke's ideal of scientific history, and Ranke's superb performances, hanging over him like a shadow. As Henry Adams knew, Ranke did not merely preach history as a profession, he also wrote it as a professional, and it is in this double role of prophet and performer that his influence resides.

It was in the course of Ranke's long lifetime, then, and partly due to his work, that history was fully professionalized. The age of the amateur, the intelligent literary man trying his hand at history, was over. More and more universities established chairs of history; more and more professors of history constructed schools of followers around them; more and more governments sponsored the collection and publication of historical documents. Historical associations sprang up everywhere, and with them the mark of the organized profession, the journal. In Germany the *Historische Zeitschrift* was founded in 1859; the French followed suit, in 1876, with the *Revue historique* and the British, ten years later, with the *English Historical Review*; the *American Historical Review* began its career in 1895.

It was also in the course of Ranke's lifetime that most of our contemporary techniques, and most current professional debates, first appeared. What is history? The question has always been interesting—it is still interesting today. In 1961 the prominent English historian E. H. Carr gave some widely read lectures with precisely this title—*What is History?*—but in the nineteenth century, with the claims of Hegel and Marx that history provided a philosophy of the world and the claims of positivists like Fustel de Coulanges and H. T. Buckle that history had scientific status, the question became acute. In 1902 that famous English historian of the ancient world, J. B. Bury, proudly announced that history is "simply a science, no less and no more." Meanwhile a group of German historians trained in the philosophy of Kant took the opposite side and argued that while the sciences strive for universal laws, history seeks to understand the unique event. The argument is not yet settled and is not likely to be for a long time.

Does it matter? It does, even if it merely arouses historians to reflect on what they are doing. But it does more: it raises all-important questions about the way the historian goes about collecting and assessing evidence, and (a vital question today) about the way the historian may employ the techniques and findings of related disciplines—of psychology, anthropology, economics, political science. The historian writing a biography today must deal with the discoveries of Freud; the historian attempting to account for the fall of the Bastille must understand the men who attacked it by using the instruments of sociology. Old generalizations, old theories of motive, are being challenged, and they are being challenged precisely because historians have remained sensitive to the problem of how far, and in what way, history may call itself a science.

Similarly, the age of Ranke had to deal with the related question, what is the domain of history? In his great *History of England* Macaulay included a famous chapter, the third, that analyzed the social scene of England in 1685 by using the evidence of newspapers, handbills, signs on shops, journals, scientific treatises, wage rates, and so forth—modern social history, foreshadowed in the histories of the Enlightenment, was born officially in Macaulay's third chapter. A few years later, in 1860, Burckhardt published his *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*. The book is as alive today as it was then. It expanded the range of historians even beyond what had been thought possible before: Burckhardt was trying—and in large measure he succeeded—to portray a whole culture through its political ideas, its festivals, its religion, its attitude toward marriage and commerce and heroism, its reading, writing, and painting. Like Macaulay, and even more than Macaulay, Burckhardt left succeeding generations with a thesis to criticize and a model to imitate.

In our century, as any reader of historical works can happily testify, these arguments over history continue. C. V. Wedgwood writes her graceful narratives about seventeenth-century England in the midst of debates over narrative versus analytical history. Arnold J. Toynbee continues to insist that comparative history on the grandest possible scale can and must be written; but while he has completed his vast *Study of History*, which elaborates the laws of growth and decay that according to Toynbee all civilizations follow, professional historians from all sides have been attacking his generalizations, challenging his facts, and doubting the very feasibility of his enterprise. In England Geoffrey Barraclough has proclaimed the birth of world history and has asked European and American historians to abandon their parochial concentration on the West. He, too, faces serious opposition from specialists who are ready to acknowledge the emergence of a world civilization in our time but are unwilling to give up their loyalty to a Western civilization that, in the past, carried most of the burdens of creativity. There is much activity in France as well: a group of social historians, inspired by the memory of two great historians, Marc Bloch and Lucien Febvre, are attempting to rewrite the history of Europe by paying close attention to the history of nutrition, the evolution of concepts of childhood, and other long-neglected aspects of cultural geography.

The historical profession is very much alive. New interpretations, new techniques of research, may dizzy the reader, but they should also hearten him. The prevalence of debate is a sign of life, of vital strength, a guarantee that the history of history will go on.

Peter Gay's The Enlightenment *won the National Book Award for History in 1966. His* Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider *was published in 1968.*

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Will Someone Please Hiccup My Pat?

Spooner by "Spy"

One afternoon nearly a hundred years ago the October wind gusted merrily down Oxford's High Street. Hatless and helpless, a white-haired clergyman with pink cherubic features uttered his plaintive cry for aid. As an athletic youngster chased the spinning topper, other bystanders smiled delightedly—they had just heard at first hand the latest "Spoonerism."

My revered relative William Archibald Spooner was born in 1844, the son of a Staffordshire county court judge. As a young man, he was handicapped by a poor physique, a stammer, and weak eyesight; at first, his only possible claim to future fame lay in the fact that he was an albino, with very pale blue eyes and white hair tinged slightly yellow.

But nature compensated the weakling by blessing him with a brilliant intellect. By 1868 he had been appointed a lecturer at New College, Oxford. Just then he would have been a caricaturist's dream with his freakish looks, nervous manner, and peculiar mental kink that caused him—in his own words—to "make occasional felicities in verbal diction."

Victorian Oxford was a little world of its own where life drifted gently by; a world where splendid intellectuals lived in their ivory towers of Latin, Euclid, and Philosophy; a world where it was always a sunny summer afternoon in a countryside, where Spooner admitted he loved to "pedal gently round on a well-boiled icicle."

As the years passed, Spooner grew, probably without himself being aware of the fact, into a "character." A hard worker himself, he detested idleness and is on record as having rent some lazybones with the gem, "You have hissed all my mystery lessons, and completely tasted two whole worms."

With his kindly outlook on life, it was almost natural for him to take holy orders; he was ordained a deacon in 1872 and a priest in 1875. His unique idiosyncrasy never caused any serious trouble and merely made him more popular. On one occasion, in New College chapel in 1879, he announced smilingly that the next hymn would be "Number One seven five—Kinkering Kongs their Titles Take." Other congregations were treated to such jewels as " . . . Our Lord, we know, is a shoving Leopard . . ." and ". . . All of us have in our hearts a half-warmed fish to lead a better life. . . ."

Spooner often preached in the little village churches around Oxford and once delivered an eloquent address on the subject of Aristotle. No doubt the sermon contained some surprising information for his rustic congregation. For after Spooner had left the pulpit, an idea seemed to occur to him, and he hopped back up the steps again.

"Excuse me, dear brethren," he announced brightly, "I just want to say that in my sermon whenever I mentioned Aristotle, I should have said Saint Paul."

By 1885 the word "Spoonerism" was in colloquial use in Oxford circles, and a few years later, in general use all over England. If the dividing line between truth and myth is often only a hairsbreadth, does it really matter? One story that has been told concerns an optician's shop in London. Spooner is reputed to have entered and asked to see a "signifying glass." The optician registered polite bewilderment.

"Just an ordinary signifying glass," repeated Spooner, perhaps surprised at the man's obtuseness.

"I'm afraid we haven't one in stock, but I'll make inquiries right away, sir," said the shopkeeper, playing for time.

"Oh, don't bother, it doesn't magnify, it doesn't magnify," said Spooner airily, and walked out.

Fortunately for Spooner, he made the right choice when he met his wife-to-be. He was thirty-four years old when he married Frances Goodwin in 1878. The marriage was a happy one, and they had one son and four daughters. Mrs. Spooner was a tall, good-looking girl, and on one occasion the family went on a short holiday in Switzerland. The "genial Dean," as he was then called, took a keen interest in geology and in no time at all he had mastered much information and many technical definitions on the subject of glaciers.

One day at lunchtime the younger folk were worried because their parents had not returned from a long walk. When Spooner finally appeared with his wife, his explanation was: "We strolled up a long valley, and when we turned a corner we found ourselves completely surrounded by erotic blacks."

He was, of course, referring to "erratic blocks," or large boulders left around after the passage of a glacier.

In 1903 Spooner was appointed Warden of New College, the highest possible post for a Fellow. One day walking across the quadrangle, he met a certain Mr. Casson who had just been elected a Fellow of New College.

"Do come to dinner tonight," said Spooner, "we are welcoming our new Fellow, Mr. Casson."

"But, my dear Warden, I *am* Casson," was the surprised reply.

"Never mind, never mind, come along all the same," said Spooner tactfully.

On another occasion in later years when his eyesight was really very bad, Spooner found himself seated next to a most elegant lady at dinner. In a casual moment the latter put her lily-white hand onto the polished table, and Spooner, in an even more casual manner, pronged her hand with his fork, remarking genially, "My bread, I think."

In 1924 Spooner retired as Warden. He had established an astonishing record of continuous residence at New College for sixty-two years—first as undergraduate, then as Fellow, then Dean, and finally as Warden. His death in 1930, at the age of eighty-six, was a blushing crow to collectors of those odd linguistic transpositions known by then throughout the English-speaking world as Spoonerisms.

William Spooner Donald, a retired officer of the Royal Navy, lives in Cumberland, England

By WILLIAM SPOONER DONALD

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